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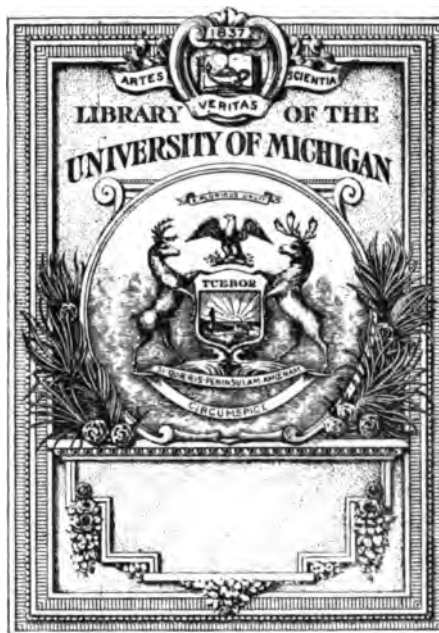
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Winter Number

P62 n Gorki's "A Night's Lodging" Complete

Poet Lore

A Quarterly Magazine of Letters



*The Poet Lore Company
Publishers*

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Poet Lore

VOLUME XVI

WINTER 1905

NUMBER IV

A NIGHT'S LODGING

[NACHTASYL]

Scenes from Russian Life

By MAXIM GORKI

Translated from the Russian by Edwin Hopkins

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

(In the order in which they first speak in the play.)

A Baron, 32 years old.

KVASCHNYA, *a huckstress, towards 40.*

BUBNOFF, *a capmaker, 45.*

KLESHTSCH, ANDREW MITRITCH, *locksmith, 40.*

NASTIAH, *24.*

ANNA, *wife of KLESHTSCH, 30.*

SAHTIN, *40.*

An Actor, 40.

KOSTILIOFF, MICHAEL IVANOWITCH, *lodging-house keeper, 54.*

PEPEL, WASKA, *28.*

NATASHA, *sister of WASSILISSA, 20.*

LUKA, *a pilgrim, 60.*

ALYOSKA, *a shoemaker, 20.*

WASSILISSA KARPOVNA, *wife of KOSTILIOFF, 26.*

MEDVIEDEFF, *uncle of WASSILISSA, policeman, 50.*

A Tartar, 40, a porter.

KRIVOI ZOBA, *40, a porter.*

Several nameless tramps, supernumeraries.

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A NIGHT'S LODGING

ACT I

A BASEMENT-ROOM resembling a cavern. The massive, vaulted stone ceiling is blackened with smoke, its rough plaster in places broken off. The light falls inwardly from above, through a square window on the left (of one facing the footlights). The left corner, PEPEL's quarter, is separated from the rest of the room by thin partitions, against which, extending from beneath the window towards C. is

BUBNOFF's bunk.

In the right corner is a great Russian stove, the rear of which is set into the wall which arches over it, the portion of the stove which extends into the room being an incline up which the personages must scramble to reach the space under the archway.

In the massive wall to the right is a door to the kitchen, in which KVASCHNYA, the Baron, and NASTIAH live.

Below the window, on the left, is a broad bed with dirty cotton curtains. Slightly L. C. (adjoining PEPEL's room) a flight of a few steps leads back to a platform, from which, to the left and behind PEPEL's room, lead other steps, to an entry or hallway.

A door opens inwardly on this platform, while to the right another flight of stairs leads to a room R. U. E. over the stove, in which the proprietor and his family live. The balustrade is in a bad condition and a torn rug or quilt lies over it.

Between the stove and the short flight of steps a pritsche (a sort of broad low bench with four legs, which serves as a bunk). Another such bunk is across the front of the stove, and a third is at the right below the door to the kitchen. Near this is a wooden block to which is secured a small anvil and vise. KLESHTSCH sits on a smaller block, at work on a pair of old locks, into which he is fitting keys. At his feet are two bundles of keys of various sizes, strung on wire hoops, and a damaged samovar, (a sort of tea urn commonly used in Russia), a hammer and some files.

In the middle of the room a great table, two benches, and a heavy tabouret, all unpainted and dirty. KVASCHNYA, at the table R. cleaning a samovar, acts as housekeeper, while the Baron L. C. chews on a piece of black bread, and NASTIAH L. sits on the tabouret, her elbows on the table, her face in her hands, reading a tattered book. ANNA, in bed, concealed by the curtains, is frequently heard coughing. BUBNOFF sits, tailor fashion on his bench, measuring off on a form which he holds between his knees, the pieces of an old pair of trousers which he has ripped up, cutting out caps to the best advantage. Behind him is a smashed hatbox from which he cuts visors, stacking the perfect ones on two nails in the partition and throwing the useless ones about the room. Around him are bits of oil-

cloth and scraps.

SAHTIN, *just awakening, on the pritsche before the stove, grumbles and roars. On the stove, hidden by the left springer of the arch, the Actor is heard coughing and turning.*

TIME: *Early Spring. Morning.*

Baron. Go on. [*Desiring more of the story.*]

Kvaschnya. Never, I tell you, my friend — take it away. I've been through it all, I want you to know. No treasure could tempt me to marry again. [SAHTIN *grunts at this.*]

Bubnoff [*to SAHTIN*]. What are you grunting about?

Kvaschnya. I, a free woman, my own boss, shall I register my name in somebody else's passport, become a man's serf, when nobody can say 'that' to me now? Don't let me dream about it. I'll never do it. If he were a prince out of America — I wouldn't have him!

Kleshtsch. You lie.

Kvaschnya [*turning toward him*]. Wh-at! [*Turns back.*]

Kleshtsch. You are lying. You are going to marry Abram.

Baron [*rises, takes NASTIAH's book and reads the title.*] 'Disastrous Love.' [*Laughs.*]

Nastiah [*reaches for the book*]. Here! Give it back. Now; stop your joke.

The BARON *eyes her and waves the book in the air.*

Kvaschnya [*to KLESHTSCH again*]. You lie, you red-headed billy goat; speaking to me like that, the nerve of it!

Baron [*gives NASTIAH a blow on the head with the book.*] What a stupid goose you are, Nastiah.

Nastiah. Give it here [*snatches the book*].

Kleshtsch [*to KVASCHNYA*]. You are a great lady! . . . But just the same you'll be Abram's wife. . . . That is what you want.

Kvaschnya. Certainly [*spoken ironically*]. To be sure. . . . What else. . . . And you beating your wife half to death.

Kleshtsch [*furiously*]. Hold your snout, old slut! What's that to you?

Kvaschnya [*shouting*]. Ah, ha! You can't listen to the truth!

Baron. Now, they're let loose. Nastiah,—where are you?

Nastiah [*without raising her head*]. What? let me alone!

Anna [*putting her head out of the bed curtains*]. It is dawning already. For Heaven's sake! Stop screaming and quarrelling.

Kleshtsch. Croaking again! [*Contemptuously.*]

Anna. Every day that God gives, you quarrel. Let me at least die in quiet.

Bubnoff. The noise don't keep you from dying.

Kvaschnya [goes to ANNA]. Tell me, Anna dear, how have you endured such a brute?

Anna. Let me be! Let me—

Kvaschnya. Now, now, you poor martyr. Still no better with your breast?

Baron. It is time for us to go to market, Kvaschnya.

Kvaschnya. Then let's go now. [*To ANNA*] Would you like a cup of hot custard?

Anna. I don't need it; thank you, though. Why should I still eat?

Kvaschnya. Oh, eat! Hot food is always good. It is quieting. I will put it away for you in a cup and when your appetite comes, then eat. [*To the BARON*] Let's go, sir. [*To KLESHTSCH, going around him*] Huh! you Satan!

Anna [*coughing*]. Oh, God!

Baron [*jostles NASTIAH on the nape of the neck*]. Drop it. . . . you goose.

Nastiah [*murmurs*]. Go on. I am not in your way. [*Turns a page. The BARON whistles in derision; crosses to R. Ex. into kitchen following KVASCHNYA.*]

Sahtin [*gets up from his pritsche*]. Who was it that beat me up yesterday?

Bubnoff. That's all the same to you.

Sahtin. Suppose it is. But what for?

Bubnoff. You played cards?

Sahtin. Played cards? Oh, so I did.

Bubnoff. That's why.

Sahtin. Crooks!

Actor [*on the stove, thrusting his head out*]. They'll kill you once, some day.

Sahtin. You are — a blockhead!

Actor. Why so?

Sahtin. They could not kill me twice.

Actor [*after a short silence*]. I don't see it. — Why not?

Kleshtsch [*turning to him*]. Crawl down off the stove and clean the place up! You're too finiky, anyhow.

Actor. That's none of your business. . . .

Kleshtsch. Wait! . . . When Wassilissa comes she will show you whose business it is.

Actor. The devil take Wassilissa. The Baron must straighten up today, it's his turn. . . . Baron!

Baron [*enters R. from kitchen*]. I haven't time. I must go to market with Kvaschnya.

Actor. That's nothing to me...Go to Siberia for my sake...but the floor must be swept up and it's your turn...Don't imagine that I will do somebody else's work.

Baron [*crosses to NASTIAH*]. No? Then the devil take you! Nas-tengka will sweep up a little. Say! You! 'Disastrous Love!' Wake up! [*Takes the book.*]

Nastiah [*rising*]. What do you want? Give it here, mischief maker. And this is a nobleman!

Baron [*gives the book back*]. Nastiah! Do a little bit of sweeping for me—will you?

Nastiah [*goes R. Ex. R. into kitchen*]. Sure, I'm crazy to.

Kvaschnya [*within, to the BARON*]. Come along. They can certainly clean up without you. [*Ex. Baron R.*] You, Actor, you must do it. You were asked to do it, so do it then. It won't break your back.

Actor. Now, always I—h'm—I can't understand it. [*The BARON enters from the kitchen carrying, by means of a yoke, two baskets in which are fat jars covered with rags.*]

Baron. Pretty heavy to-day.

Sahtin. You could do that without being a baron.

Kvaschnya [*to the ACTOR*]. See to it that you sweep up. [*Ex. to the entry L. U. E. preceded by the BARON.*]

Actor [*crawls down from the stove*]. I must not inhale dust. It injures me [*self-pityingly*]. My organism is poisoned with alcohol. [*Sits introspectively on the pritsche before the stove.*]

Sahtin. Orgism. Organism [*derisively*].

Anna [*to KLESHTSCH*]. Ahndrey Mitrisch —

Kleshtsch. What is the matter now?

Anna. Kvaschnya left some custard for me. Go, eat it.

Kleshtsch [*crosses to her*]. Won't you eat?

Anna. I won't. Why should I eat? You—work. You must eat.

Kleshtsch. Are you afraid? Do not despair. Perhaps you'll be better again.

Anna. Go, eat. My heart is grieved; the end is near.

Kleshtsch [*moves away*]. Oh, no; perhaps—you can get up yet—such things have happened [*Ex. R. into kitchen.*]

Actor [*loudly, as though suddenly awakened from a dream*]. Yesterday, in the dispensary, the doctor said to me: 'Your organism is poisoned with alcohol, through and through.'

Sahtin [*laughing*]. Orgism!

Actor [*with emphasis*]. Not orgism, but organism—or-gan-is-m.

Sahtin. Sigambrer!

Actor [*with a depreciating movement of the hand*]. Ah! gibberish. I speak in earnest, indeed. My organism is poisoned...so that I shall be

injured if I sweep the room . . . and breathe the dust.

Sahtin. Microbites . . . ha!

Bubnoff. What are you muttering about?

Sahtin. Words . . . then there is still another word: transcendental.

Bubnoff. What does that mean?

Sahtin. I don't know, I've forgotten.

Bubnoff. Why do you say it then?

Sahtin. Just so . . . I'm tired of all our words, Bubnoff. Every one of them I've heard at least a thousand times.

Actor. As it says in Hamlet, 'Words, words, words.' A magnificent piece, 'Hamlet' — I've played the grave digger.

Kleschtsch [*entering R. from the kitchen*]. Will you begin to play the broom?

Actor. That's very little to you [*strikes his breast with his fist*]. 'The fair Ophelia! Nymph in thy orisons, Be all my sins remembered!' [*Within, somewhere in the distance, a dull sound is heard, cries, and the shrill sound of a policeman's whistle. KLESHTSCH sits down to work and the rasping of his file is heard.*]

Sahtin. I love the incomprehensible rare words. As a young man I was in the telegraph service. I have read many books.

Bubnoff. So you have been a telegraph operator?

Sahtin. To be sure [*laughs*]. Many beautiful books exist, and a lot of curious words. I was a man of education, understand that?

Bubnoff. I've already heard so, a hundred times. What does the world care what a man was. I, for example, was a furrier, had my own place of business. My arm was quite yellow — from the dye, when I colored the furs — quite yellow, my friend, up to the elbow. I thought that my whole life long I could never wash it clean, would descend, with yellow hands, into my grave, and now look at them, they are — simply dirty, see!

Sahtin. And what more?

Bubnoff. Nothing more.

Sahtin. What of it all?

Bubnoff. I mean only . . . by way of example . . . no matter how gaily a man lays the color on, it all rubs off again . . . all off again! See!

Sahtin. Hm! . . . My bones ache!

Actor [*sits on the pritsche before the stove, his arms over his knees*]. Education is a rigmarole, the main thing is genius. I once knew an actor . . . he could scarcely read the words of his part, but he played his hero so that the walls of the theatre shook with the ecstasy of the public . . .

Sahtin. Bubnoff, give me five copecs.

Bubnoff. I've only two myself.

Actor. I say, genius a leading man must have. Genius — believe in

yourself, in your own power. . . .

Sahtin. Give me a fiver and I will believe that you are a genius, a hero, a crocodile, a precinct captain. *Kleshtsch,* give me a fiver.

Kleshtsch. Go to the devil. There are too many ragamuffins about.

Sahtin. Stop scolding; I know you have nothing.

Anna. Andrew Mitrish. . . It is suffocating. It is hard. . . .

Kleshtsch. What can I do about that?

Bubnoff. Open the door to the street floor.

Kleshtsch. Well said! You sit on your bench and I on the ground — Let us change places and then open the door. . . . I have a cold already.

Bubnoff [*undisturbed*]. It is not for me. . . Your wife asks for it.

Kleshtsch [*scowling*]. A good many things are being asked for in this world.

Sahtin. My headpiece hums. Ah, why do people always go for your head?

Bubnoff. Not only the head, but also other parts of the body are often struck. [*Gets up.*] I must get some thread. Our housekeepers are late in showing themselves today. But they might be rotting already for all I know. [*Ex. L. U. E. ANNA coughs. SAHTIN, with his hands under his neck, lies motionless.*]

Actor [*regards the atmosphere with melancholy and goes to ANNA'S bed*]. Well, how is it? Bad?

Anna. It is stifling. . . .

Actor. Shall I take you out in the entry. . . . Get up then. [*He helps the sick woman up, throws tattered shawl over her shoulders and supports her, as they totter up the steps to the landing.*] How, now. . . . be steady. I, too, am a sick man — poisoned with alcohol. [*Enter KOSTILIOFF. L. U. E.*]

Kostilioff [*at the door*]. Out for promenade? What a fine couple — Jack and Jill.

Actor. Stand aside. Don't you see that — the sick are passing by?

Kostilioff. All right, pass by, then. [*Humming the melody of a church hymn, he takes a mistrustful look about the basement, descends to the floor, leans his head to the left as if to overhear something in PEPEL'S room. KLESHTSCH claps furiously with the keys and files noisily, the proprietor giving him a black look.*] Busy scraping, eh? [*Crosses to R. F.*]

Kleshtsch. What?

Kostilioff. Busy scraping, I said. . . . [*Pause.*] Hm — yes. . . . What was I going to say? [*Hastily and in a lower tone.*] Wasn't my wife there?

Kleshtsch. Haven't seen her. . . .

Kostilioff [*guardedly approaches the door of PEPEL'S room*]. How much space you take for your two rubles a month! That bed. . . . You your-

self sitting everlastingly here—nyah, five rubles worth, at least. I raise you half a ruble. . . .

Kleshtsch. Put a halter around my neck. . . and raise me a little more. You are an old man, you'll soon be rotting in your grave. . . and you think of nothing but half rubles.

Kostilioff. Why should I halter you? Who would be the better for that? Live, may God bless you, be content. Yet I raise you half a ruble to buy oil for the holy lamps. . . and my offering will burn before the holy image. . . for the remission of my sins, and thine also. . . You never think yourself of your sins, I guess, do you. . . ah, Andreuschka, what a sinful beast you are. . . your wife languishing in agony from your blows. . . nobody likes you, nobody respects you. . . your work is so grating that nobody can endure you. . .

Kleshtsch [cries out]. Do you come. . . to hack me to pieces? [*Sahtin roars aloud.*]

Kostilioff [shudders]. Ah. . . What is the matter with you, my friend!

Actor [enters from stairs L. U. E.]. I took the woman into the entry. . . put her in a chair and wrapped her up warm. . . .

Kostilioff. What a good Samaritan you are. It will be rewarded. . . .

Actor. When?

Kostilioff. In the next world, brother dear. . . There they sit and reckon up our every word and deed.

Actor. Why not, for the goodness of my heart, give me some recompense here?

Kostilioff. How can I do that?

Actor. Knock off half my debt. . . .

Kostilioff. Ha, ha, always having your fun, little buck, always jolly-ing. . . Can goodness of the heart be ever repaid with money? Goodness of the heart stands higher than all the treasures of this world. Nyah [*An expression equivalent to no or yes*] and your debt—is only a debt. . . There it stands. . . Goodness of the heart you must bestow upon an old man without recompense. . . .

Actor. You are a cunning old knave. . . [*Ex. R. in kitchen.*]

[*KLESCHTSCH rises and goes up-stairs, L. U. E.*]

Kostilioff [to SAHTIN]. Who just sneaked out? The scrape? He is not fond of me, he, he!

Sahtin. Who is fond of you except the devil?

Kostilioff [laughs quietly]. Don't scold. I have you all so nicely. . . my dear friends, but I am fond of you all, my poor, unhappy brethren, citizens of nowhere, hapless and helpless. . . [*Suddenly brisk*]. Tell me. . . is Wasjka at home?

Sahtin. Look and see for yourself.

[*KOSTILIOFF goes to PEPEL's door, L. U., and knocks*]. .Wasjka!
[*Enter ACTOR R. standing in kitchen door chewing something*].

Pepel [*within*]. Who's that?

Kostilioff. Me, Wasjka.....

Pepel [*within*]. What do you want?

Kostilioff [*stepping back*]. Open the door.

Sahtin [*pretending to be oblivious*]. She is there. The moment he opens it [*The ACTOR chuckles to him.*]

Kostilioff [*disturbed, softly*]. How, who is in there? What...

Sahtin. Hm? Do you speak to me?

Kostilioff. What did you say?

Sahtin. Nothing at all only to myself

Kostilioff. Take good care of yourself, my friend . . . you are too waggish. [*Knocks loudly on the door*]. Wassili.....

Pepel [*opening the door*]. What are you bothering me about?

Kostilioff [*peers into PEPEL's room*]. I you see
you see

Pepel. Have you brought the money?

Kostilioff. I have a little business with you.

Pepel. Have you brought the money?

Kostilioff. Which money....wait.

Pepel. Money, the seven rubles for the watch, see!

Kostilioff. Which watch, Wasjka! Ah, you....none of your tricks.

Pepel. Be careful. I sold you yesterday in the presence of witnesses a watch for ten rubles....I got three, and now I'll take the other seven. Out with them. What are you blinking about around here.....disturbing everybody.....and forgetting the main thing.....

Kostilioff. Ssh! Not so quick, Wasjka. The watch was, indeed.....

Sahtin. Stolen.....

Kostilioff [*stoutly, sharply*]. I never receive stolen goods....How dare you

Pepel [*takes him by the shoulders*]. Tell me, why did you wake me up? What do you want?

Kostilioff. I....Nothing at all...I am going already....when you act so.

Pepel. Go then, and bring me the money.

Kostilioff [*as he goes*]. Tough customers....ah! ah! [*Ex. L. U. E.*]

Actor. Here is comedy for you!

Sahtin. Very good, I like it....

Pepel. What did he want?

Sahtin [*laughing*]. Don't you catch on? He was looking for his

self sitting everlastingly here — nyah, five rubles worth, at least. I raise you half a ruble. . . .

Kleschtsch. Put a halter around my neck. . . and raise me a little more. You are an old man, you'll soon be rotting in your grave. . . and you think of nothing but half rubles.

Kostilioff. Why should I halter you? Who would be the better for that? Live, may God bless you, be content. Yet I raise you half a ruble to buy oil for the holy lamps. . . and my offering will burn before the holy image. . . for the remission of my sins, and thine also. . . You never think yourself of your sins, I guess, do you. . . ah, Andreuschka, what a sinful beast you are. . . your wife languishing in agony from your blows. . . nobody likes you, nobody respects you. . . your work is so grating that nobody can endure you. . .

Kleschtsch [cries out]. Do you come. . . to hack me to pieces? [*Sahtin roars aloud.*]

Kostilioff [shudders]. Ah. . . What is the matter with you, my friend!

Actor [enters from stairs L. U. E.]. I took the woman into the entry . . . put her in a chair and wrapped her up warm. . . .

Kostilioff. What a good Samaritan you are. It will be rewarded. . . .

Actor. When?

Kostilioff. In the next world, brother dear. . . There they sit and reckon up our every word and deed.

Actor. Why not, for the goodness of my heart, give me some recompense here?

Kostilioff. How can I do that?

Actor. Knock off half my debt. . . .

Kostilioff. Ha, ha, always having your fun, little buck, always jolly-ing. . . Can goodness of the heart be ever repaid with money? Goodness of the heart stands higher than all the treasures of this world. Nyah [*An expression equivalent to no or yes*] and your debt — is only a debt. . . There it stands. . . Goodness of the heart you must bestow upon an old man without recompense. . . .

Actor. You are a cunning old knave. . . [*Ex. R. in kitchen.*]

[*KLESCHTSCH rises and goes up-stairs, L. U. E.*]

Kostilioff [to SAHTIN]. Who just sneaked out? The scrape? He is not fond of me, he, he!

Sahtin. Who is fond of you except the devil?

Kostilioff [laughs quietly]. Don't scold. I have you all so nicely. . . my dear friends, but I am fond of you all, my poor, unhappy brethren, citizens of nowhere, hapless and helpless. . . [*Suddenly brisk*]. Tell me . . . is Wasjka at home?

Sahtin. Look and see for yourself.

[KOSTILIOFF goes to PEPEL'S door, L. U., and knocks]. Wasjka!
[Enter ACTOR R. standing in kitchen door chewing something].

Pepel [within]. Who's that?

Kostilioff. Me, Wasjka.....

Pepel [within]. What do you want?

Kostilioff [stepping back]. Open the door.

Sahtin [pretending to be oblivious]. She is there. The moment he opens it [The ACTOR chuckles to him.]

Kostilioff [disturbed, softly]. How, who is in there? What...

Sahtin. Hm? Do you speak to me?

Kostilioff. What did you say?

Sahtin. Nothing at all only to myself

Kostilioff. Take good care of yourself, my friend . . . you are too waggish. [Knocks loudly on the door]. Wassili.....

Pepel [opening the door]. What are you bothering me about?

Kostilioff [peers into PEPEL'S room]. I you see
you see

Pepel. Have you brought the money?

Kostilioff. I have a little business with you.

Pepel. Have you brought the money?

Kostilioff. Which money....wait.

Pepel. Money, the seven rubles for the watch, see!

Kostilioff. Which watch, Wasjka! Ah, you...none of your tricks.

Pepel. Be careful. I sold you yesterday in the presence of witnesses a watch for ten rubles....I got three, and now I'll take the other seven. Out with them. What are you blinking about around here....disturbing everybody.....and forgetting the main thing.....

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Actor. Here is comedy for you!

Sahtin. Very good, I like it....

Pepel. What did he want?

Sahtin [laughing]. Don't you catch on? He was looking for his

wife. . . . Say, why don't you do him, Wasjka?

Pepel. Would it pay to spoil my life for such stuff?

Sahtin. Spoil your life! Naturally you must do it cleverly. . . . Then marry Wassilissa. . . . and be our landlord. . . .

Pepel. That would be nice. You, my guests, would soon guzzle up the whole place, and me in the bargain. . . . I am much too open-handed for you. [*Sits on the pritsche U.*] Yes, old devil! Waked me up out of my best sleep. . . . I was having a beautiful dream. I dreamed that I was fishing, and suddenly I caught a big trout. A trout, I tell you. . . . only in dreams are there such great trout. . . . I pulled and pulled, till his gills almost snapped off. . . . and just as I was finishing him with a net. . . . and thinking I had him. . . .

Sahtin. 'Twasn't any trout, 'twas Wassilissa.

Actor. He has had her in the net a long while.

Pepel [*angrily*]. Go to the devil. . . . with your Wassilissa.

Kleshtsch [*entering L. U. E.*]. Keen as a knife, outside. . . . wolf weather!

Actor. Why didn't you bring Anna back? She will freeze to death. .

Kleshtsch. Natasha has taken her along to the kitchen. . . .

Actor. The old scamp will chase her out. . . .

Kleshtsch [*crosses R. D. and sits down to work*]. Natasha will soon bring her in.

Sahtin. Wassili, five copecs.

Actor. Yes, five copecs, Wasjka, give us twenty. . . .

Pepel. If I don't hurry. . . . You'll want a whole ruble. . . . there!
[*Gives the ACTOR a coin.*]

Sahtin. Giblartarr! There are no better men in the world than the thieves!

Kleshtsch. They get their money easy. . . . they don't work. . . .

Sahtin. Money comes easy to many, but very few give it up easily. . . . Work, if you arrange it so that work gives me joy, then perhaps I will work too. . . . perhaps! When work is a pleasure — then life is beautiful. . . . When you must work — then life is a slavery. [*To ACTOR*]. Come Sardanapálus, we will go. . . .

Actor. Come, Nebuchadnézzar, I will get as drunk as forty thousand toppers. [*Ex. both L. U. E.*]

Pepel [*gapes*]. How is your wife?

Kleshtsch [*pause*]. She won't last long, I guess.

Pepel. When I sit and watch you so, I think, what good comes of all your scraping.

Kleshtsch. What else shall I do?

Pepel. Do nothing.

Kleshtsch. How shall I eat?

Pepel. Other men eat without taking so much trouble.

Kleshtsch. Other men? You mean this ragged pack of tramps here, idlers, you call them men! I am a workingman. . . . I am ashamed to look at them. I have worked from childhood on. Do you think that I shall never crawl out of this cesspool again? It is quite certain, let me work the skin off my hands, but I'll get out. . . . wait until after my wife dies. . . . six months in this hole. . . . it seems like six years.

Pepel. What are you complaining about. . . . we are no worse than you.

Kleshtsch. No worse. . . . people living on God's earth without honor or conscience?

Pepel [*in an impartial tone, cool*]. What good is honor or conscience? You can't put such things on your feet when the snow is on the ground. Honor and conscience to those in power and authority.

Bubnoff [*enters L. U. E.*]. Ug-h! I'm frozen stiff.

Pepel. Tell me, Bubnoff, have you a conscience?

Bubnoff. What? A conscience?

Pepel. Yes.

Bubnoff. What use to me? I'm no millionaire. . . .

Pepel. That's what I say. Honor and conscience are only for the rich—and yet Kleshtsch, here, is pulling us over the coals; we have no consciences he says. . . .

Bubnoff. Does he want to borrow some from us?

Pepel. He has plenty of his own. . . .

Bubnoff. Maybe you'll sell us some? No, it don't sell here. If it was broken hat boxes, I'd buy. . . . but only on credit. . . .

Pepel [*instructively, to KLESHTSCH*]. You're certainly a fool, Andreuschka. You ought to hear what Sahtin says about a conscience. . . . or the Baron. . . .

Kleshtsch. I have nothing to talk to them about. . . .

Pepel. They have more wit than you, even if they are drunks. . . .

Bubnoff. When a clever fellow drinks, he doubles his wit.

Pepel. Sahtin says: every man wants his neighbor to have some conscience—but for himself, he can do without it. . . . and that's right.

[*NATASHA enters L. U. E., and behind her LUKA, with a staff in his hand, a sack on his back, and a small kettle and tea boiler at his girdle.*]

Luka. Good day to you, honest folks.

Pepel [*pulling his moustache*]. A-h, Natasha.

Bubnoff [*to LUKA*]. Honest were we once, as you must know, but since last spring, a year ago. . . .

Natasha. Here—a new lodger. . . .

Luka [*to BUBNOFF*]. It's all the same to me. I know how to respect thieves, too. Any flea, say I, may be just as good as you or me; all are

black, and all jump . . . that's the truth. Where shall I quarter myself here, my love?

Natasha [*points to the kitchen door*]. Go in there . . . daddy.

Luka. Thank you, my girl, as you say . . . A warm corner is an old man's delight. [*Ex. R. into kitchen.*]

Pepel. What an agreeable old chap you have brought along, Natasha?

Natasha. No matter, he is more interesting than you. [*Then to KLESHTSCH.*] Andrew, your wife is with us in the kitchen . . . come for her after a while.

Kleshtsch. All right, I'll come.

Natasha. Be good to her now . . . we won't have her long . . .

Kleshtsch. I know it . . .

Natasha. Yes, you know it . . . but that is not enough! Make it quite clear to yourself, think what it means to die . . . it is frightful . . .

Pepel. You see I am not afraid . . .

Natasha. The brave are not . . .

Bubnoff [*whistles*]. The thread is rotten.

Pepel. Certainly I am not afraid, I would welcome death right now. Take a knife and strike me in the heart—not a murmur will I utter. I would meet death with joy . . . from clean hands . . . like yours.

Natasha [*as she goes*]. Do not say anything which is not so, Pepel.

Bubnoff [*drawling*]. The thread is absolutely rotten.

Natasha [*from the door to the entry*]. Don't forget your wife, Andrew.

Kleshtsch. All right. [*Ex. NATASHA.*]

Pepel. A fine girl.

Bubnoff. None better.

Pepel. But what has set her against me so? She alone . . . always refusing me . . . but this life will be her ruin, all the same.

Bubnoff. It is you who will be the ruin of her.

Pepel. I be her ruin . . . I pity her . . .

Bubnoff. As the wolf pities the lamb.

Pepel. You lie! I do pity her . . . Her lot is very hard . . . I see that . . .

Kleshtsch. Just wait until Wassilissa finds you together . . .

Bubnoff. Yes, Wassilissa! Nobody can play any tricks on her, the fiend.

Pepel [*stretches himself out on the pritsche, U.*]. The devil take you both, prophets.

Kleshtsch. Wait . . . and see . . .

Luka [*within, singing*]. 'In the darkness of midnight, no path can be found.'

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Kleshtsch. Wait . . . and see . . .

Luka [*within, singing*]. 'In the darkness of midnight, no path can be found.'

Kleshtsch. Now he begins to howl... [*crosses to L. U. E.*] He too. [*Ex.*]

Pepel. My heart is in the depths... why it is? We live and live and everything goes well... then an unwarned moment comes... melancholy like a blighting frost settles upon us. Life is used up....

Bubnoff. Sad, melancholy, eh?...

Pepel. Yes... by God.

Luka [*singing*]. "No path can be found."

Pepel. Heh, you bag of bones.

Luka [*enters R.*]. Do you mean me?

Pepel. Yes, you. Cut the singing out.

Luka [*crossing to C.*]. Don't you like singing?

Pepel. When singing is well sung, I enjoy it.

Luka. Then I do not sing well?

Pepel. That's about right.

Luka. Too bad, and I thought that I sang beautifully. So it always goes. You think to yourself, I have done that well, but the public is not pleased....

Pepel [*laughs*]. You are right, there.

Bubnoff. Ump! roaring again, and just now you said life was so sad, melancholy.

Pepel. What have you to say about it, old raven....

Luka. Who is despondent?

Pepel. I... [*the Baron enters L. U. E.*].

Luka. So, and there—in the kitchen sits a girl reading a book and crying; in truth! Her tears flowing... I asked her, what troubles you, my love—eh? And she said: It is so pitiful... Who do you pity then? I asked... See, here in the book, the people, said she... And that is how she passes her time to drive away despondency, it appears....

Baron. She is a fool.

Pepel. Have you had your tea, Baron? [*an invitation.*]

Baron. Tea, yes... anything more?

Pepel. Shall I stand for a bottle of rum, eh, that's right.

Baron. Of course... what more?

Pepel. Let me ask you to stand on all fours and bark like a dog.

Baron. Blockhead; are you a Croesus? Or are you drunk?

Pepel. So, bark away. I shall enjoy it... You are a gentleman... There was once a time when you did not take us for human beings even... and so on... and so on.

Baron. Well, and what more.

Pepel. What more? I'll let you bark now. You wait?

Baron. I have no objection on my own account... booby. How can it be such fun for you... When I know myself that I am sunk deeper even

than you . . . Had you once dared you ought to have tried to get me on all fours when I was above you.

Bubnoff. You are right.

Luka. So I say too, you are right.

Bubnoff. What has been has been. Nothing is left but trash . . . we are not dukes here . . . the trappings are gone . . . only the bare man remains . . .

Luka. All are alike, know that . . . Were you once a baron, my friend?

Baron. What's that you say? Who are you, sepulchre?

Luka [*laughs*]. An earl I have seen already, and a prince . . . too . . . But now for the first time, a baron, and a seedy one . . .

Pepel [*laughs*]. Ha, ha, ha, I blush for you, Baron.

Baron. Don't be an idiot, Wassili . . .

Luka. Yes, yes, my friends. When I look around me . . . this life here . . . ah!

Bubnoff. This life, . . . why, this life here would make any man howl, from break-o'-day on, like a starving owl.

Baron. To be sure, we have all seen better days. I for example . . . On waking up I used to drink my coffee in bed . . . coffee with cream . . . that's right.

Luka. And you are still a man. No matter what somersaults you turn before us, as a man you were born and as a man you must die. The more I look about myself, the more I contemplate mankind, the more interesting he grows . . . poorer and poorer he sinks and higher and higher his aspirations mount . . . obstinacy.

Baron. Tell me, old man . . . exactly who you are . . . where do you come from?

Luka. Who? I?

Baron. Are you a pilgrim?

Luka. We are all pilgrims here on this earth . . . It has been said, even, I am told, that our earth is only a pilgrimage to Heaven's gate . . .

Baron. It is so, but tell me . . . have you a passport?

Luka [*hesitatingly*]. Who are you? A secret police?

Pepel [*briskly*]. Well said, old man! Ha, my lord, that went home!

Bubnoff. He gets what is coming to him . . .

Baron [*disconcerted*]. Well! well! I am only joking, old man. I've no papers, myself.

Bubnoff. You lie!

Baron. That is to say . . . I have papers . . . but all to no purpose.

Luka. So it is with all pen scratches . . . all to no purpose . . .

Pepel. Baron! Come have one, for the sake of thirst . . .

Baron. I'm with you. Bye-bye, see you again, old chap . . . You're a

sly dog. . . .

Luka. It may be true, my friend.

Pepel [*at the door L. U. E.*]. Are you coming? [*Ex. followed quickly by the BARON.*]

Luka. Has the man really been a baron?

Bubnoff. Who knows? He has been a nobleman, that is certain. Even yet his former air shows through. The manner clings. . . .

Luka. Breeding is like the smallpox: The man recovers, but the pits remain.

Bubnoff. But otherwise he is a good fellow. . . . except that sometimes he is overbearing. . . . As he was about your passport. . . .

Alyoschka [*enters L. U. E. drunk, an accordeon under his arm. He whistles*]. Hey, there, neighbors.

Bubnoff. What are you howling about?

Alyoschka. Excuse me, please. . . . pass it over. I am a cozy boy. . . .

Bubnoff. Broken out again?

Alyoschka. Why not? Police captain Medviskin has just chased me off his beat. "Take your stand out of the street," says he. No, no, I am still a youth of good temperament. . . . the boss was jawing at me too. . . . bah, what do I care for bosses. . . . bah, everything is all a mistake, should a tank be boss. . . I am a man, who. . . . never a wish have. . . . has. . . . I want nothing. . . . that settles it. . . . now, take me. . . . for one ruble and twenty copecs you can have me. . . . and I want ab-solt-ly nothing. [*NASTIAH enters R. from kitchen.*] Offer me a million — and I will not take it. And that whisky barrel, to be boss over me, a good man, no better than — it don't go. I'll not stand for it. [*NASTIAH remains standing at the door, shaking her head at the spectacle of ALYOSCHKA.*]

Luka [*good-naturedly*]. Ah, boy. . . . you can't unravel it.

Bubnoff. There you have human folly.

Alyoschka [*lies down on the floor*]. Now, eat me up. Costs nothing. I am a desperado. You just tell me, am I worse than the others? How am I worse? Just think, Medviskin said: "Don't show yourself on the street, or else I'll give you one in the snout." But I'll go. . . . I'll lie down crosswise in the street, let them choke me. I want ab-solt-ly nothing. . . . [*rises*].

Nastiah. Wretch. . . . so young and putting on such airs. . . .

Alyoschka [*sees her, and kneels*]. My lady, my fraulein, mamsell! Parlez français. . . . price current. . . . I am jaggling.

Nastiah [*whispers loudly*]. Wassilissa. [*Sees her coming.*]

Wassilissa [*opens door at head of stairs R. U. E. to ALYOSCHKA*]. Here again, . . . already?

Alyoschka. Good morning. Please, come down.

Wassilissa. Didn't I tell you, you pup, not to show yourself here again? [*Descends.*]

Alyoschka. Wassilissa Karpovna—if you please, I'll play you a funeral march.

Wassilissa [*pushes him on the shoulder*]. Get out!

Alyoschka [*shuffles to the door, L. U. E.*]. No, not so, wait. First the funeral march. . . I've just learned it. . . new music. . . wait a minute . . . you must not act so.

Wassilissa. I will show you how I must act. . . I'll put the whole street on your track, you damned heathen. . . so, telling folks on me. . .

Alyoschka [*runs out L. U. E.*]. No, I am already gone. [*Ex.*]

Wassilissa [*to BUBNOFF*]. See to it that he does not set foot in here again, you hear?

Bubnoff. I'm not your watchman.

Wassilissa. No but you are a dead beat. How much do you owe me?

Bubnoff [*calmly*]. I haven't counted it up. . . .

Wassilissa. Look out or I'll count it up.

Alyoschka [*opens the door and cries*] *Wassilissa Karpovna, I am not afraid of you. . . I am not afraid.* [*He hides behind a cloth which hangs over the balustrade and LUKA laughs.*]

Wassilissa. And who are you?

Luka. A pilgrim, a mere wanderer. I go from place to place. . . .

Wassilissa. Will you stay over night. . . or permanent?

Luka. I will see [*ALYOSCHKA slips into the kitchen*].

Wassilissa. Your passport.

Luka. You may have it.

Wassilissa. Give it to me, then.

Luka. I'll get it presently. . . . I'll drag it to your room. . . .

Wassilissa. A pilgrim. . . You look it; say a vagabond. . . . that sounds more like the truth. . . .

Luka [*sighs*]. You are not very hospitable, mother. [*WASSILISSA goes to PEPEL'S door.*]

Alyoschka [*whispers, from the kitchen*]. Has she gone? . . . hm.

Wassilissa [*turns on him*]. Are you still there? [*ALYOSCHKA disappears into the kitchen, whistling. NASTIAH and LUKA laugh.*]

Bubnoff [*to WASSILISSA*]. He is not there. . . .

Wassilissa. Who?

Bubnoff. Wasjka. [*ALYOSCHKA slips around to the stairs, Ex. L. U. E.*]

Wassilissa. Have I asked you for him?

Bubnoff. I can see that you are looking into every corner.

Wassilissa. I am looking after things, do you understand. Why have you not swept up? How often have I told you that you must keep the place clean?

Bubnoff. It's the actor's turn today. . . .

Wassilissa. It makes no difference to me whose turn it is. When the Health Department people come and fine me, I'll have you thrown out. . . .

Bubnoff [*calmly*]. And what will you live off of then?

Wassilissa. See that not a speck of dust is left. [*Goes to the kitchen door to NASTIAH.*] And what are you standing around like a post for? What are you gawking about? Sweep up! Have you not seen. . . Natalya? Has she been here?

Nastiah. I don't know. . . I haven't seen her.

Wassilissa. Bubnoff, was my sister here?

Bubnoff. Certainly. She brought the old man.

Wassilissa. And he, was he in his room?

Bubnoff. Wassili. . . to be sure. . . She was talking with Kleschtsch. . . Natalya. . .

Wassilissa. I did not ask you who she was talking with. . . . Dirt everywhere, a foot thick. Ah, you pigs. See that you clean up. . . . do you hear me? [*Exit quickly R. U. E.*]

Bubnoff. What an awful lot of bitterness that woman has.

Luka. A brutal wife.

Nastiah. This life would brutalize anybody. And tied to such a husband—how can that be endured?

Bubnoff. She does not feel tied, so very tight. . . .

Luka. Is she always. . . . so biting?

Bubnoff. Always. . . she was looking for her lover, you see, and that dismayed her.

Luka. Um, so that's the trouble. . . ah, yes, how many different people there are here on this earth go bossing around. . . and all trying to lord it over the rest, but in spite of it all bringing no cleanness about.

Bubnoff. They try, indeed, to bring order about, but the wit is lacking. . . . which means, that we must finally clean up. . . . Nastiah. . . . won't you do it? . . .

Nastiah. Certainly! Am I your chambermaid? [*She remains silent for a time.*] I'll get drunk today. . . . soaked full. [*Motion of her hand to her chin.*]

Bubnoff. Good business.

Luka. What are you going to get drunk for, my daughter. You were crying a moment ago, and now you promise to get drunk. . . .

Nastiah [*defiantly*]. And when I have gotten drunk, I will cry again. . . . that's all. . . .

Bubnoff. But it's not much.

Luka. For what reason, tell me? Everything has a cause, even the smallest pimple in the face. [*NASTIAH is silent, shaking her head.*]

Luka. Aye, aye, such is man. . . . that's the way with people, what will become of them? I will sweep up myself. Where do you keep the broom?

Bubnoff. In the entry, behind the door. [*Ex. LUKA L. U. E.*] Tell me, Nastenka.

Nastiah [*sits R. U. before stove*]. Um.

Bubnoff. What has Wassilissa got against Alyoschka, so much?

Nastiah. He has told everybody that Waska don't like her any more... is tired of her, is going to give her up, for Natasha interests him... I am going to pull out and find another place...

Bubnoff. Why so?

Nastiah. I am tired of it. I am in the way...superfluous.

Bubnoff [*thoughtfully*]. Where wouldn't you be superfluous? Everybody here on earth is superfluous... [*NASTIAH shakes her head, rises and goes quietly up-stairs R. U. E.* MEDVIEDEFF *enters L. U. E. followed by LUKA with the broom.*]

Medviédeff [*to LUKA*]. I don't remember having seen you.

Luka. And the rest, you've seen them. Do you know everybody?

Medviédeff. Along my beat I must know everybody — and I don't know you...

Luka. You would, if your beat included the whole world, but there is a small corner which has been left off. [*Ex. R.*]

Medviédeff [*crossing to BUBNOFF L.*]. That's right. My beat is not large...but the work is worse than in lots bigger ones. Just as I came off duty I had to take that young cobbler Alyoschka to the station house. The rascal was sprawled out on his back in the middle of the street, if you can believe it, playing his accordeon and bellowing: 'I want for nothing, I wish for nothing,' and wagons coming both ways and traffic everywhere... He could easily have been run over, or something else happen...rattle-brain... Of course I locked him up...he is a little too fresh.

Bubnoff. Come around tonight...We'll have a game of checkers.

Medviédeff. I'll come...hm, yes...but how is it about Waska?

Bubnoff. All right...Same old thing...

Medviédeff. Still alive.

Bubnoff. Why not, his life is worth living.

Medviédeff [*doubtfully*]. So...has he? [*LUKA enters R. from kitchen, and Ex. L. U. E., a bucket in his hand.*] Hm — yes...there is a rumor about...Waska...haven't you heard?

Bubnoff. I've heard lots of things.

Medviédeff. Something about Wassilissa, he...have you not noticed?

Bubnoff. What?

Medviédeff. So...in general...you know all about it but don't like to say so...it is well known...[*strongly*] don't lie, my friend!

Bubnoff. Why should I lie?

Medviédeff. I thought...ah, the curs...they say, in short that Waska with Wassilissa...so to speak...nyah, what do I care? I am not

her father, but only . . . her uncle . . . It can't hurt me if they can't laugh at me. [KVASCHNYA enters L. U. E.]. A bad lot . . . ah, you have come . . .

Kvaschnya. My dear captain. Just think, Bubnoff, he proposed to me again at the market . . .

Bubnoff. What of it . . . Why do you put him off? He has money, and is a pretty hearty lover, even yet . . .

Medviédeff. I . . . to be sure.

Kvaschnya. Ah, you old grey stud-horse. No, don't come near it. That foolishness happens to me only once in a lifetime, and I've been through it already. Marriage, for a woman, is like jumping into the river in winter; once she's done it, she remembers it all her life.

Medviédeff. Wait . . . the husbands are not all the same . . .

Kvaschnya. But I always remain the same. When my dear husband — when the devil took him — when he became a carcass, damn his ghost, I did not leave the house the whole day for joy; I sat there all alone and could scarcely believe my happiness.

Medviédeff. Why did you allow your husband to beat you? If you had gone to the police . . .

Kvaschnya. Police! I complained to God for eight years . . . and even God couldn't do anything.

Medviédeff. But it is illegal now to beat wives . . . Law and order are now enforced . . . No man dare beat anybody now, except for the sake of law and order . . . Wife beating happens only in lawless places . . .

Luka [leads ANNA in, L. U. E.] Now, look out . . . now we've crawled down . . . ah, you poor child . . . How could you go around alone so, in your condition? Where is your quarter?

Anna [draws toward L. D.]. Thank you, daddy.

Kvaschnya. There you have a married woman . . . look at her.

Luka. Such a poor, weak thing . . . creeping about quite alone there up in the entry, clinging to the walls — moaning without cease . . . why did you allow her to go out alone?

Kvaschnya. We did not notice it — pardon me, grandfather. Her lady in waiting has probably gone for a stroll . . .

Luka. So you laugh . . . How can you abandon another so? Whatever he may have become — he still remains a human being.

Medviédeff. This ought to be investigated. If she dies suddenly? We shall be mixed up in it. Give her every attention.

Luka. Quite right, Mr. Captain . . .

Medviédeff. Hm . . . yes . . . you may say so . . . though I'm not a captain yet . . .

Luka. Is it possible? But we should conclude from your appearance that you are a true hero. [From above a noise, the stamping of feet and

smothered cries.]

Medviédeff. Not quite yet — looks like a row.

Bubnoff. It sounds like one. . . .

Kvaschnya. I'll go see.

Medviédeff. And I've got to go too. . . ah, the service! Why should people be pulled apart when they brawl? But they finally quit fighting of their own accord. . . . when they are tired of thumping each other. . . . the best thing to do is to let them get their bellies full of fighting. . . . then they don't row so often. . . . they aren't in shape to. . . .

Bubnoff [*gets off his bench*]. You must lay your plan before the authorities. . . .

Kostilioff [*throws open the door L. U. E. and cries*]. Abram. . . come. . . . quick. . . . Wassilissa kills Natasha. . . . come. . . . come!

[*KVASCHNYA, MEDVIEDEFF, BUBNOFF run to the entry, L. U. E., and LUKA looks after them, shaking his head*].

Anna. Ah, God. . . . the poor Natashenka!

Luka. Who is brawling there?

Anna. Our landlady. . . . the two sisters. . . .

Luka [*approaches ANNA*]. Over heirlooms.

Anna. Both are well fed. . . . both are healthy. . . .

Luka. And you. . . . what is your name?

Anna. Anna, I am called. . . . When I look at you. . . . you are so much like my father, just like my own dear father. . . . you, too, are so kind and tender. . . .

Luka. Because they have knocked me about the world so much, that is why I am tender. [*Chuckles to himself.*]

ACT II

[*The same scene. Evening. SAHTIN, the BARON, KRIVOI ZOBA and the TARTAR are sitting on the pritsche before the stove, playing cards. KLESHTSCH and the ACTOR are watching the game. BUBNOFF on his bench is playing Parti-Dame with MEDVIEDEFF. LUKA is sitting on the tabouret at ANNA's bed. The room is lit by two lamps, one hanging on the wall over the card players on the right and the other above BUBNOFF's bench.*]

Tartar. I'll play one more game. . . . and then I quit. . . .

Bubnoff. Krivoi Zoba! A song. [*He sings.*] 'Though still the sun goes up and down,'

Krivoi Zoba [*falling in*]. 'No gleam can pierce to me in here. . . .'

Tartar [*to SAHTIN*]. Shuffle the cards, but no crooked business. We already know what a swindler you are.

Bubnoff and Krivoi Zoba [*sing together.*]

'By day and night my guards stand watch—a—ach,

My prison window always near....'

Anna. Illness and blows....I have endured...they have been my lot....my whole life long.

Luka. Ah, you poor child! Do not grieve.

Medviédeff. What nerve! Be careful!

Bubnoff. Ah, ha! So...and so, and so...[*throws down card after card*].

Tartar [*threatens SAHTIN with his fist*]. What are you hiding the cards for! I saw you...you.

Krivoi Zoba. Let him go, Hassan. They're bound to cheat us, one way or another....Sing some more, Bubnoff.

Anna. I cannot remember to have ever had enough to eat...with trembling and fear...have I eaten every piece of bread...I have trembled and constantly feared...lest I eat more than my share...My whole life long have I gone in rags...my whole ill-fated life...Why should this have been?

Luka. Ah, you poor child! You are tired? It will soon be right!

Actor [*to KRIVOI ZOBA*]. Play the jack...the jack, damn it.

Baron. And we have the king!

Kleshtsch. These cards will always win.

Sahtin. So....they will.

Medviédeff. A queen!

Bubnoff. Another....there!

Anna. I am dying....

Kleshtsch [*to the TARTAR*]. There—look out! Throw the cards down, prince, stop playing.

Actor. Don't you think he knows what to do?

Baron. Be careful, Andrejuschka, that I don't throw you out the door.

Tartar. Again, I say. The pitcher goes to the well, then it breaks...the same with me...[*KLESHTSCH shakes his head and goes behind BUBNOFF*].

Anna. I am always thinking to myself: My Saviour...shall I there too...in that world...endure such tortures?

Luka. No! Never!....You will suffer nothing. Lie perfectly still...and have no fear. You shall find peace there! Be patient yet a little while...We must all suffer, my love...Every one endures life in his own way. [*He rises and goes hastily into the kitchen R.*]

Bubnoff. 'Spy on, with the might of your eyes, forever.'

Krivoi Zoba. 'On freedom still my thoughts shall dwell....'

Together. 'I cannot spring these chains and locks—a—ach...'

Nor fly the walls of this cold cell....'

Tartar. Stop! He has pushed a card up his sleeve.

Baron [confused]. No, where else then?

Actor [convincingly]. You have made a mistake, prince! It's not to be thought of. . . .

Tartar. I saw it! Cheats! I play no more!

Sahtin [throwing the cards together]. Then go your way, Hassan. . . . You know that we are cheats — so why did you play with us?

Baron. He's lost forty copecs, you'd think from the row that he'd lost three hundred. And this is a prince!

Tartar [violently]. Everybody must play fair!

Sahtin. But why, then?

Tartar. What does 'why' mean?

Sahtin. Only, so. . . why?

Tartar. Um, you don't know?

Sahtin. I don't know, do you?

Tartar [spits angrily, all laugh at him].

Krivoi Zoba [cheerfully]. You are a comical owl, Hassan. Think it over. If they lived honestly they would starve in three days. . . .

Tartar. What's that to me? People must live honestly.

Krivoi Zoba. Same old story, I'd rather have a drink of tea. . . . cut loose, Bubnoff.

Bubnoff. 'Alas, these heavy chains of iron, this armed patrol on ceaseless guard. . . .'

Krivoi Zoba. Come, Hassan. [Ex. singing]. 'No, nevermore shall I break through.' [The TARTAR threatens the BARON with his fist, and then follows his comrade. Ex. R.]

Sahtin [to the BARON, laughing]. Nyah, your worship, you've launched us triumphantly into the mire. You, an educated man, and can't handle cards. . . .

Baron [throwing up his hands]. The devil knows how the cards should be handled.

Actor. No genius, no self-confidence. . . without that you'll never be any good. . . .

Medviédeff. I have a queen, and you have two, hm, yes.

Bubnoff. One is enough, if well played. . . . your play.

Kleshtsch. The game is lost, Abram Ivanitsch.

Medviédeff. That is none of your business — understand? Hold your mouth. . . .

Sahtin. Fifty-three copecs won. . . .

Actor. The three copecs are for me. . . . though what do I want with three copecs?

Luka [entering from kitchen R.]. You soaked the Tartar dry. Are you going for some?

Baron. Come with us!

Sahtin. I'd like to see you once after you've put a couple of dozen away.....

Luka. Surely I wouldn't look better than I do sober....

Actor. Come, old fellow.... I will declaim for you a pair of pretty couplets.....

Luka. Couplets? What are they?

Actor. Verses, don't you understand.....

Luka. Verses, for me... poems? What do I want them for?

Actor. Ah, they are so comical... yet sometimes so sad....

Sahtin. Are you coming, couplet singer? [*Ex. L. U. E. with the BARON*].

Actor. I will overtake you. [*To LUKA*]. There is, old man, for example, a poem beginning.... I have completely forgotten it... [*rubs his forehead*].

Bubnoff. Your queen is lost.... go.

Medviédeff. I played wrong, the devil take it.

Actor. In the past, while my organism still was not yet poisoned with alcohol, I had a splendid memory.... yes, patriarch! Now... it is all at an end with me... time and time again, with the greatest success I have recited this poem... to thundering applause.... Do you know what applause means, brother, it is the wine of wines.... when I came out, in this posture [*assumes an attitude*] and then began.... and.... [*he is silent*] no more... not a word.... have I retained. And the poem was my heart's delight.... Is that not frightful, patriarch [*clutches the air*].

Luka. Alas, too bad.... when the best beloved has been forgotten. In that which man loves, he finds his soul....

Actor. I have drowned my soul, patriarch... I am a lost man... And why am I lost? Because I believe in myself no more... I am through.....

Luka. Why so then. Be cured! The drunkard, I have heard, can now be cured. Without expense, my brother... A dispensary has been erected.... there you may be cured without charge. They realize now, you see, that the drunkard is also a man, and they are glad when one comes to allow himself to be cured. Hurry, then, go there....

Actor [*thoughtfully*]. Where to? Where is it?

Luka. In a certain city... what is it called? A strange name... No, I can't tell you right now.... but listen to me: You must begin to get ready! Be abstemious! Hold yourself together, and suffer, endure thus, and then you'll be cured. Begin a new life.... is that not splendid, brother: a new life.... now, decide.... one, two, three!

Actor [*smiling*]. A new life... from the start.... that is beautiful.... Can it be true? A new life? [*laughs*]. Nyah... yes! I can! I can!

Luka. Why not? Man can achieve everything.... if he only

will. . . .

Actor [suddenly, as if awakened from a dream]. You're a queer customer! So long! See you again. [*He whistles.*] Meantime, old man. [*Ex. L. U. E.*]

Anna. Daddy.

Luka. What is it, little mother?

Anna. Talk a little bit, to me. . . .

Luka [going to her]. Gladly. . . . Let us have a long chat. [*KLESHTSCH looks around, silently goes to the bed of his wife, looks at her, gesticulates, as if about to speak.*]

Luka. Well, brother?

Kleshtsch [whispers as if in fear]. Nothing. [*Goes slowly to door, L. U. E. Remains a few moments, then goes out.*]

Luka [following him with his eyes]. Thy husband seems to be oppressed.

Anna. I cannot think of him any more.

Luka. Has he beaten you?

Anna. How often. . . . He has brought me. . . . to this.

Bubnoff. My wife. . . . had once an admirer. He played with kings and queens quite splendidly, the rascal. . . .

Medviédeff. Hm.

Anna. Grandfather. . . . Talk to me, my dear. . . . I am lonely. . . .

Luka. That is nothing. That may be felt before death, my dove. It means nothing, dear. Have faith. You will die, you see, and then enter into rest. Have fear of nothing more, of nothing more. It will be still, and peaceful. . . . and you will lie resting there. Death subdues everything. . . . he is so tender with us. . . . Only in death shall rest be found, they say. . . . and such is the truth, my love! Where shall rest be found here?

[*PEPEL enters L. U. E. a little drunk, dishevelled and sullen. He sits on the bunk by the kitchen door, silent and motionless.*]

Anna. And shall there be such torture there?

Luka. Nothing is there! Believe me, nothing! Rest alone — nothing else. They will lead you before the Master and will say: Look, oh, Master — thy servant Anna is come. . . .

Medviédeff [vigorously]. How can you know what shall be said there: have you ever heard. . . . [*PEPEL, at the sound of MEDVIEDEFF'S voice, raises his head and listens.*]

Luka. My information is reliable, Mr. Commissioner. . . .

Medviédeff [softly]. Hm, — yes. Nyah, it is your affair. . . . that means. . . . but I am not a commissioner. . . .

Bubnoff. Two birds with one stone. . . .

Medviédeff. Ah, you, the devil take you. . . .

Luka. And the Master will look upon you in loving kindness and

will say: 'I know this Anna!' 'Now,' he will say, 'lead her forth into Paradise. May she there find peace. . . . I know her life was wearisome. . . she is very tired. . . . let her have rest, our Anna.'

Anna. Grandfather. . . . you, my dear. . . . if it is only so. . . . if I there. . . . find peace. . . . and feel nothing more. . . . suffer. . . .

Luka. You will suffer nothing. . . . nothing! Only have faith! Die joyfully, without anxiety. . . . Death to us, I say unto you, is like a mother soothing her children. . . .

Anna. But. . . . perhaps. . . . I will get well again?

Luka [*laughing*]. For what? To fresh tortures?

Anna. But I might still. . . . live a little while. . . . a very little while. . . . if there is no torture beyond. . . . I can afford to suffer at the end here a little more. . . .

Luka. There shall be no more pain. . . . none at all. . . .

Pepel [*rising*]. True — it may be, and may not be!

Anna. Ah, God. . . .

Luka. Ah, my dear boy. . . .

Medviédeff. Who is howling there?

Pepel [*going to him*]. Me, what's the matter?

Medviédeff. People must keep quiet in here. . . . You are howling without cause.

Pepel. Ah. . . blockhead! And you her uncle. . . ha, ha!

Luka [*whispers to PEPEL*]. Listen, boy — not so loud. A woman is dying here. . . . Her lips are covered with earth already. . . don't disturb her. . . .

Pepel. As you say so, grandfather, I will listen to you. You are a splendid chap, pilgrim. . . . tell them famously. . . . full of nice stories. Keep it up, brother, keep it up. . . . there is so little pleasure in the world.

Bubnoff. Is she dying for keeps?

Luka. I guess she is not fooling.

Bubnoff. Then we will finally be rid of that coughing. . . a great nuisance, her everlasting coughing. . . I take two. . . .

Medviédeff. Ah, . . . the devil take you.

Pepel. Abram. . . .

Medviédeff. I am not Abram. . . . for you. . . .

Pepel. Abrashka, tell me — is Natasha still sick?

Medviédeff. Does that concern you?

Pepel. No, but say: did Wassilissa really beat her up so badly?

Medviédeff. And that's none of your business either. . . that's a family affair. . . . who are you, anyhow, eh?

Pepel. I may be who I am — but when it suits me, I will take your Natasha away. You will not see her again.

Medviédeff [*interrupting his playing*]. What do you say? Whom

are you talking about? My niece shall . . . ach, you thief!

Pepel. A thief — which you have not yet caught. . . .

Medviédeff. Wait! I'll soon catch you. . . in a very little while I will have you. . . .

Pepel. Whenever it suits you. . . and then your whole nest here will be torn up. Do you think I'll hold my tongue when it comes to the coroner? There you're badly mistaken. Who incited you to theft, they will ask — who put the opportunity before you? Mischka Kostilioff and his wife. And who received the stolen goods? Mischka Kostilioff and his wife.

Medviédeff. You lie! Nobody will believe it.

Pepel. They will quickly believe — because it is the truth. And I'll get you into the muddle too, and the rest of you, you gang of thieves — we shall soon see.

Medviédeff [*uneasily*]. Shut up! Shut up! What have I done to you. . . you mad dog. . . .

Pepel. What good have you done me?

Luka. Quite right. . . .

Medviédeff [*to LUKA*]. What are you croaking about? What business is this of yours? This is a family affair. . . .

Bubnoff [*to LUKA*]. Let them have it out. . . . We two won't be haltered anyhow. . . .

Luka [*softly*]. I have done no harm. I only think that if a man does not do another good — then he has done wrong.

Medviédeff [*who does not understand LUKA*]. Look, you. We are all acquainted here. . . . And you — who are you? [*Ex. quickly L. U. E. angrily fuming.*]

Luka. He has gone mad, Sir Cavalier. . . oho! Very peculiar, brothers, what we have here, somewhat complicated.

Pepel. He has gone to Wassilissa, now, with it.

Bubnoff. Don't make a fool of yourself, Wassili. Don't try to be the bravest. Bravery, my boy, is good, when you go into the woods for mushrooms. . . . It is out of place here, . . . they have you by the throat. . . . in a jiffy.

Pepel. We shall see. . . . We Yaroslavs are much too sly. . . . we cannot be caught with the bare hands. . . . will you have a fight. . . good, then we begin it. . . .

Luka. It would indeed, be better, boy, to go away. . . .

Pepel. Where then? Tell me. . . .

Luka. Go. . . to Siberia.

Pepel. Ha! Ha! Never; I'll wait, rather, until they send me, at the expense of the government. . . .

Luka. No, really, listen to me! Go there; you can make your way in Siberia. . . . they need such young fellows. . . .

Pepel. My way is already pointed out! My father spent his life in prison, and that fate is my legacy...when I was still a small boy they called me a thief and the son of a thief.

Luka. A beautiful country, Siberia. A golden land. A man with strength and a clear head develops there....like a cucumber in a hot bed.

Pepel. Tell me, pilgrim, why do you fabricate so ceaselessly?

Luka. How?

Pepel. Are you deaf? Why do you lie, I ask.....

Luka. When have I lied?

Pepel. Right straight along.....It is beautiful there, by your way of thinking, and beautiful here....which is not true. Why then, do you lie?

Luka. Believe me! Or go there and convince yourself....You will send me thanks...why loiter here? And, from whence comes your eagerness for truth? Think it over: the truth is, they may make an end of you here.

Pepel. It is all the same....even a halter.

Luka. You are a strange fellow. Why will you put your head into it?

Bubnoff. What are you two jawing about? I don't catch on...What kind of truth do you want, Wasjka? What good would it be to you? You know the truth about yourself...and all the world knows it....

Pepel. Hold your snout. Don't croak. He shall tell me first....hear, pilgrim...is there a God? [*LUKA laughs and remains silent.*]

Bubnoff. Mankind is like chips which the storm sweeps away...the finished house remains, but the chips are gone.

Luka [*softly*]. If you believe in him, there is a God; believe not and none exists....What you believe in...exists...[*PEPEL looks silently surprised at the old man.*]

Bubnoff. I'll have a drink of tea now...come with me to the ale house.

Luka [*to PEPEL*]. What are you staring at?

Pepel. It means then.....just so.....wait....

Bubnoff. Nyah, then I'll go alone. [*Ex. L. U. E., bumping into WASSILISSA*].

Pepel. Then...do as you.....then you....

Wassilissa [*to BUBNOFF*]. Is Nastassja at home?

Bubnoff. No...[*Ex L. U. E.*]

Pepel. Ah...there she is.

Wassilissa [*goes to ANNA's bed*]. Is she still alive?

Luka. Do not disturb her.

Wassilissa. And you, what are you loafing around for?

Luka. I can go out, if I must.....

Wassilissa [*approaching PEPEL's door*]. Wassili! I have business with you... [*LUKA goes to the door, L. U. E., opens it, closes it noisily, then carefully climbs up the stove and conceals himself. WASSILISSA has entered PEPEL's room. Within*]. Wasjka, come here.

Pepel. I will not come... I will not...

Wassilissa [*re-enters*]. What's the matter? Why are you so mad?

Pepel. It is tiresome.... I am sick of the whole mess here....

Wassilissa. And of me... are you also sick?

Pepel. Also of you.... [*WASSILISSA pulls the shawl which is over her shoulders closely together and presses her arm against her breast. She goes to ANNA's bed, looks cautiously behind the curtain, and returns to PEPEL*]. Nyah, so... speak....

Wassilissa. What shall I say? No one can be forced to love... and I should be unlike myself to beg for love... for your frankness many thanks....

Pepel. My frankness.

Wassilissa. Yes, you say you are sick of me... or is it not true? [*PEPEL looks at her in silence. She approaches him.*] Why do you stare? Do you not know me?

Pepel [*with a deep breath*]. You are beautiful, Waska. [*WASSILISSA puts her arm around his neck: he shakes it off with a movement of the shoulder.*] But still my heart has never belonged to you.... I have gone on living with you... but I have never truly liked you....

Wassilissa [*softly*]. So... o... now... um....

Pepel. Now we have nothing more to talk about... Nothing more... go away... leave me alone.

Wassilissa. Have you found pleasure in another?

Pepel. That is nothing to you... If it were so — I would not take you along for a matchmaker....

Wassilissa [*meaningly*]. Who knows... perhaps I can bring it about.

Pepel [*suspiciously*]. Who with?

Wassilissa. You know who I mean... don't deny it... I talk straight out from the shoulder... [*softly*]. I will only say... you have deeply wronged me... without provocation you have struck me a blow, as with a club... you always said you loved me, and... all of a sudden....

Pepel. All of a sudden... not at all... I have thought so, long... you have no soul... In a woman there should be a soul. We men are animals... we know nothing else... and men must first be taught goodness... and you, what good have you taught me?...

Wassilissa. What has been has been... I know that we cannot control the impulses of our hearts... if you love me no more — good... it is all the same to me.

Pepel. All right, then. It is settled. We separate in friendship,

without scandal . . . pleasantly!

Wassilissa. Stop, not so quick. During the whole time that we have lived together . . . I have always hoped you would help me out of this cess-pool here . . . that you would free me from my husband, from my uncle . . . from this whole life . . . and perhaps I have not loved you, Waska, at all . . . perhaps in you I love only . . . my one hope, my one dream . . . do you understand? I had hoped you would pull me out . . .

Pepel. You are no nail and I am no tongs . . . I had thought you would finish him; with your slyness . . . for you are sly and quick-witted . . . [*sits at R. table.*]

Wassilissa [*leans towards him*]. Waska, we will help each other . . .

Pepel. How then?

Wassilissa [*in a low tone, with expression*]. My sister . . . you have taken a fancy to her, I know it . . .

Pepel. And you knock her about so brutally on that account. I'll say this to you, Waska: don't touch her again.

Wassilissa. Wait. Not so hotly. It can all be done quietly, in friendliness . . . Marry her whenever you feel like it. I'll find the money, three hundred rubles. If I can get more I'll give you more . . .

Pepel [*rocks on his seat back and forth*]. Hold on . . . How do you mean that. What for?

Wassilissa. Free me from my husband. Take that halter from my neck . . .

Pepel [*whistles*]. Oho, I see! You have thought it out well . . . the husband in his grave, the admirer in Siberia, and you yourself . . .

Wassilissa. But Waska, why Siberia? Not you yourself . . . your comrades. And even if you did do it yourself — who would know? Think . . . Natasha thine . . . You shall have money . . . to go away . . . anywhere . . . you free me forever . . . and for my sister too; it will be a good thing for her to be away from me. I can't look at her without getting furious . . . I hate her on your account . . . I cannot control myself . . . I give her such blows that I myself cry for pity . . . but — I strike her just the same. And I will go on with it.

Pepel. Beast! Don't sing praises of your own cruelty.

Wassilissa. I am not praising myself. I only speak the truth. Remember, Waska, you have already been imprisoned twice by my husband . . . when you could not satisfy his greed . . . He sticks to me like vermin . . . for four years he has fed on me. Such a man for a husband! And Natasha dreads him too. He oppresses her and calls her a beggar. He is a poison, a rank poison for us all . . .

Pepel. How cleverly you contrive it all . . .

Wassilissa. What I have said is not contrived . . . It is quite clear to you . . . Only a fool could not comprehend . . . [*KOSTILIOFF enters warily,*

L. U. E., and sneaks forward.]

Pepel [to WASSILISSA]. No...go away!

Wassilissa. Think it over. [*Sees her husband.*] What's this! Dogging me again? [*PEPEL springs up and looks wildly at KOSTILIOFF.*]

Kostilioff. Indeed...it is I...it is I...and you are quite alone here? Ah...ah...Been chatting for a spell? [*Suddenly stamps his feet and screeches aloud, to WASSILISSA.*] Waska, you baggage...you beggar, you deceptive carrion. [*Then frightened by his own cry which is answered only by an echoless silence.*] Have mercy on me, Lord...You have again led me to sin, Wassilissa...I search for you everywhere...[*squeakingly*]. It is time to go to bed. Have you forgot to fill the holy lamp?...ah, you beggar, you swine! [*Waves his hands tremblingly in her face.* WASSILISSA goes slowly to the door, *L. U. E., and looks back at PEPEL.*]

Pepel [to KOSTILIOFF]. You! Go your own way. Get out....

Kostilioff [cries]. I am the master here: Get out yourself, understand? Thief!

Pepel [sternly]. Go your own way, Mishka....

Kostilioff. Be careful! Or else I'll...[*PEPEL seizes him by the collar and shakes him. A noise of turning and yawning is heard on the stove. PEPEL loosens KOSTILIOFF, who, crying loudly, goes out R. U. E. up the stairs.*]

Pepel [jumps on pritsche before stove]. Who is there? Who is on the stove?

Luka [poking his head out]. What?

Pepel. Is it you?

Luka [composedly]. I...I myself...of Lord Jesus! Who else would it be.

Pepel [closes door L. U. E., looks for key, but does not find it]. The devil...crawl down, pilgrim.

Luka. All right...I'll crawl down.....

Pepel [roughly]. Why did you climb up on the stove?

Luka. Where should I go?

Pepel. Why didn't you go out into the entry?

Luka. Too cold, little brother....I am an old man....

Pepel. Did you hear?

Luka. Without any trouble? Why not? I am not deaf. Ah, my boy, you are lucky, truly lucky.

Pepel [mistrustfully]. I am lucky? How so?

Luka. Because...I climbed up on the stove...that was your luck...

Pepel. Why did you move about?

Luka. Because I feel hot...luckily for you, my orphan...and then I thought: if the boy does not lose his head...and strangle the old

man....

Pepel. Yes, I might easily have done it....I hate him....

Luka. It would not have been any wonder....such things happen every day.

Pepel [laughing]. Hm...Have you yourself not done something of the kind some time?

Luka. Listen, my boy, to what I tell you: this woman, keep well away from her. At no cost let her approach....She will soon get her husband out of the way. Cleverer than you could ever manage it. Don't listen to her, offspring of Satan! Look at me: not a hair left on my head....and why? The women, and no other reason....I have known, perhaps, more women than I have had hairs on my head....and this Wassilissa...is worse than the pest.....

Pepel. I don't know....whether to thank you...or, are you too....

Luka. Say no more....Listen. If there is a girl, take the one you like best — take her by the hand and go away together; quite away, a long way off...

Pepel [gloomily]. We cannot know each other: who is good, who is bad....Nothing.....is comprehensible.

Luka. Of what importance can that be? Man's ways vary....following the different desires of his heart; so he lives, good today, bad tomorrow. And you love the girl, then pull out, settle it....Or go alone. You are young, you have still time enough ahead to....enmeshed by a woman.

Pepel [takes him by the shoulder]. No, but say — why do you tell me all this....

Luka. Hold on. Let me go...I must look after Anna...Her throat is rattling. [*He goes to ANNA'S bed, strikes the curtain back, looks at the prostrate form and touches it with his hand. PEPEL, uneasy and depressed, follows him.*] Lord Jesus Christ, All Powerful! receive in peace the soul of this newcomer, thy servant Anna.....

Pepel [whispers]. Is she dead? [*Elevates himself to his full height and looks without approaching.*]

Luka [whispering]. Her misery is ended. And where is her husband?

Pepel. In the barroom — of course.

Luka. He must be told....

Pepel [shrinking]. I do not love the dead.

Luka [goes to the door, L. U. E.]. Why should we love the dead? We must love the living....the living....

Pepel. I'll go with you.

Luka. Are you afraid?

Pepel. I love them not. . . . [*Ex. hastily, with LUKA, L. U. E. The stage remains empty for a few moments. Behind the door, L. U. E., is heard a dull, confused, unusual sound. Enter the ACTOR, L. U. E. He remains standing on the platform, his hand on the door jamb, and cries.*]

Actor. Old man! Luka! Heh, where do you hide? Now I remember. Listen. [*Tremblingly takes two steps forward, puts himself in an attitude and declaims.*]

And if humanity to holy truth,
No path by searching finds,
Then all the world shall praise the fool,
Who spins a dream to mesh their minds.

[*NATASHA appears behind the ACTOR in the door. He continues.*]
Old man. . . listen!

And if the sun tomorrow shall forget
Upon the earth his light to stream,
Then all the world shall hail the fool,
With his illuminating red-gold dream.

Natasha [laughs]. Look at the scarecrow. Maybe he has had one or two. . . .

Actor [turns to her]. A-ah, it is you! And where is our patriarch? Our loving, kind-hearted pilgrim. . . . There is nobody. . . at home. . . Natasha, farewell, farewell.

Natasha [approaches him]. You have just greeted me, and now you say farewell.

Actor [steps in her way]. I shall go. . . . I shall travel. . . when, soon as spring comes, I shall be far away.

Natasha. Let me by. . . . Where shall you travel then?

Actor. I shall go to that city. . . I shall be cured. . . You must leave here, too. . . Ophelia. . . . get thee to a nunnery. . . . There is, you know, a hospital for organisms. . . . for hard drinkers, so to speak. . . . a splendid hospital. . . . all marble. . . . marble floors. . . . light. . . . cleanliness. . . . good board — all free of charge! And marble floors, truly. I shall find it, this city, I'll be myself again. . . . Begin a new life. . . . I am on the way to regeneration. . . . as King Lear said! Do you know too, Natasha. . . . what my stage name is? Svertchkoff-Savolszhinski I'm called. . . . nobody knows that here, nobody. . . here I am nameless. . . . realize, if you can, how it hurts to lose your name? Even dogs have their names. [*NATASHA goes softly around the ACTOR, stands at ANNA's bed and looks at the dead.*]
Without a name. . . . where there is no name there is no man.

Natasha. Look! . . . dear. . . . why. . . she is dead. . . .

Actor [shaking his head]. Impossible. . . .

Natasha [stands aside]. In God's name. . . . look. . . .

Bubnoff [*enters L. U. E.*]. What is there to look at?

Natasha. Anna is dead!

Bubnoff. Then there will be no more coughing. [*Goes to ANNA'S bed, looks for a time at the dead, and then goes to his place.*] Somebody must tell Kleschtsch...it's his business....

Actor. I'll go. I shall tell him...She too, has lost her name.

Natasha [*Ex. ACTOR L. U. E. In the center of the room, to herself partly*]. And I...some time, shall languish so, and die forsaken in a cellar....

Bubnoff [*spreading out an old torn blanket on his shelf*]. What is the matter...what are you muttering?

Natasha. Nothing...only to myself....

Bubnoff. Are you expecting Waska? Be careful with Waska.... He will knock your skull in, some day, for you....

Natasha. Isn't it all the same to me, who knocks it in? I'd rather have it done by him....

Bubnoff [*lies down*]. As you prefer...no funeral of mine.

Natasha. It is the best thing for her that could happen...to die... yet it is pitiful...thou loving Master....what did she live for?

Bubnoff. So with everybody—but, we live. Man is born, lives for a space of time, and dies. I will die too...and you will die...why pity the dead, then? [*LUKA, the TARTAR, KRIVOI ZOBA and KLESHTSCH enter L. U. E. KLESHTSCH follows behind the others in shaking spirits.*]

Natasha. Sh-sh...Anna!

Krivoi Zoba. We have already heard...God take her soul....

Tartar [*to KLESHTSCH*]. She must be taken out. She must be carried into the entry. This is no place for the dead. The living person can have a bed....

Kleschtsch [*whispering*]. We will take her out...[*All stand around the body. KLESHTSCH looks at the remains of his wife over the shoulders of the others*].

Krivoi Zoba [*to the TARTAR*]. Do you think she will smell? No... while she was still alive she dried up....

Natasha. For God's sake...nobody pities her...if anybody had but said a word of kindness.

Luka. Don't be hurt, my daughter. It is nothing. What have we to do with pitying the dead? We have not enough even for each other. And you talk of pitying her.

Bubnoff [*gapes*]. Why waste words...when she is dead—no words can help her any more...against sickness certain words can be used.... against death, nothing.

Tartar [*stepping aside*]. The police must be told....

Krivoi Zoba. Naturally—that is the regulation. Kleschtsch, have

you already reported it?

Kleshtsch. No...now comes the funeral and I have only forty copecs in the world....

Krivoi Zoba. Then borrow....or we will take up a collection..... everybody give what he can, one five copecs, another ten...but the police must soon be told. Or else, at last, they will think you have beaten your wife to death...or something else. [*Goes to the bunk, U. on which the TARTAR is lying, and attempts to lie down with him.*]

Natasha [*goes to BUBNOFF'S bench*]. Now I shall dream about her....I always dream of the dead....I am afraid to be alone....It is so dark in the entry.

Luka [*follows with his eyes*]. Be afraid of the living...that I say to you....

Natasha. Take me up-stairs, daddy.....

Luka. Come....come....I will go with you. [*Ex. both L. U. E. Pause.*]

Krivoi Zoba [*yawns*]. Oh, oh! [*To the TARTAR.*] It will soon be spring now, Hassan....Then there will be a little bit of sun for you and me. The peasants now, are repairing their plows and harrows....they will go to the field soon...hm — yes...and we, Hassan. He is already snoring, cursed Mohammedan.

Bubnoff. The Tartars are fond of sleep.

Kleshtsch [*standing in the middle of the room staring stupidly before himself*]. What shall I begin to do now?

Krivoi Zoba. Lie down and sleep...that's all....

Kleshtsch [*whispers*]. And...she! What shall be done with her? [*Nobody answers him. Enter SAHTIN and the ACTOR, L. U. E.*]

Actor [*cries*]. Old man! My true adviser....

Sahtin. Miklucka-Maclai comes...ho, ho!

Actor. The thing is settled! Patriarch where is the city....where are you?

Sahtin. Fata Morgana! He has deluded you....there are no cities...No, no people...there is nothing at all!

Actor. Liar.....

Tartar [*springing up*]. Where is the proprietor. I'll see the proprietor! If we can't sleep here, he shall charge us nothing....the dead....the drunken....[*Ex. quickly, R. U. E. SAHTIN whistles after him.*]

Bubnoff [*awakened*]. Go to bed brats, make no noise, the night is for sleep....

Actor. True...I have here [*rubs his forehead*]. 'Our nets have caught the dead,' as it says in a.....chanson, from Beranger.*

* In reality a quotation from Pushkin.

Sahtin. The dead hear not. The dead feel not. Howl...shout as much as you like...the dead hear not! [*LUKA appears in the door.*]

ACT III *

*TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: In the Russian, the third act takes place upon a new scene, but as the scene of the previous acts may be employed without necessitating any change in dialogue or construction, the stage directions given in this act have the old scene in view. The new scene is described as follows:

A vacant place between two buildings, filled with rubbish and overgrown with weeds. In the background, a high brick fire-wall, which covers the heavens. Near it a small elder-tree. On the right, a dark wall of reinforced wooden beams, part of a barn or stable. On the left, the gray wall of KOSTILIOFF's lodging-house, its rough plaster adhering only in places. This wall runs diagonally, the rear wall of the building, the corner being about the middle of the scene, forming with the fire-wall a narrow passageway. In the gray wall there are two windows, one on a level with the earth, the other four or five feet higher and nearer the rear. Against the gray wall lies a great sled, overturned, with a tongue perhaps three yards long. Near the stable wall on the right is a heap of old boards and hewn beams.

It is evening, the setting sun throws a red light against the fire-wall. Spring has just begun and the snow is scarcely melted. The black twigs of the elder-tree have not begun to swell.

On the sled-tongue, side by side sit NATASHA and NASTIAH. On the pile of boards LUKA and the BARON. KLESHTSCH lies on a heap of wood near the right wall. BUBNOFF is looking out of the lower window.

Nastiah [with closed eyes, moving her head in time to the story, which she is telling in a sing song voice]. In the night, then, he came to the garden, to the summer-bower, as we had arranged... I had waited long, trembling for fear and grief... and he too, was trembling from head to foot, and chalk white, but in his hand he held a... pistol....

Natasha [nibbling at sunflower seeds]. Just listen... these students are all as mad as March hares.

Nastiah. And in a terrible voice, he said to me: my true love...

Bubnoff. Ha, ha, my 'true' love, did he say?

Baron. Be still there, let her humbug in peace — you don't have to listen, if it don't please you... go on.

Nastiah. My heart's distraction, said he, my golden treasure; my parents refuse to allow me, said he, to marry you, and threaten me with their curses if I do not give you up, and so I must, said he, take my life... and

his pistol was frightfully large, and loaded with ten bullets. . . . Farewell, said he, true friend of my heart! My decision is irrevocable. . . . I cannot live without you. But I answered him, my never-to-be-forgotten friend. . . my Raoul. . .

Bubnoff [*astonished*]. What's his name. . . Graul?

Baron. You are mistaken, Nastya! The last time you called him Gaston.

Nastiah [*springing up*]. Silence! You vagabond curs! Can you understand what love is. . . real, genuine love! And I. . . I have tasted this genuine love [*to the BARON*]. You unworthy scamp. . . . You were an educated man. . . . you say, have drunk your coffee in bed. . . .

Luka. Have patience! Don't scold her! Show human beings some consideration. . . . It is not what man says but why he says it, — that's the point. Keep on, my love — they don't mean anything.

Bubnoff. Always laying on the bright hues, raven. . . Nyah, cut loose again!

Baron. Go on.

Natasha. Pay no attention to them. . . . who are they, any way? They only speak out of envy. . . . because they have nothing to tell about themselves. . . .

Nastiah [*sits down again*]. I don't want. . . . I won't tell anything more. . . . if they don't like to believe it. . . . and laugh about it. [*Suddenly brightens up. Is silent a few seconds, closes her eyes again and begins in a loud and rapid voice, keeping time with her hand, while in the distance ringing music is heard*]. And I answered him: Joy of my life! You my glittering star! Without you, I too, could not live. . . . because I love you madly and must love you always, as long as my heart beats in my bosom! But, said I, rob yourself not of your young life. . . . for look, your dear parents whose single joy you are — they stand in need of you. Give me up. . . . I would rather pine away. . . . out of longing for you, my love. . . . I am — alone. . . . I am — wholly yours. . . . yes, let me die. . . . what matters it. . . . I am good for nothing. . . . and have nothing. . . . absolutely nothing. . . . [*covers her face with her hands and cries softly*.]

Natasha [*goes to her side, quietly*]. Don't. [*LUKA strokes NASTIAH's head, laughing*.]

Bubnoff [*laughs aloud*]. Oh. . . . ho. . . . a deceiving minx, . . . eh?

Baron [*laughs aloud*]. Now — grandfather — do you believe what she tells? She gets it all out of her book. . . . out of 'Disastrous Love,' all nonsense. Drop it.

Natasha. What is that to you? Keep still, rather. God has punished you enough. . . .

Nastiah [*furious*]. You! Tell us, where is your soul!

Luka [*takes her by the hand*]. Come my love. Do not be angry

.... They mean nothing, I know.... I — believe you. You are right, and not they.... if you yourself believe it, then you have had just such true love.... Certainly, quite certainly. And he there, thy... lover, don't be angry.... He only laughs perhaps.... about it.... because he is envious.... No doubt in his whole life he never felt anything genuine.... No, certainly not. Come!

Nastiah [*presses her arm against her breast*]. Grandfather. Before God.... it is true! It is all true.... A French student... Gastoscha was his name.... and he had a little black beard.... he always wore patent leather shoes.... May lightning strike me instantly if it isn't true! And how he loved me.... oh, how he loved me.

Luka. I am sure. Say no more. I believe you. He wore patent leather shoes, you say? Aye, aye, and you have naturally loved him too. [*Ex. both L. U. E.*]

Baron. A stupid thing, good hearted but stupid, intolerably stupid.

Bubnoff. How can a man lie so unceasingly? As if before a coroner.

Natasha. Falsehood must indeed be pleasanter than the truth... I.... too.

Baron. What 'I too?' Say more.

Natasha. I too, think of lots of them.... to myself.... and wait....

Baron. For what?

Natasha [*laughing embarrassed*]. So.... perhaps, think I.... somebody will come tomorrow.... some strange person.... or there may happen... something that never happened before.... I have already waited long... I still am waiting.... and after all.... to look at it right.... can anything great be expected? [*Pause.*]

Baron [*laughing*]. We can expect nothing at all.... I least of all — I expect nothing more. For me everything has already been. All is past... at an end.... what more?

Natasha. Sometimes, too, I imagine, that tomorrow.... I will die suddenly.... which fills me with fear.... In summer we think willingly of death.... then comes the storm, and every moment one may be struck by lightning....

Baron. Your life has not been laid in easy lines... Your sister has the disposition of a fiend.

Natasha. Whose life is easy? All have it hard, as far as I can see....

Kleshtsch [*who has previously lain silent and motionless, springing up*]. All? That is not true! Not all! If it was hard for all.... then each of us could stand it.... there would be nothing to complain about.

Bubnoff. Say, are you possessed by the devil? Why howl? [*KLESHTSCH lies down again and stares vacantly.*]

A NIGHT'S LODGING

Baron. I must see what Nastya is doing. . . . I'll have to make up with her. . . . or we shall have no more money for whisky.

Bubnoff. People can never stop lying! I can understand Nastyka; she is accustomed to painting her cheeks. . . . So she tries it with the soul. . . . paints her little soul red. . . . but the rest, why do they do it? Luka, for example. . . . turns everything into stories. . . . without ceremony. . . . why does he always lie? . . . at his age?

Baron [*goes L. U. E. laughing*]. All of us have gray souls. . . . We like to lay on a bit of red.

Luka [*enters from L. U. E.*]. Tell me, Baron why do you torment the girl. Let her alone. . . . Can't she cry to pass the time away. . . . she only sheds tears for pleasure. . . . what harm can that do you?

Baron. She is a soft-brained thing, pilgrim. . . . It's hard to swallow. . . . today Raoul, tomorrow Gaston. . . . and everlastingly one and the same. But anyway, I'll make up with her again. [*Ex. L. U. E.*].

Luka. Go, treat her with friendliness. . . . treat every one with friendliness — injure no one.

Natasha. How good you are, grandfather. . . . how is it that you are so good?

Luka. I am good, you say. Nyah. . . if it is true, all right. . . [*Behind the red wall is heard soft singing and accordeon playing*]. But you see, my girl — there must be some one to be good. . . . We must have pity on mankind. Christ, remember, has pity for us all and so taught us to be so. Have pity when there is still time, believe me, it is very good. I was once, for example, employed as a watchman, at a country place which belonged to an engineer, not far from the city of Tomsk, in Siberia. The house stood in the middle of the forest, an out-of-the-way location. . . . and it was winter and I was all alone in the country house. . . . It was beautiful there. . . . magnificent! And once. . . I heard them scrambling up!

Natasha. Thieves!

Luka. Yes. They crept higher and I took my rifle and went outside. I looked up: two men. . . . as they were opening a window and so busy that they did not see anything of me at all. . . . I cried to them: heh there. . . get out of that. . . . and would you think it, they fell on me with a hand ax. . . . I warned them — Halt, I cried, or else I fire. . . . then I aimed first at one and then at the other. They fell on their knees saying, pardon us. I was pretty hot. . . . on account of the hand ax, you remember. You devils, I cried, I told you to clear out and you didn't. . . . and now, I said, one of you go into the brush and get a switch. It was done: and now, I commanded, one of you stretch out on the ground, and the other thrash him. . . . and so they whipped each other at my command. And when they had each had a sound beating, they said to me: grandfather, said they, for the sake of Christ give us a piece of bread. We haven't a bite in our

bodies. They, my daughter, were the thieves, [*laughs*] who had fallen upon me with the hand ax. Yes...they were a pair of splendid fellows....I said to them, if you had asked for bread. Then they answered: we had gotten past that....we had asked and asked and nobody would give us anything....endurance was worn out...nyah, and so they remained with me the whole winter. One of them, Stephen by name, liked to take the rifle and go into the woods...and the other, Jakoff, was constantly ill, always coughing....the three of us watched the place, and when spring came, they said, farewell, grandfather, and went away—to Russia.....

Natasha. Were they convicts, escaping?

Luka. They were...fugitives...they had left their colony...a pair of splendid fellows....If I had not had pity on them—who knows what would have happened. They might have killed me...Then they would be taken to court again, put in prison, sent back to Siberia....why all that? You learn nothing good in prison, nor in Siberia....but a man, what can he not learn. Man may teach his fellowman something good...very simply. [*Pause.*]

Bubnoff. Hm...yes...and I....can never lie. Why should I do it? Always out with the truth, that is my way of thinking, whether it pleases or not. Why trouble to be considerate?

Kleshtsch [*springing up, as though stabbed, crying*]. What is the truth? Where is the truth—where! [*Beats with his hands on his torn clothes.*] There is the truth—there! No work...No strength...in the limbs—that is the truth! No shelter...no shelter...It is time to die, that is your truth, curse it! What is it to me, this—truth? Only let me sigh in peace—let me sigh. What have I done? Why should we have truth, to the devil? Curse it we can't live....that is the truth!

Bubnoff. Listen though...he is full of matter.....

Luka. The good Lord...but say, my friend, thou....

Kleshtsch [*trembling with excitement*]. I have heard you talk of the truth. You, pilgrim—you consoling every one....and I say to you: I hate every one. And this truth too, this accursed truth....Hast understood? Mark you, accursed shall truth be. [*Hurries out, L. U. E., looking back as he goes.*]

Luka. Ay, ay, ay; but he is out of his head....and where can he be running?

Natasha. He rages away like one gone mad.

Bubnoff. He laid it all down in the proper order....as in a theatre...the same thing happens often....he is not accustomed to life.....

Pepel [*enters slowly L. U. E.*]. Peace to you honest folks! Nyah, Luka, old devil—telling more stories?

Luka. You ought to have seen just now, a man crying out.

Pepel. Kleschtsch, you mean, hm? What is the matter with him now? He ran past me, as if he were crazy. . . .

Luka. You will run the same way too, when once it gets into your heart. . . .

Pepel [*sits*]. I can't endure him. . . he is embittered, and proud. [*He imitates KLESHTSCH.*] 'I am a workingman. . . .' as though others were inferior to him. . . Work, indeed, if it gives you pleasure. . . but why do you need to be so proud about it? If you estimate men by work, then a horse is better than any man. He pulls a wagon — and holds his mouth about it. Natasha. . . are your people at home?

Natasha. They have gone to the grave-yard. . . after a while, church. . . .

Pepel. You've therefore, leisure. . . that happens seldom.

Luka [*thoughtfully to BUBNOFF*]. You say — the truth. . . but the truth is not a cure for every ill. . . you cannot always heal the soul with truth. . . for example, the following case: I knew a man who believed in the land of justice. . . .

Bubnoff. In wh-at?

Luka. In the land of justice. There must be, said he, a land of justice somewhere in the world. . . in which unusual men, so to speak, must live. . . good men, who respect each other, who help each other when they can. . . everything there is good and beautiful. It is a country which every man should seek. . . He was poor and things went bad with him. . . so bad, indeed, that soon nothing remained for him to do but to lie down and die — but still he did not lose courage. He often laughed and said to himself: it makes no difference — I can bear it! Still a little while I'll wait — then throw this life aside and go into the land of justice. . . it was his only pleasure. . . this land of justice. . . .

Pepel. Yes, and. . . . Has he gone there?

Bubnoff. Where! Ha, ha, ha!

Luka. At that time there was brought to the place — the thing happened in Siberia — an exile, a man of learning. . . . with books and maps and all sorts of arts. . . And the sick man spoke to the sage: Tell me, I implore you, where lies the land of justice, and how can one succeed in getting there. Then the learned man opened his books and spread his maps out, and searched and searched, but he found the land of justice nowhere. Everything else was correct, all countries were shown — the land of justice alone did not appear.

Pepel [*softly*]. No? Was it really not there? [*BUBNOFF laughs*].

Natasha. What are you laughing at? Go on, grandfather.

Luka. The man would not believe him. . . It must be there, said he. . look more closely! For all your books and maps, said he, are not worth a whistle if the land of justice is not shown on them. The learned

man felt himself insulted. My maps, said he, are absolutely correct, and a land of justice nowhere exists. So, the other was furious. What, he cried—have I now lived and lived and lived, endured and endured, and always believed there was such a country. And according to your plans there is none! That is robbery....and he said to the learned man: you good-for-nothing scamp....you are a cheat and no sage. Then he gave him a sound blow over the skull, and still another.....[*is silent a few moments*]. And then he went home and choked himself....[*all are silent*]. LUKA looks silently at PEPEL and NATASHA.]

Pepel. The devil take him....the story is not cheerful.....

Natasha. He couldn't stand it....to be so disappointed.

Bubnoff [*in a surly tone*]. All tales.....

Pepel. Hm, yes....there is your land of justice...it was not to be found it appears.....

Natasha. One should have sympathy for him....the poor man.....

Bubnoff. All imagination...ha, ha! The land of justice—stuff! Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit in kitchen.*]

Luka [*looking after him*]. He laughs, ah, yes. [*Pause.*] Yes, children...farewell...I shall leave you soon....

Pepel. Where do you journey, then?

Luka. To Little Russia....I hear they have discovered a new religion there....I will see what it is....yes...Man searches and searches, always looking for something better....may God give them patience.

Pepel. Think you, they will find it?

Luka. Who? Mankind? Certainly they shall find it...He who yearns...he finds...who searches jealously—he finds!

Natasha. I wish them a happy journey. I hope they will find something.

Luka. That shall they surely do. But we must help them, my daughter....must respect them.....

Natasha. How shall I help them? I am myself...so helpless....

Pepel [*restrained*]. Listen to me, Natasha...I want to speak to you...in his presence...he knows it...come...with me!

Natasha. Where? To prisons?

Pepel. I have already told you that I will give up stealing. By God, I will! When I say a thing, I keep my word. I have learned to read and write....I can easily make a living. [*With a movement of the hand towards LUKA.*] He advised me—to try it in Siberia....to go of my own accord....How does it strike you—shall we go? Believe me, I am sick of this life. Ah, Natasha! I see indeed how things are...I have consoled my conscience with the thought that others steal more than I—and are still respected...but how does that help me....not in the least.

But I have no regret....nor do I believe, any conscience....But I feel one thing: that I must live in a different way. I must live better...I must live...so that I can respect myself.....

Luka. Quite right, my boy. May God be with you...May Christ help you! Well resolved: a man must respect himself.....

Pepel. From childhood, I have been — only a thief...Always I was called, Wasjka, the pickpocket, Wasjka, the son of a thief! See, it was of no consequence to me, as long as they would have it so...so they would have it....I was a thief, perhaps, only out of spite....because nobody came along to call me anything except — thief....You call me something else, Natasha....now?

Natasha [in low spirits]. I do not quite believe it all....words are words....and then....I don't know....Today I am disquieted....my heart is despondent....As though I dreaded something. You would not begin today, Wassili....

Pepel. When else, then! This is not the first time I have spoken...

Natasha. Shall I go with you....I love you....not too much.... Sometimes I like you....but then at times I cannot look at you....in any case I do not love....when one loves, one sees no fault in the beloved.... and I see faults in you....

Pepel. You will soon love me, have no fear! You will become accustomed to me....only say 'yes.' For over a year I have been watching you, and I see that you are an honest girl....a good, true woman....I love you with all my heart. [*WASSILISSA, still in gay street dress, appears at the door at the head of the stair, R. U. E. She stands with one hand on the balustrade and the other on the door post and laughs.*]

Natasha. So...you love me with all your heart, and my sister....

Pepel [embarrassed]. What do I care for her? Her kind is nothing....

Luka. It does not matter, my daughter. One eats turnips when he has no bread.....

Pepel [gloomily]. Have pity on me. It is no easy life that I lead — friendless; pursued like a wolf....I sink like a man in a swamp... whatever I clutch is slimy and rotten....nothing is firm....your sister though, would be different....if she were not so avaricious...I would have risked everything for her...If she had only kept faith with me.... but her heart is for something else...her heart is full of greed...and longs for freedom...and only that longing in order to become more dis-solute. She cannot help me...but you — like a young fir-tree, you are prickly but you give support.....

Luka. And I say to you: take him, my daughter, take him. He is a good-hearted boy. All you must do is to remind him often, that he is good....so that he will not forget it. He will soon believe you. Only

say to him, often, Wasjka, you are a good man.... don't forget it! Think it over, my love — what else shall you begin? Your sister — she is a bad lot: and of her husband — nothing good can be said either: no words can be found to express his baseness... and this whole life here... where shall you find a way out?... But Wasjka.... he is a lusty fellow.

Natasha. I cannot find a way.... I know that.... I have already thought it over myself.... but I.... who can I trust.... I see no way out....

Pepel. There is but one way.... but I shall not let you take it.... I would kill you first....

Natasha [laughing]. Just look.... I am not yet your wife, and you will already kill me.

Pepel [putting his arms around her]. Say 'yes,' Natasha. It will soon be well....

Natasha [presses him affectionately]..... One thing I will tell you, Wassili.... And God shall be my witness: if you strike me a single time.... or insult me.... that shall be the end.... either I hang myself, or....

Pepel. My hand shall wither up, if I touch you....

Luka. Don't be troubled, my love, you can believe him. You are necessary to his happiness, and he to yours....

Wassilissa [from above]. And the match is made. May God give you love and harmony.

Natasha. They are already back.... Oh, God! They have seen us.... ah, Wassili!

Pepel. What are you afraid of. Nobody dares touch you now!

Wassilissa. Do not be afraid, Natalya. He will not strike you.... He can neither strike, nor love.... I know him.

Luka [softly]. Ah, such a woman.... a venomous snake....

Wassilissa. He is only bold with words....

Kostilioff [enters R. from kitchen]. Nataschka! What are you doing here, lazy-bones? Gossiping, eh! Complaining about your relatives: the samovar is not in order, the table not cleared off!

Natasha [going R. kitchen]. You were going to church, I thought....

Kostilioff. It does not concern you what we are going to do. Mind your own business.... do what you are told.

Pepel. Shut up. She is not your servant now... Natalya, don't budge... don't move a finger.

Natasha. It is not for you to give orders here... Too soon yet for orders [*Ex. R.*]

Pepel [to KOSTILIOFF]. Enough of that. You have mortified the poor girl enough! She is mine now.

Kostilioff. You-u? When did you buy her? What did you pay for her? [*WASSILISSA laughs aloud.*]

Luka. Wasja! Get out. . . .

Pepel. Are you having a good time over me? You may weep yet!

Wassilissa. What do you say! I am afraid of you. [*Laughs.*]

Luka. Go away, Wassili! Don't you see how she plays with you . . . pricks you on—can't you understand?

Pepel. Ah...so! [*To WASSILISSA.*] Don't give yourself any trouble. What you want will not be done.

Wassilissa. And what I do not want done, will not be done, Wasja!

Pepel [*threatens her with his fist*]. We shall see... [*Ex. L. U. E.*].

Wassilissa [*as she goes out R. U. E.*]. I will prepare a glorious wedding for you.

Kostilioff [*advances on LUKA*]. So...What are you stirring up, old man?

Luka. Nothing, old man.

Kostilioff. Um! You are going to leave us, I hear!

Luka. It is time.

Kostilioff. Where to?

Luka. Wherever my nose points.

Kostilioff. You are going to become a vagabond again. You seem to be a rolling stone. . . .

Luka. Resting iron is rusting iron, says the proverb.

Kostilioff. That may be true of iron, but a man must remain in one place. . . . Men cannot be tumbling about like cockroaches in the kitchen . . . first here, then there. . . . A man must have a place which he can call home. . . . He must not be crawling aimlessly about the earth.

Luka. And if one—is at home everywhere?

Kostilioff. Then he is only—a tramp. . . . a good-for-nothing fellow. . . . a man must make himself useful. . . he must work. . . .

Luka. What do you say?

Kostilioff. Indeed! What else then? . . . You call yourself a wanderer, a pilgrim. . . . What is a pilgrim? A pilgrim is one who goes his own way—keeps to himself. . . . has peculiarities, so to speak, is unlike other people. . . . that's understood about a true pilgrim. . . . He ponders and unravels. . . . and at last discovers something. . . . perhaps the truth, who knows. . . . He holds his truth for himself, and remains silent. If he is a true pilgrim, he remains silent. . . . Or, he speaks so that no one understands him. . . . He has no wish to be gratified, doesn't turn people's heads, does not butt-in. How others live—gives him no concern. . . . He lives proudly and in rectitude. . . . searches out the forest and the unfrequented places. . . . where no one comes. He is in nobody's way, condemns nobody. . . . but prays for all. . . . for all the sinners of this world. . . . for me,

for you...for all! He flies from the vanity of this world — to prayer. So it is. [*Pause.*] And you....what sort of a pilgrim are you...you have not even a passport...Every law abiding citizen must have a passport...all orderly people have passports....yes...

Luka. There are people and there are men....

Kostilioff. Don't get funny! Don't give us any riddles....I am not your fool....What do you mean by people — and men?

Luka. Where is any riddle? I mean — there are stony fields which are not worth sowing...and there are fertile fields...whatever is sown thereon — yields a harvest...so it is.....

Kostilioff. And what does all this mean?

Luka. You for example....If God himself said to you: 'Michailo, be a man,' it is certain that it would be useless....As you are, so you will remain for all times....

Kostilioff. Ah....and do you know that my wife's uncle is on the police force? And if I....

Wassilissa [*enters R.*]. Michailo Ivanitsch, come drink your tea....

Kostilioff [*to LUKA*]. Hear me, you — keep out of this row — leave my house.....

Wassilissa. Yes, put on your knapsack, old man...your tongue is too long.....who knows....perhaps you may be an escaped convict.

Kostilioff. Be sure that you disappear today...or else....we shall see.

Luka. Or else you will call your uncle, eh? Call him....tell him, you can catch a convict here, uncle....then your uncle will receive a reward....three copecs.....

Bubnoff [*looking out from over the stove*]. What business are you haggling about....what is it....for three copecs....?

Luka. We are trying to sell me.

Wassilissa [*to her husband*]. Let's go.

Bubnoff. For three copecs. Take care old man....or they will sell you for one copec....

Kostilioff [*to BUBNOFF*]. What are you staring out of there for: like a hobgoblin out of a tunnel. [*Approaches R. with WASSILISSA.*]

Wassilissa. How many blackbirds there are in the world....how many knaves.

Luka. I wish you a good appetite.

Wassilissa [*turns to him*]. Take good care of yourself — you dirty frog stool. [*Ex. with KOSTILIOFF R.*]

Luka. Tonight — I leave.

Bubnoff. You'll do right. It is always best to go before it is too late.....

Luka. Quite right.

Bubnoff. I speak from experience. I took my own departure once at the right moment, and saved myself a trip to Siberia.

Luka. What do you say?

Bubnoff. It is true. The case was thus: my wife had a love affair with my helper....and a very good helper he was, I must admit....he could make the most beautiful polar bear furs from dog skins...cat skins he dyed into kangaroos....into musk rats...into anything you could wish....a very clever fellow. My wife was madly in love with him. They hung on each other so much that I feared every moment they would poison me or put me out of the world in some other way. I whipped my wife often, and my helper whipped me....in a barbarous fashion he did the business too. Once he pulled half my beard out and broke a rib for me. Naturally I was not particular when I struck back...gave my wife one over the skull with an iron yard stick....we were generally fighting like good fellows. Finally I saw there was no chance for me...they would surely fix it for me. Then I arranged a plan—to kill my wife....I had quite made up my mind. But in the nick of time—I came to my senses—and cleared out of the row.....

Luka. It was better so, let them be quiet there making polar bears out of dogs.

Bubnoff. Worse luck, the shop was in her name....only what I had on my back I kept....though, to speak honestly, I would have drunk the place up in no time....I am a glorious drunk you understand.

Luka. A glorious drunk.

Bubnoff. Oh, a glorious drunk. When things come my way I soak up everything in sight. And then I am lazy....nothing is more terrible than work. [SAHTIN and the ACTOR come in quarrelling.]

Sahtin. Nonsense! You will go nowhere. You're talking stupid stuff. Tell me, pilgrim...what spark have you been throwing into this burned stump?

Actor. You lie! Grandfather, tell him that he lies. I go. I have worked today. I have cleaned the pavement...and drunk no whisky. What do you say now? There, see—two fifteeners, and I am sober.

Sahtin. It is all wrong! Give it to me, I'll drink it....or lose it at cards.

Actor. Let it alone. It is for the journey!

Luka [to SAHTIN]. Listen you—why do you try to upset his resolution?

Sahtin. 'Tell me, you wizard, darling of the gods—what shall fate with my future do?'* Moneyless, brother, I have played everything away, broke. But the world is not lost, old man, there are still sharper

* Citation from Puschkin, note of the translator.

knaves than I.

Luka. You are a lusty brother, Constantine.....a loveable man.....

Bubnoff. You actor, come here. [*The ACTOR goes to the stove and talks apart with BUBNOFF.*]

Sahtin. When I was still young, I was a jolly chicken. I look back on it with pleasure....I had the soul of a man....I danced splendidly, acted, was a famous bachelor....simply phenomenal!

Luka. How then have you gotten so far afield....hm?

Sahtin. You are curious, old man. You would know all....and what for?

Luka. I always like to know about...mankind's difficulties...and I do not understand you, Constantine. When I look at you; such a loveable man...so sensible...then suddenly....

Sahtin. The prison, grandfather. Four years and seven months I have done, and coming out, a discharged convict, I found my course in life shut up.....

Luka. Oh, oh, oh! Why then were you imprisoned?

Sahtin. On account of a deceiver — whom I killed in a passion.... In prison, too, I learned my art of card playing.....

Luka. And why did you kill him? On account of a woman?

Sahtin. On account of my own sister....Stop questioning...it annoys me...It is...an old story....my sister is dead....nine years have gone by....she was a splendid creature....my sister....

Luka. You take life easily. It falls more heavily on others.... Did you just now, for example, hear the locksmith crying out — oh, oh!

Sahtin. Kleschtsch?

Luka. The same. No work, he cried....absolutely none....

Sahtin. You will get accustomed to that....Tell me, what shall I now begin to do?

Luka [*softly*]. Look, there he comes....[*KLESHTSCH enters slowly L. U. E. with sunken head.*]

Sahtin. Heh, there, widower! What are you hanging your head about? What are you brooding over?

Kleschtsch. My skull is splitting from it...What shall I do now! My tools are gone....The funeral has eaten everything up.....

Sahtin. I will give you a piece of advice. Do nothing at all. Burden the earth with your weight — simple enough.

Kleschtsch. You advise well...I — still am ashamed before others.

Sahtin. Drop it....people are not ashamed to let you live worse than a dog. Just imagine if you would not work, and I would not work....and still hundreds and thousands of others would not work....and finally everybody — understand? — everybody quit work and nobody did

anything at all — what, do you think, would happen then?

Kleshtsch. Everybody would starve. . . .

Luka [*to SAHTIN*]. There is such a sect. 'Jumpers,' they call themselves. . . . They talk exactly like you. . . .

Sahtin. I know them. . . . They are not at all such fools, pilgrim. [*From KOSTILIOFF'S room R. U. E. screaming.*]

Natasha [*within*]. What are you doing — stop. . . . what have I done?

Luka [*disquieted*]. Who is screaming there? Was it not Natasha? Ah, you. . . . [*From KOSTILIOFF'S room is heard a loud alarm, and then from the kitchen the sound of crashing dishes.*]

Kostilioff [*within, screaming*]. A—ah — you cat — you. . . . heathen.

Wassilissa [*within*]. Wait. . . I'll give her. . . so. . . so. . . and so. . . .

Natasha [*within*]. Help! They are killing me!

Sahtin [*runs up steps R. U. E. shouting*]. Heh, there! What are you howling about?

Luka [*walks about uneasily*]. Wasja. . . . he must be called. . . . Wassili. . . . Oh, God. . . . Children, my dears.

Actor [*hurries out, L. U. E.*]. I'll bring him. . . . right away. . . .

Bubnoff. They are giving the poor girl bad treatment, quite often now.

Sahtin. Come, pilgrim. . . . We will be witnesses. . . .

Luka [*Exit after SAHTIN R.*]. Why witnesses? Too often, already, have I been a witness. If Wasja would only come. . . . oh! trouble, trouble!

Natasha [*within*]. Sister. . . . dear sister. . . . wah. . . . wa. . . . a. . . .

Bubnoff. Now they have stopped her mouth. . . . I'll see myself. [*The noise in KOSTILIOFF'S room is weaker, and nothing comes from the kitchen.*]

Kostilioff [*within*]. Halt! [*A door is slammed within, and the whole noise is cut off as if by a hatchet. On the stage, silence. It is twilight.*]

Kleshtsch [*sits on bench U. taking no part, and rubbing his hands together. Then he begins to mumble to himself, at first indistinctly. Then louder.*]. How then? a man must live. . . . [*Louder.*] At least a shelter. . . . but no, not that. . . . not even a corner where I can lie down. . . . Nothing but the bare man. . . . helpless and deserted. [*Ex. bent over, L. U. E. slowly. For a few moments, ominous silence. Then somewhere within, on the R. a terrible noise, a chaos of tones, louder and louder and nearer and nearer. Then a single voice is heard.*]

Wassilissa [*within*]. I am her sister. Let me go. . . .

Kostilioff [*within*]. What right have you to interfere?

Wassilissa [*within*]. You convict!

Sahtin [*within*]. Bring Wasjka...be quick...Zoba, strike [*a policeman's whistle is heard*].

Tartar [*jumps down the steps, R. U. E., his right hand bound up*]. What sort of laws are these...to murder in broad daylight. [KRIVOI ZOBA hurries in L. U. E., followed by KOSTILEFF.]

Krivoi Zoba. Now, he got it from me.

Medviédeff. How did you come to strike him?

Tartar. And you — do you not know what your duty is?

Medviédeff [*running after KRIVOI ZOBA*]. Stop! Give me my whistle back. [Ex. L. U. E.]

Kostilioff [*enters R. U. E.*]. Abram! Catch him...hold him tight. He has killed me....[*Down the steps R. U. E. come KVASCHNYA and NASTIAH. They help NATASHA, who is badly beaten up. SAHTIN runs up the stairs, bumping into WASSILISSA, who is throwing her arms about and trying to strike her sister. ALJOSCHKA is jumping around like one possessed. He whistles in WASSILISSA's ear and howls. A couple of ragged fellows and some men and women appear L. U. E.*].

Sahtin [*to WASSILISSA*]. Where then, damned owl?

Wassilissa. Away, convict. If it costs me my life, I will tear her to pieces.

Kvaschnya [*leads NATASHA aside*]. Stop, Karpovna...have shame. How can you be so inhuman?

Medviédeff [*re-enters L. U. E., takes SAHTIN by the collar*]. Aha! Now I have you!

Sahtin. Krivoi Zoba. Strike...Wasja, Wasja. [*All storm the entrance, L. U. E. NATASHA is taken to the bed, L. PEPEL enters L. U. E. Pushes them away.*] Where is Natasha, you?

Kostilioff [*crouches on the steps R. U. E.*]. Abram! Catch Wasjka...brother, help catch Wasjka...the thief...the robber...

Pepel. There, you old goat. [*Strikes KOSTILIOFF brutally. He falls so that his body lies on the landing, his legs hidden up the stairs. PEPEL hurries to NATASHA.*]

Wassilissa. Fix Wasjka...friends...do up the thief!

Medviédeff [*to SAHTIN*]. You didn't have to mix in...this is a family affair here. They are all related to each other...and who are you?

Pepel [*to NATASHA*]. What did she hit you with? Did she stab you...

Kvaschnya. Look what a beast. They have scalded her legs with hot water.

Nastiah. They turned the samovar over....

Tartar. It might have been an accident...if you are not sure you should not accuse....

Natasha [half unconscious]. Wassili....take me away....hide me.....

Wassilissa. Look, my friends...come here. He is dead...they have killed him....[*All gather at the landing. BUBNOFF separates himself from the others and crosses to PEPEL.*]

Bubnoff [softly]. Wasjka! The old man....is done for.

PepeL [looks at BUBNOFF as though he did not understand]. Get a cab...she must be taken to the hospital...I'll settle the bill.

Bubnoff. Listen to what I'm saying. Somebody has finished the old man....[*The noise on the stage subsides like a fire into which water has been poured. Half aloud separate sentences are uttered.*]

Is it really true?

We have it there.

Terrible.

We had better get out, brother.

The devil!

We need clear heads now.

Get out before the police come. [*The group becomes smaller. BUBNOFF and the TARTAR disappear. NASTIAH and KVASCHNYA stoop to KOSTILIOFF's body.*]

Wassilissa [rises and cries in a triumphant tone]. They have killed him...my husband! And who did it? He, there! Wasjka killed him. I saw it, my friends. I saw it! Now, Wasjka! Police! Police!

PepeL [leaves NATASHA]. Let me alone....get out of the way. [*Stares at the body. To WASSILISSA.*] Now? Now you are glad? [*Kicks the body.*] Scotched at last...the old hound. Now you have your desire...Shall I treat you in the same way...and twist your neck. [*Falls on her, but is quietly caught by SAHTIN and KRIVOI ZOBA. WASSILISSA hides L. U. E.*]

Sahtin. Come to your senses.

Krivoi Zoba. P-r-r-r! Where would you spring?

Wassilissa [appearing again]. Nyah, Wasjka, friend of my heart! Nobody escapes his fate...the police! Abram...whistle!

Medviédeff. They have stolen my whistle, the fiends....

Alyoschka. Here it is. [*He whistles, MEDVIEDEFF chases him.*]

Sahtin [leads PEPEL back to NATASHA]. Don't worry Wasjka. Killed in a row...a trifle! Only a short sentence for that....

Wassilissa. Hold him tight. Wasjka murdered him...I saw it!

Sahtin. I handed him a couple myself....How much does an old man need? Call me as a witness, Wasjka....

PepeL. I...do I need to justify myself...But Wassilissa....I'll pull her into it! She wanted it done...She incited me to kill her husband...yes, she was the instigator....

Natasha [suddenly springing up]. Ah....[In a loud voice]. Now it is clear....It stands so, Wassili! Listen, good people: it was all arranged. He and my sister, they plotted it out, they laid their plans! I see, Wassili! Before....you spoke with me....that was part of it! Good people, she is his mistress....you know it....everybody knows it....They understand each other. She, she instigated the murder....her husband was in the way....for that reason....she beat me so..

Pepel. Natalija! What are you saying...What are you saying?

Sahtin. Foolish chatter.

Wassilissa. She lies! All of it is lies...I know of nothing... Wasjka killed him....he alone!

Natasha. They have plotted it out....They shall be convicted... both of them....

Sahtin. Here is a game for you....Now Wassili, hold fast or they will drown you.

Krivoi Zoba. I can't understand....ah...far away from here.

Pepel. Natalija...Speak...are you in earnest? Can you believe that I...with her.....

Sahtin. For God's sake, Natasha, be sensible.

Wassilissa [on the landing]. They killed my husband....you high born... Wasjka Pepel, the thief killed him, Mr. Commissioner, I saw it.... everybody saw it.

Natasha [waltzing about half senseless]. Good people...my sister and Wasjka....they killed him. Mr. Policeman...listen to me....these two, my sister put him up to it...her lover...she instigated him...there he is, the accursed—the two did it. Arrest them...take them to court... and take me, too...to prison with me! For the sake of God....to prison.....

ACT IV

The same setting except that PEPEL'S room is not to be seen, the partitions having been removed. The anvil, too, where KLESHTSCH sat, is gone. In the corner which was occupied by PEPEL'S chamber is a pritsche on which the TARTAR lies, restlessly rolling about and groaning with pain. KLESHTSCH sits at the table repairing an accordeon and now and then trying the chords. At the other end of the table sits SAHTIN, the BARON, and NASTIAH. Before them a bottle of spirits, three bottles of beer and a great hunk of black bread. On the stove the ACTOR, shifting about and coughing. It is night. The stage is lit by a lamp which is in the middle of the table. Outside the wind howls.

Kleshtsch. Y-es...In the midst of the row he disappeared.

Baron. He took flight before the police, as a fog before the sun.

Sahlin. So all sinners fly before the face of the just.

Nastiah. He was a splendid old man....and you are not men... you are rust.....

Baron [drinks]. To your health, lady!

Sahlin. An interesting patriarch....truly! Our Nastiah fell in love with him.

Nastiah. True....I fell in love with him. He had an eye for everything....he understood everything.....

Sahlin [laughs]. For some people he was a Godsend....like mush for the toothless.

Baron [laughs]. Or a poultice for an abscess.

Kleshtsch. He had a sympathetic heart....you here...have no sympathy.

Sahlin. What good would it do you for me to show you pity?

Kleshtsch. You need not sympathize....but at least...do not injure me...

Tartar [gets up on his bench and moves his injured hand back and forth, as if it were a baby]. The old man was good....He had respect for the law in his heart....and whoever in his heart keeps the law...that man is good. He who does not — is lost.....

Baron. What law do you mean, prince?

Tartar. As you will...the law...the law to you....you understand me.

Baron. Go on.

Tartar. Encroach upon no man...there you have the law....

Sahlin. With us in Russia it is called, 'Code for Criminal Punishment and Correction.'

Baron. With another 'Code for Penalties Imposed by Justices of the Peace.'

Tartar. With us it is called the Koran....Your Koran is your law...our Koran we must carry in our hearts.

Kleshtsch [tries the accordeon]. Don't be forever hissing, beast. What the prince says is right...We must live according to the law...according to the gospels....

Sahlin. Live so.

Baron. Try it.

Tartar. Mohammed gave us the Koran...there you have your law, he said. Do, as is written therein. Then a time shall come when the Koran will not suffice....a new time with new laws...for every epoch has its own laws....

Sahlin. Yes, of course, our epoch gives us 'Criminal Code.' A durable law, not so easily worn off.

Nastiah [*knocks on the table with her knuckles*]. Now I would like to know...exactly why I live...here with you? I shall go...anywhere...to the end of the earth.

Baron. Without shoes, lady?

Nastiah. Quite naked, as far as I care! I shall crawl on all fours if you please.

Baron. That would be picturesque...on all fours....

Nastiah. I would do it...willingly...if I only need not have to look at your snout again...ah, how disgusting everything has become to me...my whole life...everybody.

Sahtin. When you go, take the actor along with you...He'll soon be going anyhow...he has learned that exactly half a mile from the end of the earth there is a hospital for organisms....

Actor [*sticks his head out over the edge of the stove*]. For organisms, blockhead.

Sahtin. For organs which are poisoned with alcohol.

Actor. Yes, he will soon be going, very soon! You will see!

Baron. Who is this 'he,' sire?

Actor. It is I.

Baron. Merci, servant of the goddess, who...ah, what is she called? The goddess of the drama, of tragedy...what is her name?

Actor. The muse, blockhead, no goddess, but muse!

Sahtin. Lachesis...Hera...Aphrodite...Atropos...the devil knows the difference between them...and our young adorer of the muse shall leave us...the old man has wound him up...

Baron. The old man was a fool...

Actor. And you are ignorant savages. You don't even know who Melpomene is. Heartless...you will see—he will leave you! 'Interrupt not your orgy black souls,' as Beranger says...He will soon find the place where there is nothing more...absolutely....

Baron. Where there is nothing more, sire?

Actor. Yes! Nothing more, 'this hole here...it shall be my grave...I die, faded and powerless.' And you, why do you live? Why?

Baron. Just listen, you—Kean, or Genius and Passion. Don't bellow so.

Actor. Hold your snout...So I will, I'll roar!

Nastiah [*raises her head from the table, and waves her arms about*]. Roar forever! They may hear it.

Baron. What is the meaning of that, lady?

Sahtin. Let her chatter, Baron...the devil take them both...may they scream...may they run their heads together...go on...it has a meaning...Don't injure others, as the old man said...the pilgrim has made us all rebellious.

Kleshtsch. He enticed us to start out. . . . and knew not himself the way.

Baron. The old man was a charlatan.

Nastiah. It is not true! You are yourself a charlatan.

Baron. Don't chatter, lady.

Kleshtsch. He was no friend of truth, the old man. . . . He stood with all his might over against the truth. . . . and in the last thought, he is right. . . . of what use to me all truth, when I haven't a mouthful? There, look at the prince [*looks towards the TARTAR*]. . . . he has crushed his hand at work. . . . now they say, it must come off. . . . there you have the truth.

Sahtin [*strikes the table with his fist*]. Be still! Asses! Say nothing ill of the old man. [*More quietly.*] You, Baron, are the biggest fool of all. . . . you have no glimmering of sense — and keep on chattering. The old man a charlatan? What is truth? Mankind is the truth! He had seized that. . . . but you have not! You are as stupid as a brick in the pavement. I understood him very well, the old man. . . . He did tell them lies, but he lied out of sympathy, as the devil knows. There are many such people who lie for brotherly sympathy's sake. . . . I know I have read about it. They lie so beautifully, with such spirit, so wonderfully. We have such soothing, such conciliating lies. . . . And there are lies which justify taking the anvil away, and the mashed hand of the toiler. . . . which bring charges against the starving. . . . I. . . . know these lies. . . . He who has a timid heart. . . . or lives at another's table, should be lied to. . . . it gives him courage. . . . puts a mantle on his shoulders. . . . but he who is his own master, who is independent, and lives not from the sweat of another's brow. . . . what are lies to him? The lie is the religion of servant and master. . . . the truth is the inheritance of free men!

Baron. Bravo! Gloriously said! Exactly my idea! You speak. . . . like a man of respectability!

Sahtin. Why shouldn't a scoundrel speak like a respectable man, when the respectable people talk so much like scoundrels? . . . I have forgotten much, but one thing I still keep. The old man? He had a shrewd head on his shoulders. . . . He worked on me like acid on an old, dirty coin. To his health, let him live! Pour one. . . . [*NASTIAH pours a glass of beer and hands it to SAHTIN. He laughs.*] The old man — he lived from within. . . . He saw everything with his own eyes. . . . I asked him once: 'Grandfather, why do men really live?' [*He tries in voice and manner to imitate LUKA.*] 'Man lives ever to give birth to strength. There live, for example, the carpenters, noisy, miserable people. . . . and suddenly in their midst is a carpenter born. . . . such a carpenter as the world has never seen: he is above all, no other carpenter can be compared to him. He gives a new face to the whole trade. . . . his own face, so to speak. . . .'

and with that simple impulse it has advanced twenty years....and so the others live....the locksmiths and the shoemakers, and all the rest of the working people....and the contractors....and the same is true of other classes—all to give birth to strength. Every one thinks that he for himself takes up room in the world, but it turns out that he is here for another's benefit—for some one better....a hundred years....or perhaps longer....if we live so long....for the sake of genius. [NASTIAH *stares into SAHTIN's face. KLESHTSCH stops working on the accordeon and does nothing. The BARON lets his head sink and drums with his fingers on the table. The ACTOR sticks his head over the edge of stove, and carefully crawls down. SAHTIN goes on.*] All, my children, all, live only to give birth to strength. For that reason we must respect everybody. We cannot know who he is, for what purpose born, or what he may yet fulfil....perhaps he has been born for our good fortune....or great benefit....and especially must we respect the children...the little children....they must not suffer restraint....let them live their lives....let them be respected. [*Laughs quietly to himself. Pause.*]

Baron [*thoughtfully*]. For the genius.... Hm, yes....that brings to mind my own family....an old family....back to Catherine's time.... of the nobility....knights...we came from France....and entered the Russian service....dignities accumulated on us....Under Nicholas I., my grandfather, Gustav Deville...held a high post....he was rich..Had hundreds of serfs....horses....a cook....

Nastiah. Don't be lying...it's all a swindle....

Baron [*springing up*]. Wh-at? Nyah...say more!

Nastiah. It's all a fabrication.

Baron [*cries*]. A house in Moscow, a house in Petersburg! Coaches....escutcheons on the coach door. [KLESHTSCH *takes the accordeon and goes to the side R., where he observes the scene.*]

Nastiah. Never was such a thing.

Baron. Stop chattering! Dozens of footmen...I tell you!

Nastiah [*tantalizing*]. None.

Baron. I'll kill you.

Nastiah. There were no coaches.

Sahtin. Let up, Nastenka. Don't make him so furious.

Baron. Wait...you wench...my grandfather—

Nastiah. You had no grandfather...none. [SAHTIN *laughs.*]

Baron [*sinks back on the seat quite out of breath with anger*]. Sahtin, I tell you....the harlot...what—you laugh, too? And you....Won't believe me? [*Cries out desperately, striking the table with his fists.*] Go to the devil...all was as I say.

Nastiah [*in a triumphant tone*]. Ah, ha! See how you bellow out! Now you know how a person feels when nobody believes him.

Kleshtsch [returns to table]. I thought we should have a fight.

Tartar. Stupid people...childish.

Baron. I...I'll not be made a fool of....I have proof....I have documents to satisfy....

Sahtin. Throw them in the stove. And forget your grandfather's coach. In the coach of the past nobody gets anywhere.

Baron. How can she dare....

Nastiah. Hear the noise he is making....oh, Lord, how dare I?

Sahtin. But you see, she dares it. Is she still worse than you? Since she has certainly had in her past no coach and no grandfather...perhaps not even a father and mother....

Baron [quieting himself]. Go to the devil....You reason everything out so coldbloodedly, while I...I believe I have no temper.....

Sahtin. Make yourself one. It is a useful thing....[Pause]. Tell me, *Nastiah*, do you not go often to the hospital?

Nastiah. What for?

Sahtin. To Natasha?

Nastiah. Why, have you dropped from Heaven? She has long been out...out and gone....Nowhere is she to be found....

Sahtin. Gone? Disappeared?

Kleshtsch. I would like to know whether Wasjka got Wassilissa into trouble or Wassilissa, Wasjka.

Nastiah. Wassilissa? She will lie herself out. She is crafty. She will send Wasjka to the mines....

Sahtin. For manslaughter in a row, only imprisonment....

Nastiah. Shame. Hard labor would be better. You ought to be sentenced to hard labor too. You ought to be swept away like a pile of trash...into a ditch.

Sahtin [taken aback]. What are you talking about. You are certainly mad.

Baron. I'll box your ears...impertinent huzzy.

Nastiah. Try it once, just touch me!

Baron. Certainly I'll try it!

Sahtin. Let her be. Don't touch her. Don't insult any one. I always remember the old man. [Laughs aloud.] Don't insult mankind, not in her....And if I should be insulted so that my reputation was forever gone...What should I then do....Forgive. No and never!

Baron [to NASTIAH]. Mark you! you: I am not one of your kind...you...wench....

Nastiah. Ah, you wretch! You...you live with me like a maggot in an apple. [The men laugh understandingly].

Kleshtsch. Silly goose! A fine apple you are....

Baron. Shall a man get mad...over such...an idiot?

Nastiah. You laugh? Don't sham! You don't feel like laughing. . . .

Actor [darkly]. Give him what is his.

Nastiah. If I only . . . could: I would take you all and . . . [*Takes a cup from the table and smashes it on the floor*] like that!

Tartar. What are you breaking the dishes for . . . dunce?

Baron [rising]. No, I must teach her manners.

Nastiah [going out]. Go to the devil.

Sahtin [calls after her]. Let up, will you? Why do you treat her so? Will you frighten her?

Nastiah. You wolves! It is time you were dead. [*Ex. L. U. E.*]

Actor [darkly]. Amen!

Tartar. Ugh, mad folks these Russian women! Hussies, unmanageable. The Tartar women are not so, they know the law.

Kleshtsch. She must be given something that she will remember.

Baron. A low-born creature.

Kleshtsch [tries the accordeon]. Ready, and your owner is not to be seen. . . . The boy is a lively one.

Sahtin. Now have a drink!

Kleshtsch [drinks]. Thanks! It is time to be turning in. . . .

Sahtin. You'll fall in with our habits after awhile, eh?

Kleshtsch [drinks and goes to the pritsche in the corner]. If I do Everywhere, finally, people are to be found. . . . You do not see them at first. . . . but later, when you see truer, people are to be found everywhere and they are not so bad after all. . . . [*The TARTAR spreads a cloth out over the pritsche, sits down and prays.*]

Baron [to SAHTIN, pointing to the TARTAR]. Look though.

Sahtin. Let him alone. . . . He is a good fellow. . . . Don't disturb him! [*Laughs aloud*]. I am so chicken hearted today. . . . The devil may know what's coming.

Baron. You are always a little chicken hearted when you have some spirits in you, . . . and rational then.

Sahtin. When I am drunk everything pleases me. Hm — yes. . . . He prays? Very beautiful of him. A man can believe or not believe. . . . that rests with him. Man is free. . . . he is responsible to himself for everything: for his belief, his unbelief, his love, his wisdom. Man himself bears the cost of all, is therefore — free. . . . Man — that is the truth! But what's man? Not you, nor I, not they — no, but you, I, old Luka, Napoleon, Mohammed. . . . all in one. . . . is man. [*Draws in the air the outline of a man's form.*] Comprehend! It is — something huge, including all beginnings and all endings. . . . all is in man, all is for man. Only man alone exists — the rest is the work of his hand and his brow. M-an! phenomenal. How loftily it sounds, M-a-n! We must respect man. . . .

not compassion . . . degrade him not with pity . . . but respect. Drink we, to the health of man, baron. How splendid it is to feel yourself a man. I . . . I, a former convict, a manslaughterer, a cheat . . . yes, when I pass along the street, the people stare at me, as though I were the most desperate of thieves . . . they get out of my way, they look after me . . . and often say to me, thief, why don't you work? . . . Work? What for? To become satiated. [*Laughs aloud.*] I have always hated those who eat themselves to death. It comes to nothing, baron, to nothing. The man is the principal thing, man stands higher than a full stomach. [*Rises from his place.*]

Baron [*shakes his head*]. You are a contemplator . . . that is wise . . . that warms my heart . . . I can't do it. [*Looks around carefully and continues in a lower tone.*] I am sometimes afraid, brother . . . do you understand? I fear what may come next.

Sahtin [*goes up and down*]. Nonsense, what shall man fear?

Baron. As far back as I can remember, it always seemed to me as though a fog lay on my brow. I never knew very well just what was the matter, was never at ease . . . I felt as if my whole life long I had only put on my clothes and taken them off again . . . why? No idea! I studied . . . I wore the uniform of an institute for the nobility . . . but what I have learned, I don't know . . . I married . . . put on a frock coat, then a night gown . . . selected a detestable wife — why? I don't understand . . . I went through everything — and wore a shabby gray jacket and red-fuzzy trowsers . . . but I finally went to the dogs. Hardly took any notice of it. I was employed at the Kameral Court . . . had a uniform, a cap with cockade . . . I embezzled government money . . . pulled on the convict's jacket . . . then — what I have on now . . . and all . . . as if in a dream . . . funny, eh?

Sahtin. Not very . . . I find it rather foolish.

Baron. Yes . . . I think it was foolish . . . But I must have been born for something . . . eh?

Sahtin [*laughs*]. It is possible . . . Man is born to give birth again to strength. [*Nods his head*]. So . . . fine idea.

Baron. This . . . Natasjka . . . Simply ran out . . . I will see where she has hidden . . . Still, she . . . [*Ex. L. U. E. Pause.*]

Actor. You Tartar! [*Pause.*] Prince! [*The TARTAR turns his head.*] Pray for me.

Tartar. What do you want?

Actor [*softly*]. You must pray . . . for me . . .

Tartar [*after a short silence*]. Pray for yourself.

Actor [*climbs quickly down from the stove, mounts the table, pours a glass of whisky with trembling hand, drinks and goes out hastily, almost running, L. U. E.*] Now, I go!

Sahtin. Heh, you, Sigambrer! Where to? [*He whistles. MEDVIEDEFF in a wadded woman's jacket, and BUBNOFF, enter R. U. E. BUBNOFF carries in one hand a bundle of pretzels, in the other a couple of smoked fish, under his arm a bottle of whisky, and in his coat pocket a second.*]

Medviédeff. The camel is... a sort of ass, so to speak. Only it has no ears.

Bubnoff. Let up! You yourself... are a sort of jackass.

Medviédeff. The camel has no ears at all. It hears with the nose-holes.

Bubnoff [*to SAHTIN*]. Friend of my heart, I have searched for you in every barroom and dive. Take the bottle out, my hands are full.

Sahtin. Put the pretzels on the table and then you will have a free hand.

Bubnoff. That's right... you know the law... you have a sly head....

Medviédeff. All scoundrels have sly heads... I know that... long. How could they catch anything without slyness. A law-abiding citizen can be stupid, but a thief must have brains in his head. But about this camel, brother, you are wrong there... a camel is a sort of riding deer, I say... it has no horns... and also no teeth....

Bubnoff. Where hides the whole society. No men here. Say you, come out... I treat today... who sits there in the corner?

Sahtin. You have already spent almost everything, scarecrow.

Bubnoff. Of course, this time my capital was small... which I had scraped together... Krivoi Zoba! Where is Krivoi Zoba?

Kleshitsch [*steps to the table*]. He is not there.

Bubnoff. U-u-rrr! Bull dog. Brrju, Brlyu, Brlyu, turkey cock! Don't be barking and snarling! Drink, feast, don't let the head hang... I invite all, freely. I love to do that brother! If I was a rich man, I would have a barroom in which everything would be free, by God, with music and a choir of singers. Come, drink, eat, do you hear, quicken your souls. Come to me, poor men, to my free barroom, Sahtin! Brother! I would you... there, take half my entire capital, there, take it.

Sahtin. Oh, give it all to me....

Bubnoff. All? My whole capital? Would you have?... There! A ruble... another... a twenty... a couple of fivers... a pair of two copec pieces... that is all!

Sahtin. Lovely... I'll keep it safely... I'll win my money back with it.

Medviédeff. I am a witness... you have given him the money in trust... how much was it, though?

Bubnoff. You? You are — a camel... We need no witnesses.

Alyoschka [*enters L. U. E. with bare feet*]. Children! I have gotten my feet wet!

Bubnoff. Come — get your gullet wet . . . to balance matters. You're a lovely boy, you sing and make music . . . very clever of you! But — drink . . . not too much! Guzzling is very injurious, brother . . . very injurious . . .

Alyoschka. I see that in you . . . you only look like a man after you have gotten drunk. Kleschtsch! Is my accordeon mended? [*Sings and dances with it.*]

If I were not such a tasty boy,
So lively, fresh and neat,
Then Madam Godfather would
Never again call me sweet.

Frozen stiff, children. It is cold.

Medviédeff. Hm — and if I may be bold enough to ask: Who is Madam Godfather?

Bubnoff. You . . . are not interested in that! You have nothing to ask here now. You are no policeman any more . . . that's true. Neither police nor uncle . . .

Alyoschka. But simply, auntie's husband!

Bubnoff. Of your nieces, one sits in prison, the other is dying . . .

Medviédeff [*expands his chest*]. That is not true: She is not dying. She has simply gone away! [*SAHTIN laughs aloud.*]

Bubnoff. Quite true, brother! A man without nieces — is no uncle!

Alyoschka. Your excellency, cashiered has been,

And Madam Godfather has money,
While I have not even a cent,
But still I'm nice, I'm very very nice,
I'm as nice and as sweet as new honey.

Brr, it is cold. [*KRIVOI ZOBA enters, then until the end of the act couples, men and women, enter, undress themselves, stretch out on the pritsches and grumble to themselves.*]

Krivoi Zoba. Why did you run away, Bubnoff?

Bubnoff. Come here and sit down. Let's sing something, brother! My favorite hymn, eh?

Tartar. It is night now, time for sleeping. Sing during the day.

Sahtin. Let them sing, prince, come over here.

Tartar. Let them sing — and then a row . . . You sing and they fight.

Bubnoff [*going to him*]. What's the matter with your hand, prince. Has somebody cut it off?

Tartar. Why cut it off? Let us wait. . . . Perhaps it will not be necessary to cut it off. . . . a hand is not made of iron. . . . that cutting off is quickly done. . . .

Krivoi Zoba. It is a bad job, Hassanka! What, are you without a hand? In our business they only look at the hands and the back. . . . A man without a hand is no man at all! Might as well be dead. Come, drink a glass with us.

Kvashnya [*enters L. U. E.*]. Ah, my dear tenants. Biting cold outside, slush. . . . and raw. Is my policeman there? Heh, there, Commissioner!

Medviédeff. Here I am.

Kvaschnya. You have my jacket on again? What is the matter with you? You have been having a bit, eh? That don't go.

Medviédeff. Bubnoff. . . . has a birthday. . . . and it is so cold, such a slush. . . .

Kvaschnya. I'll teach you. . . . such a slush. . . . But don't forget the rules of this household. . . . go to bed. . . .

Medviédeff [*Ex. R. to kitchen*]. To bed! I can. . . . I will. . . . it is time. [*Ex.*]

Sahlin. Why then are you. . . . so strict with him?

Kvaschnya. There is nothing else to do, dear friend. A man like that must be closely reined. I did not marry him for fun. He is military, I thought. . . . and you are a dangerous lot. . . . I, a woman, would be no match for you. . . . now he begins to souse — no, my boy, that don't go.

Sahlin. You made a bad selection in your assistant. . . .

Kvaschnya. No, wait — he is all right. . . . you will not get me. . . . and if you did the honeymoon would not last over a week. . . . you'd gamble the clothes off my back.

Sahlin [*laughs*]. That's no lie, I would lose you. . . .

Kvaschnya. So, then. Alyoschka.

Alyoschka. Here he is. . . .

Kvaschnya. Tell me, what gossip have you been spreading about me?

Alyoschka. I? Everything! I tell everything that can honestly be told. That is a woman, say I. Simply an astonishing woman. Flesh, fat, bones, over three hundred weight, and brains, not half a grain.

Kvaschnya. Nyah, you lie, my young man, I have quantities of brain. . . . No — why do you tell folks that I beat my policeman?

Alyoschka. I thought, because you tore his hair out. . . . that is as good as a beating.

Kvaschnya [*laughs*]. You are a fool! Why carry such dirt out of the house. . . . that has grieved him sorely. . . . he has taken to drink from

worry over your gossip. . . .

Alyoschka. Listen: It is therefore true, what the proverb says: that the hen has a throat for liquor. [*SAHTIN and KLESCHTSCH laugh.*]

Kvaschnya. But you are witty: and tell me, what sort of fruit you are, Alyoschka?

Alyoschka. I am a fellow who fits snugly in the world. The finest of the finest sort! A regular jack of all trades. Where my eye turns, there my heart follows.

Bubnoff [*on the TARTAR's pritsche*]. Come, we will not let you sleep. Today we'll sing. . . the whole night, eh, Krivoi Zoba?

Krivoi Zoba. May we?

Alyoschka. I'll play for you. . . .

Sahtin. And we will hear it.

Tartar [*grunting*]. Nyah, old satan, Bubna. . . pour me a glass: 'We'll revel, we'll drink until death gives the wink.'

Bubnoff. Pour him one, Sahtin! Krivoi Zoba, sit down! Ah, brothers! How little a man needs! I, for example, I've only had a couple of swallows. . . and walk tangled footed. Krivoi Zoba, strike up. . . my favorite song. I will sing and weep.

Krivoi Zoba [*sings*]. 'Though still the sun goes up and down. . . .'

Bubnoff [*falls in*]. 'No gleam can pierce to me in here.' [*The door is jerked open.*]

Baron [*on the platform, crying*]. Heh, there. . . you! Come quick. . . come out! In the yard. . . there. . . the actor. . . has hanged himself! [*Silence, all stare at the BARON. Behind him appears NASTIAH who with staring eyes goes to the table.*]

Sahtin [*softly*]. He must spoil our song. . . the fool.

CURTAIN

IN MUSCOVY

By EDITH M. THOMAS

I.

HEAR, if ye will, this borrowed line
From the old scholar Herbastein.
'In Muscovy no voice of bird
Through all the Winter Year is heard. —
Upon the instant, everywhere,
In Muscovy when comes the hour
Of winter's loosed and broken power,
In hedges, groves, and orchards bare —
Ere yet the flower, ere yet the leaf —
The birds are singing, free of grief;
So sing, with quivering, blissful throats
Their maddest, sweetest summer notes,
In Muscovy!

'In Muscovy, all unespied
Where through the Winter Year they hide,
If hollow tree, if winding grot,
If delvèd mine where winds blow not,
Or, lapped on beds of rivers still,
Soft wing by wing, and bill by bill!
Where swallow, lark, and throstle stay
Through winter's teen, no soul can say;
Men only see their instant throng,
And hear the sudden joyful song
In Muscovy!'

Thus far, the scholar Herbastein;
The legend, read anew, be mine!
In Muscovy a mighty Heart
Mid long snow-silence broods apart;
In Muscovy a mystic Soul
But looms through dreams that round it roll
(As when a traveller scarce is known
For wreathing breath his lips have blown),
That Heart, that Soul, but threads a trance,
With sight beneath the veiled glance!
It is a music in arrest, —

'Tis folded song in winter-nest!
 . . . But now near waking is that Heart,
 From wintry trance that Soul shall start;
 Ay, yet, — and soon! the birds shall sing,
 And all the land-locked land shall ring!
 Vesna her banners shall outfling;
 And all the world shall know, 'tis Spring
 In Muscovy!

II.

In Muscovy, O brooding Heart,
 No anarchy snaps your bonds apart,
 Though even now those bonds ye cast!
 Your sun toward solstice mounts at last;
 In fated fullness of long Time
 To greating Vernal Day ye climb!
 So, ever, on this turning sphere,
 Each land shall greet its melting year!
 Ye are the people of the bourne,
 Lit by the Even and the Morn!
 Wherefrom, ye have the mystic Soul
 Swayed by the tides that dual roll.
 In you the East and West inhere;
 Ye have the vision of the seer,
 Whom like a mantle, Thought enwraps —
 Let not in dreams that vision lapse!
 And unabated strength of thews
 Have ye, — in World-emprise to use —
 Be not that strength in wrath forespent,
 When, up the earth, the shaft is sent,
 To say that, close beneath your verge,
 The New Day strengthens to emerge;
 And yet, — and soon, the birds shall sing,
 And make the land-locked Land to ring!
 Vesna her banners shall outfling,
 And all the World shall know, 'tis spring
 In Muscovy!

THE EPIGRAM AND ITS GREATEST MASTER, MARTIAL

By F. B. R. HELLEMS

WHEN discussing this topic some years ago in one of our large universities I found a rather puzzled uncertainty among my students about the range of the word epigram. As they looked in half derisive pity upon the significantly receding bay in my once less scanty hair they agreed unhesitatingly to accept as an epigram Walter Savage Landor's playful plaint against a trick of Time.

'The burden of an ancient rhyme
Is "By the forelock seize on Time!"
Time in some corner heard it said;
Pricking his ears away he fled;
And seeing me upon the road
A hearty curse on me bestowed.
"What if I do the same by thee?
How would'st thou like it?" thundered he,
And without answer, thereupon,
Seizing my forelock, it was gone.'

They welcomed likewise Porson's caustic comment written when the flow of learning among the divinity men of the English universities was as low as the flood of good old port was high:

'Here lies a Doctor of Divinity,
He was fellow too of Trinity.
He knew as much about Divinity
As other fellows do of Trinity.'

There was some little doubt, however, when I proposed William Watson's glorious protest against the myopic and arrogant vision that sees no ultimate riddle of the universe:

'Think not thy wisdom can illumine away
The ancient tanglement of night and day.
Enough to acknowledge both and both revere;
They see not clearliest who see all things clear.'

But, of course, this last is quite as truly an epigram as Landor's lament or Porson's epitaph and is happily covered by Klopstock's admirable definition in verse:

'Bald ist das Epigramm ein Pfeil,
 Trifft mit der Spitze;
 Ist bald ein Schwert
 Trifft mit der Schärfe
 Ist manchmal auch — die Griechen liebten's so —
 Ein klein Gemäld! ein Strahl gesandt,
 Zum Brennen nicht, nur zum Erleuchten.'

[By times the epigram is an arrow, wounding with its point, by times 'tis a sword, wounding with its keen edge. Ofttimes, too, — in this guise the Greeks loved it, — 'tis a miniature, a beam sent, not to burn, only to lighten and brighten.]

With the etymology of the word epigram before our minds, we need not state formally either the land of its birth or its original application. When the Greek cut an inscription on a tomb, a tripod, a pillar, or any other enduring object he termed what he has written simply an epigramma.

If we recall the priority of verse to prose as the channel of artistic or even formal expression we shall expect to find such an inscription falling into metrical form, and Herodotus, first and best beloved of all the tribe of reporters, has transcribed from some temple tripods a couple of hexametrical inscriptions which were confidently reported to be as old as the days of Læius, father of Œdipous.

In the beginning the exigencies of space would compel brevity, often limiting the inscription to a single line or a couplet, and in Greece even the later epigram is seldom found running beyond a modest length, although at Rome it often loses this primitive merit. Furthermore the form and style of the epigram are intimately connected with this compulsory brevity. If the writer has only a line or two in which to express grief for a son's untimely death, to laud a high-souled hero, or to honor a notable deed, he does not trifle away his space, but with all his power strives for conciseness and finish; and these qualities remain characteristic of the epigram long after its original bounds as to subject have been overpassed and forgotten.

The subject of the earlier epigram is naturally associated closely with the object on which it appeared. A tomb might be inscribed with a father's brief but bitter plaint that he had laid therein his darling son, his life's high hope. A pillar might be eloquent with words in which the poet glorified the transcendent fidelity of those who died battling for the fatherland. 'These men having set a crown of imperishable glory upon their own land, were folded in the dark cloud of death; yet being dead they have not died, since from on high their excellence raises them gloriously out of the house of Hades.'* On the base of a statue of Niobe by Praxiteles

* The rendering is by Mackail, one of our best translators; but it fails to convey the effective beauty of the original.

an enthusiastic admirer might inscribe: 'From life the gods turned me into stone, and from stone Praxiteles wrought me back again to life.' On a rock beside a spring some tuneful wayfarer in dusty Attica might cut this dainty invitation:

'Stranger, by this worn rock thy limbs repose;
Soft through the verdant leaves the light wind blows;
Here drink from the clear spring at noonday heat,
Such rest to way-worn travellers is sweet.'

But these examples have carried us to the point where the epigram is no longer of necessity an inscription but is still a poem that might have been inscribed, and thenceforward we find the epigram treating any theme that can be compassed in a few lines. Strato may hymn in unsurpassed lyric verse the love that dies not and the beauty that age may alter but cannot lessen:

'O how I loved when like the glorious sun
Firing the Orient with a blaze of light,
The beauty every lesser star outshone!
Now o'er that beauty steals the approach of night.
Yet, yet, I love! Tho' in the western sea
Half sunk, the day star still is fair to me.'

Even greater than the beauty unquenched by age is the beauty undimmed by death.

'Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled,
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead.'*

Occasionally, however, even under kindly Athena's sky the epigram takes on a radically different tone. An ill-starred bachelor will have this appealing epitaph, which surely represents the quintessence of pessimism, well preserved in Cowper's translation:

'At three score winter's end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad.

* Despite my unbounded love for Shelley I can but feel that this rendering by him falls short of the Greek. Merivale has been more successful, but with the easier preceding epigram.

The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.'

Another misogynist snarls that the man who seeks second nuptials is a foolish sailor, who after having been shipwrecked once sails again a treacherous gulf. Or a waggish detractor pierces a physician with this shaft:

'Pheido nor hand nor touch to me applied;
Fevered I thought but of his name and died.'

But on the whole the snarl and the bitter shaft are rare. The Greek epigram is more often lyric, idyllic or epideictic rather than epigrammatic according to the Roman and modern conception, so that Herder's exquisite quatrain marks out a real line of divergence. The Greek epigram speaks:

'Dir [Martial] ist das Epigram die kleine geschäftige Biene
Die auf Blumen umher fliehet und sauset und sticht;
Mir ist das Epigram die kleine knospende Rose
Die aus Dornengebusch Nektarerfrischungen haucht.'

[For you the epigram is a little busy bee that flits about on the flowers, and buzzes and stings; for me it is a tiny burgeoning rose that from the bush of thorns breathes such quickening as nectar might bestow.]

In Italy every variety of epigram that had sprung up in Greece was reproduced as well as the difference in genius between the two peoples would permit. As an actual inscription it was employed by the Romans with a frequency sometimes overlooked. In literature the formal epigram appears in Ennius, the father of Latin poetry, and thenceforward never lacks representation. Quintus Lutatius Catullus, Licinius Calvus and many others are little more than names to most readers, and it is not often recalled that the imperial hand of Augustus toyed with this form of composition. Catullus and Martial, however, are familiar to all and have come to be synonymous with epigram. In fact, the more incisive and aggressive employment of this form by these two writers, particularly by Martial, gave the word a new meaning:

'Omne epigramma sit instar apis, sit aculeus illi.
Sint sua mella: sit et corporis exigui.'

'The qualities rare in a bee that we meet
In an epigram never should fail,
The body should always be little and sweet,

And a sting should be left in the tail.

(' Panorama of Wit,' 1809, p. 250.)

These lines, notwithstanding the protests of accurate scholars, continue to express the ordinary understanding of epigram, and this fact is due very largely to Martial's influence. Indeed, so closely does the theory of this couplet correspond to much of Martial's practice that it was attributed to his authorship by a long persistent error.

That Martial was the greatest of epigrammatists was stated by Lessing in his still valuable treatise on the epigram, and has been reiterated by many men of less authority. It is easy to abuse Martial; but it is impossible to procure a reversal of this general verdict. Relatively to the other great Latin authors Martial is at present little read, and for one student who is familiar with the moulder of the modern epigram the readers of Horace or Vergil may be counted by scores or even hundreds. Of this neglect a talented Frenchman has offered an explanation in a delightful article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 15, 1900. ' Martial is little read in France,' says M. Boissier, ' and the poet himself is to blame, because his works with all their wit and charm contain disgusting obscenities which render it dangerous to speak to younger people of the *jolies choses* for fear of inspiring them with a desire to read the rest.' Thus the youth of Paris are guarded from the perils of the deep. Previous generations of Frenchmen, however, were not so paternally sheltered, as is shown by Martial's tremendous influence on French literature, nor have common-sense Germany and respectable England refrained from the fullest enjoyment of his genius.

Martial was born on a fourth of March between 38 and 41 of our era. His parents lived in the little town of Bilbilis in Central Spain and gave their son an excellent education, which was probably begun in his native town and continued in some neighboring city. This education would not differ in any essentials from that of a boy trained at Rome, for Spain had devoted herself enthusiastically to the same culture as that of the imperial city, and was already sending thither successful teachers. At this period Rome had the same attraction for a youth ' suffering from literary aspirations ' that Paris or London or New York has so often exercised on his modern counterpart; and this attraction would be all the stronger for Martial by reason of the number of influential Spanish houses already established at the capitol. To Rome, then, he went as a sanguine youth in 64 A.D., and in most respects became more of a city man than his contemporaries who first saw the light in the Bowery of Rome, the *fervens Subura*. Of the earlier years spent there we know little. He doubtless prepared for work as an advocate, and very probably wrote poems, some of which may have been revamped for publication after he acquired

vogue. In the year 80 A.D., however, when the great Flavian amphitheatre, now known as the Colosseum, was dedicated with spectacles on a stupendous scale he came into prominence with some suitable epigrams; and from this year on we can gather many details of his round of life. For a time he lived in rented quarters which learned commentators have felt justified in describing as 'poor and humble,' because the poet playfully states that they are 'three flights back.' But during the last four or five years of his sojourn in the metropolis he was the respectable proprietor of his own dwelling. He owned a little estate at Nomentum which he wittily derides in pleasantries that must not be taken as legal evidence. He was always importuning his friends for money or goods, and was always impecunious, probably as a result of generous Bohemian expenditure rather than of an oppressively meagre income. At any rate he managed to live the life of a fashionable man of letters, thoroughly after the manner sung of in Goethe's 'Genialisch Treiben.'

' Bald ist es Ernst, bald ist es Spass.
 Bald ist es Lieb, bald ist es Hass.
 Bald ist es dies, bald ist es das.
 Es ist ein Nichts, und ist ein Was.'

[Now it is earnest, now it is jest. Now it is love and now it is hate. Now it is this and now it is that. It is a nothing and it is a something.]

He made friends and enemies, won sweet favor and bitter envy; he walked and talked, dissipated deeply and slept lightly; he frequented theatre and bath, library and club; he ran to the country when tired of the town, and returned to the town when tired of the country; he dined much and dreamed a little; he observed some of the virtues of his fellow-men and women and all of their vices; he wrote good poems and bad, and achieved fame and unhappiness. Then after thirty-four years the quiet rural life he had deserted took its revenge, as it so often does on its successful but embittered children, and brought him back to the peaceful scenes of his native province. A generous patroness provided him with an estate that both delighted the mind and supported the body, and here he seems to have been fairly happy save for the rasping gossip of the tiny village and his inevitable longing for the delights of the capitol. It was amid the old scenes that he passed away lacking about ten years of the three score and five which he had prayed the grim sisters three might spin for him.

Martial's popularity was immediate and general. He was read much not only at Rome, but also in the remote parts of Rome's dominions for many centuries. Even during the Middle Ages he did not fall into such neglect as was the lot of many Latin writers, and with the 'Renaissance'

he came rapidly into his own, or even more than his own.

Of the reasons for Martial's triumph it is always easy to write at length; but they generally come back to the fact that he has put before us the frailties of human nature in unforgettable verses. You cannot forget Martial any more than you can escape human nature with its mingled yarn of good and ill together. 'My page is life,' he asserts, and his claim is largely true, although it is not all of life. This is unquestionably the reason that his pages are ever fresh, and that his jests make newer jests seem old. Years ago Mark Twain was credited with a *mot* that the younger generation seems to have forgotten. 'There are only thirteen jokes in the world,' he said, 'and Aristophanes and Martial had twelve of them. Modesty prevents me from mentioning the author of the thirteenth.' The commonplace that there is no new joke is true in foundation, for the modern joke is simply its ancient forerunner adapting itself to a new environment.

From Martial's pages we may evoke all the old familiar faces of jest and epigram with no magician's wand to aid us:

'The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers. Who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.'

'Twas that mellowest of epigrammatists, Sir John Harrington, that gave Galla her English dress; but Martial had presented her in Latin. And here I must break my paragraph to apologize to the spirit of old Sir John for all the countless throng who have forgotten or never learned that he was the author of that peerless flower of English epigrams:

'Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
For if it prospers none dare call it treason.'

In Galla's train come all the women who have sought to remedy the unkindness of nature by the ingenuity of man, and they have been many. 'Thais has black teeth, Læcania white, the former has her own, the latter wears purchased ones.' These two ladies have appeared often enough in English garb, but even more often in French:

'Rien de plus noir que les dents d'Alizon,
Rien de plus blanc que les dents de Fanchette.
Devinez-vous quelle en est la raison?
L'une a ses dents, et l'autre les achète.'

Such is the adaptation by M. de Morvilliers; but more than a score of others in French are known to me, and there are doubtless as many others that I have missed. A purchaser of ivory teeth and false hair in the world of letters is the plagiarist who wishes to be thought a poet by the aid of Martial's verses. 'In the same way in which you are a poet you may have tresses when you are bald.' This summons before us the man of 'shining hairless pate' at whom Martial wings many merciless jests which do not seem nearly so laughable to me now. Straight back to Homer and the Old Testament can we trace this mocking at the foot-prints of age; but not often do the avenging bears appear. However, if Martial was often witty on a theme unwelcome to many of us he was not less often witty on a theme over which his heart was not always light, for his eyes were ever toward the lender of money, and his purse was generally filled only with cobwebs.

'Lend Sponge a guinea! Ned, you'd best refuse
And give him half. Sure that's enough to lose.'

But now the faces no longer wait to be summoned, they are fairly streaming past us. The aged dame wedded for her attractive combination of accumulated wealth and wasting cough; the well-matched couple who ought to agree better because they are so thoroughly alike, 'each as bad as bad can be'; the shopper who handles all the richest wares from the highest shelves and spends a farthing; the representative of the *jeunesse dorée* who does everything prettily, almost 'cutely, from tennis to astronomy; the beau who sends countless *billets-doux* and receives none; the busybody who whispers mysteriously in your ear what might be proclaimed from the house-tops; the lawyer who 'runs on from Magna Charta to old King John, but utters never a word about the sheep';—all of these belong no more to Roman life two thousand years ago than to American life in the twentieth century.

But where shall we interrupt this line of hurrying faces? The coachman who brought a double price because he was deaf comes to claim as his descendant the canny caddy who is blind enough for two. The young Roman society man reciting his own verses after pleading the adequate excuse of a sore throat sees a congenial sister in the young society woman who sings in spite of such a cold. At some of the faces we must glance twice before they are recognized. 'Who were you?' 'I was the victim of many fires who always received generous contributions from kindly friends until I burned my house once too often.' 'And who are you now?' 'I am the insurance joke, without which Life would die.' 'Who were you with the laughing half-offended face?' 'I was Baiae, sweetest of seaside resorts, always maligned as the cause of too many flirtations. To me,

Martial said, 'a lady came a Penelope and from me departed a Helen.' 'And who are you now?' 'I am Ostend or Saratoga or any other sea-and-sun-kissed strand where a man and a woman search each other's eyes for the little winged god and remember or forget.' With these our line of faces has only begun; the others are just as familiar, but we must let them flit by unnoted.

Another phase of interest attaching to Martial is his constant re-appearance in unforeseen places. In Herrick or Ben Jonson or countless kindred spirits we should naturally look for many traces of Martial, and should find them in even greater abundance than we had looked for; but Martial is not bounded by the expected. For instance, from the tongues of all of us there runs lightly off:

'I do not love you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I'm sure I know full well,
I do not love you, Dr. Fell.'

We do not remember, however, that the original is Martial's, 'I do not love you, Sabidius, nor can I say why; I can only say this, I do not love you.' Indeed the story goes that the immortal Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford in the latter half of the seventeenth century, was interviewing one Tom Brown about a threatened rustication and was seeking any possible excuse for being merciful. Finally the Bishop said to the young scrapegrace that if he could even translate this epigram of Martial's the authorities would have some grounds for not rusticating him, whereupon the youth, imperilled but undismayed, produced the rendering that will flit forever on the lips of men. Most of us recall Leigh Hunt's 'Wise and Wiser,' although we are culpably neglecting the author of 'An Angel in the House' and 'Jenny Kissed Me.'

'Abel fain would marry Mabel,
Well it's very wise of Abel.
But Mabel won't at all have Abel;
Well it's wiser still of Mabel.'

To a few of us there comes back the superscription: 'From the French of Tabourot'; but Tabourot was only one of scores who have drawn from our unfailing spring. 'Paula, you wish to marry Priscus, I do not wonder; you are wise. Priscus does not wish to marry you; Priscus too is wise.' If Martial presents himself so persistently in printed pages, he is also stumbled upon in less likely places. When visiting Ravenna, that 'living dream of a city dead,' some years ago I found excellent wine included

gratis with an excellent dinner, but I was charged extra for water which had to be brought over the hills from Faenza. The circumstance kept haunting me until from the inner cells of my memory I drew forth Martial's experience in the city where wine was so plentiful that a cistern was more valuable than a spreading vineyard. 'A villainous innkeeper at Ravenna cheated me the other day; I asked for wine mixed with water and the rascal sold me pure wine.'

Herewith I have repeated the sin of most readers of Martial, for I have been lured to tarry so long over his more playful song that I must slight his more serious strains.

There is a Catullus-echoing, Horace-recalling Martial, who can sing of friendship and a calm, settled, sweet content in verse not unworthy of his Augustan masters; a Martial who has caught a vision of the *aurea mediocritas* in life's falsehoods of extremes and can picture forth this golden mean for his fellow men. Where shall we find surpassed his description of the legitimate reward of a well-spent life, familiar to English readers in the adaptation of Pope?

'At length my friend (while time with still career
 Wafts on his gentle wing this eightieth year),
 Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's pow'r,
 Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
 Reviews his life, and in the strict survey,
 Finds not one moment he could wish away,
 Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
 Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
 And from the goal again renews the race;
 For he lives twice who can at once employ
 The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.'

Many poets have warned us against tomorrow, bidding us gather rosebuds while we may, and Martial is of the band; but one of his odes suggests by the faintest undertone that today is a rather solemn little flower withal. This undertone, it seems to me, has never been so daintily reproduced as in the rendering by Goldwin Smith:

'Friend of my heart — and none of all the band
 Has to that name older or better right:
 Julius, thy sixtieth winter is at hand,
 Far spent is now life's day, and near the night.
 Delay not what thou would'st recall too late;
 That which is past, that only call thy own:
 Cares without end and tribulations wait,
 Joy tarrieth not, but scarcely come is flown.'

Then grasp it quickly, firmly to thy heart, —
 Though firmly grasped, too oft it slips away: —
 To talk of living is not wisdom's part:
 Tomorrow is too late: live thou today!'

Still more unlike the Martial of popular conception does he appear in an epitaph on a little slave girl, whose shade he commends to the loving care of the shades of his father and mother. Even the little maiden's name is a caress:

'Ye parents, Fronto and Flocilla here,
 To you I do commend my girl, my dear,
 Lest pale Erotion tremble at the shades,
 And the foul dog of hell's prodigious heads.
 Her age fulfilling just six winters was,
 Had she but known so many days to pass.
 'Mongst you, old patrons, may she sport and play
 And with her lisping tongue my name oft say.
 May the smooth turf her soft bones hide, and be,
 O earth, as light to her as she to thee!' (*Fletcher.*)

Perhaps these three quotations will have given us a glimpse of the anti-Martial in our epigrammatist; at any rate they may serve to bid us remember that in the poet's complex being salt and spleen, the old *sal* and *fel*, are oftentimes united with serious thought and kindliness of heart. And if we take leave of him by Erotion's grave we may judge more generously the nature and character of a man whose writings afford only too painful grounds for a judgment that must still be severe, even when justice has been tempered by mercy.

It has been said most happily that the epigram is to literature what the engraved gem is to plastic art. From the Greek hand it issued more dainty, more direct, more simple and sweetly winning; from Martial we receive it sometimes in delicate form, often crisp and vigorous, even at times repulsive, but ever with its lines clear and strong, the work of a master craftsman. His more delicate epigrams, however, were not the work that won him fame, and they are left too often for the praise of the scholar who clings to beautiful Greek ideals, whereas his scintillating humor and biting wit have been enjoyed by many tastes in all ages since the Roman Empire. Whether the course of the epigram is followed in Italy, France, Germany, or England the influence of Martial is encountered at every turn. For good or for ill he moulded the epigram and those who came after him wrought as he had taught them.

THE CHAINS

BY SULLY-PRUDHOMME

Translated from the French by Curtis Hidden Page

I SOUGHT to love all things, and sold my youth
In bondage to the many loves men prize:
I loved the sea and its deep mysteries,
Night and its stars, day, joy, the sun, the South!

I bound my mind to seeking after Truth,
My soul to music's haunting harmonies,
A smile I made the master of my eyes,
And with a kiss I have enslaved my mouth. . .

Fast-fettered now to all things as with chains
I feel a thousand frail but torturing threads
That strain elsewhither, wheresoe'er I move.
Life's every joy but multiplies my pains;
And if a breath touch anything I love
My heart is wrenched, my flesh is torn and bleeds.

FROM 'THE NOMAD PALACES'

BY GUSTAVE KAHN

Translated from the French by Curtis Hidden Page

I.

FORGOTTEN tones — lost — dead — tone-memories
Of some strange woman's footsteps slipping by,
Or songs of love, or flocks of cranes that fly
Across improbable skies —
The future days are yours; no man can stay
Your thrills and shiverings, wind-borne away
To skies and moons and unknown blossoming.
'Scaped 'neath the heavy doors, your soul's a-wing
Toward — some new Mandalay.

Forgotten tones of gardens magic-banned,
Silvery tones of distant Thulé-land,
 Violet tones of voices comforting
 With earnest murmured benedicites,
Blue peri-tones of fairy-tales oft told,
 Gold tones of old Mongolian goldsmithries,
Old gold of nations old! . . .

II.

Falling night in the wood of Fear,
 The shivering hut in the chill moon-light
 And the lighted chapel strangely bright . . .
Moon-cold night-fall, and Fall of the year.

With hanging head his steed awaits
 The Paladin, the slayer of men,
 To leap in the battle-swirls again,
And the swing of his sword a storm to be,
Loosed in the darks of memory.

And the Lady Bertrade prayeth low
For his coming back, who comes not now
 Nor evermore, alas! on earth;
While the branches shake in the wood of Fate
 With lipless laughter of mocking mirth.

III.

Bending far over toward the dahlia-blooms
 The peacocks spread their moons of gorgeousness . . .
 With bending suppleness the branches bless
Her face, as pale as dying dahlia-blooms.

She lists afar to fleeting harmonies,
 Lists the clear night whose boughs sweet concord keep,
 And weariness hath rocked her half asleep
With cradling rhythm of fragrant harmonies.

The peacocks build an eye-sown path along
 The way her eyes would wander, to the world
 Where sense grows one with every sensuous thing
 To make her body's strange apparelling . . .

While soft within her soul there lies up-furled
Languid desire of incense and of song.

SONGS FROM 'LE BONNE CHANSON'

BY PAUL VERLAINE

Translated by F. C. Evans

I.

THE moonlight now
On forest falls,
From every bough
A low voice calls,
The leaves repeat —
I love thee, sweet.

The silent mere
Like glass doth hold
The image clear
Of willows old,
The winds there weep, —
The hour I keep.

Then dear and vast
Emotions seem
Descending past
The stars that gleam
With changing light —
O, matchless night!

V.

E'ER thy gentle radiance fails,
Sweet and pallid morning star,
(The quails
In the green thyme calling are)

Turn and to the poet hark,
Who is filled with dreams of love,

(The lark
Through the brightening skies doth rove)

Turn toward me thy face that is
Fading in the azure morn;

(What bliss
In the fields of ripened corn)

Make my thoughts shine hence and woo
Yonder, far, so far away,

(The dew
Gaily glitters on the hay)

In the dreams that have embraced
My love who stirs and still sleeps on —

(Oh, haste —
For lo, appears the golden sun.)

PIERROT DEAD

BY PAUL VERLAINE

Translated from the French by Clarence Stratton

'Tis not the moony dreamer of the song,
Who laughed at old folks thro' the swinging door;
His folly, like his candle, shines no more;
His spectre haunts us now, pale, thin, and long.
And see, when comes a flash of startling light,
His snow-white jacket floating in the air,
His shroud. His mouth so widely gaping there
He seems to shout beneath the earth-worm's bite.

And as a bat goes flapping overhead,
His sleeves blow fluttering in the empty night
With crazy signs that no one answers to.
His eyes are holes where burns the phosphorus light,
More frightful still the yellow makes his hue,
The bloodless brow and pinched nose of the dead.

'A. E.,' THE NEO-CELTIC MYSTIC

BY JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

AMONG the poets whose work has added distinction to the Literary Movement in Ireland is A. E. (Mr. George W. Russell), whose volume of verse 'The Divine Vision,' recently published, has brought a new revelation of tender beauty in a glowing color of words, and has given a quickening insight into the mystic world. From the joy that these poems have given, this note of appreciation springs.

As early as 1896 Mosher brought out a small volume of verse called 'Homeward Songs by the Way.' This was Mr. Russell's first book. Since then he has published 'The Earth Breath' and 'The Nuts of Knowledge'; the latter is a selection from all his verse lately published in Dublin, at Miss Elizabeth Yeats' Dun Emer Press. It is now out of print, but many of the poems in it are included in his latest volume 'The Divine Vision.'

If this poet is not as well known among us as his compatriot, William Butler Yeats, it may be because the latter has recently visited America. Perhaps another reason for his still being a stranger, lies in the remoteness of his star. He walks among the shadows, and brings messages in an unknown tongue from the land of beautiful silence. He would have us tarry in the twilight, under the ancient stars, while he whispers gently to us the secrets of nature and of soul, and with his quickening insight opens our blind eyes to the mystic beauty all around us. Beauty is his 'star of infinite desire.'

The spirit of mysticism pervades 'A. E.'s' work; he has drunk deep from Connla's Well, and his poetry is a call to seek out the beauty of Nature. 'Tis the beauty of all beauty that is calling for your love.'

The other Irish poets of our time approach us through the paths with which we are familiar. The Irish legends, history, and patriotism form the subjects of the great body of their work, and although they are not without visions they express them by symbols with which we have already had association. Their originality takes on the hues of human life, and is filled with vital color, submitting to limitations of time and space. Each man feels more warmly the human interest lying near his door, and consequently has more of the dramatic feeling.

One of the most individual and characteristic qualities of 'A. E.'s' verse is his wonderful interpretation of the subtler moods of nature, as is evidenced in such poems as 'The Master Singer,' 'A Summer Night,' 'The Feast of Age,' 'The Voice of the Waters,' and 'Beauty.'

BEAUTY

My spirit would have beauty to build its magic art,
Come hither, star of evening, and dwell within my heart,
Oh, twilight, fall in pearl dew, each healing drop may bring
Some image of the song the Quiet seems to sing.

My spirit would have beauty to offer at the shrine,
And turn dull earth to gold, and water into wine,
And burn in fiery dreams each thought till thrice refined,
It may have power to mirror the mighty Master's mind.

My spirit would have beauty to draw thee nigh, my bird,
I seek the lips that spake thee, sung thee, a starry word,
I'd breathe anew that music, and lure thee from afar,
And still thy quivering pinions at peace in thy own star.

Aside from their technical form, 'A. E.'s' poems might have been voiced in remote ages in the East, if we except those which are love poems. In these songs of personal feeling one realizes deeply the spiritual side of love. Above all they are touched with a tenderness and sadness unspeakable, but it is a noble sadness which is the dominant note of his love poetry. It renounces that it may attain to a higher fulfillment. This sad, but far from despondent note throughout 'A. E.'s' poetry, is essentially a modern phase that can as well be discerned in the painting as in the poetry of the latter part of the nineteenth century, especially among the Pre-raphaelites; and the twentieth century is under this same influence.

The love of nature, the search for ideal beauty, 'this worship,' as Claude Phillips says, 'has not been so much the worship of those divine awe-inspiring appearances which throughout the ages have been recognized, as the perception in nature of mysterious moods which to the modern man appear to run parallel with his own, never failing in response whether of pity, yearning tenderness, or joy. It is the recognition of these mysterious responses, of the human element imported into or inherent in nature, giving new color, new poignancy to her most familiar aspect. If to us, the children of today, Nature speaks more intimately, more tenderly than to her worshipers of the preceding ages, it is that we embrace her more closely, that we pour all ourselves into her, and that we mingle our joys with the radiance of the sunlight transfiguring land and sea.'

If Nature has unveiled her secrets to the poets of today, she has not withheld her subtle beauties from the landscape painters of the nineteenth century. They 'embrace her more closely' than the preceding ages. This can be witnessed in the work of Turner, Corot, Millet, Humbert, Inness, Ferdinand Keller, and Bœcklin.

In nearly every one of his love poems 'A. E.' masters the desires of material love, — 'The vanished hours of love that burn within the ever-living still'; but turning to the spiritual he finds in that 'calm and proud procession of eternal things' that 'peace of God which passeth all understanding.'

'The Master Singer,' is one of the finest of 'A. E.'s' nature poems; you feel the ear is attuned to catch the subtle sounds of earth. 'A laughter in the diamond air, a music in the trembling grass'; and again, 'I am the sunlight in the heart, the silver moon-glow in the mind.' In 'A Summer Night' we feel his response to the invisible things of nature, showing his intimacy with and sensitiveness to her most delicate moods:

'Heard through the stillness, as in whispered words,
The wandering God-guided wings of birds
Ruffle the dark. The little lives that lie
Deep hid in grass join in a long-drawn sigh
More softly still; and unheard through the blue
The falling of innumerable dew,
Lifts with gray fingers all the leaves that lay
Burned in the heat of the consuming day.'

or the tender touch in the passage where the Elemental Spirits embrace, and

'The waters hold all heaven within their heart,
And glimmer o'er with wave-lips everywhere
Lifted to meet the angel lips of air.'

THE SILENCE OF LOVE

I could praise you once with beautiful words ere you came
And entered my life with love in a wind of flame.
I could lure with a song from afar my bird to its nest,
But with pinions drooping together silence is best.

In the Land of Beautiful Silence the winds are laid,
And life grows quietly on in the cloudy shade.
I will not waken the passion that sleeps in the heart,
For the winds that blew us together may blow us apart.

Fear not the stillness; for doubt and despair shall cease
With the gentle voices guiding us into peace.
Our dreams will change as they pass through the gates of gold,
And, Quiet, the tender shepherd, shall keep the fold.

In one of the most beautiful of his love-songs, 'A Midnight Meditation,' he cries out, 'Oh, passionate heart, what is thy cause for grief?' and again finds his balm in the 'Master's peace.'

The name-poem, a delicate and elusive conception, is the poet's apologia, his invocation to 'Pity, only seer,' who hovers over his pages. His pity would seem to be a wide sympathy with all forms of life. It is neither born of joy nor sorrow, but akin to both.

The titles chosen for his poems are often very significant; in illustration of which we would cite 'The Nuts of Knowledge.' This seems a very curious title to the uninitiated in Celtic mythology. The Sacred Hazel is the Celtic tree of life. It grew over Connla's Well, a Celtic equivalent of the first Fountain of Mysticism, and the fruits which fell from it were the 'nuts of knowledge,' which give wisdom and inspiration. Some of his phrases are poems in embryo. When we lay aside his books and turn to nature, these images arise in one's mind and are the very voicing of nature, as 'The breath of the darkness enfolded to teach us unspeakable things.' The joy voiced by this mystic is the joy felt when the morning stars sang together. The personal note is one which speaks in perfect harmony

'with the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood,
And river and stream.'

In this respect 'A. E.' has close affinity to our master Emerson; both drew much of their inspiration from the same source, the *Upanishads*. They both found their way homeward to the strange world the seers tell of, 'the world at the back of the heavens.' While Emerson is a poet of deeper thought and broader harmony, 'A. E.' has the great gift of delicate melody. His unusual metres, often repeated, have a peculiar fitness for the thought expressed. An interesting peculiarity of his thought is his constant appeal to the power of 'Quiet' which gives us the uplifting calm that the twilight hour brings, but he has greater gifts for us in reserve; his optimism is not the outcome of mental passiveness, but the result of his philosophy of Eternal Beauty as the root of all things permanent, and it has the same sustaining power of Browning's 'Abt Vogler.'

HOPE IN FAILURE

Though now thou hast failed and art fallen, despair not because of defeat,
Though lost for a while be thy heaven and weary of earth be thy feet,
For all will be beauty about thee hereafter through sorrowful years,
And lovely the dews for thy chilling and ruby thy heart-drip of tears.

The eyes that had gazed from afar on a beauty that blinded the eyes
 Shall call forth its image forever, its shadow in alien skies.
 The heart that had striven to beat in the heart of the Mighty too soon
 Shall still of that beating remember some errant and faltering tune.

For thou hast but fallen to gather the last of the secrets of power;
 The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall shape of thy sorrow a flower,
 The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom of its tenderest rays,
 The heart of whose shining is bright with the light of the Ancient of Days.

If we have claimed 'A. E.' as a mystic, it is as a modern mystic, and although this new school of mysticism has many points in common with the great mystics of the past, yet, as Mr. Dalby says in his very worthy article on the New Mysticism: 'There is one point, however, in which the new mysticism is immeasurably nearer to the mind of Christ than any former manifestation of the same spirit, and that is in the intensity of the human sympathy. . . . there is in the art of Watts and Wagner, in the Celticism of Yeats with its yearning tenderness towards the Irish, in the broad humanity of Tolstoi, — wherever, in fact, the new influences have penetrated, the old hardness has gone and there has entered into the modern world a new spirit destined to carry us forward in the direction of moral and humanitarian progress. . . . The old mystic, whether a disciple of Plotinus, Tauler, or Boehme, usually drew himself *apart* from the main stream of life; the New Mystic flashes upon that stream, so dark and turbid, the light of sympathy which has at length discovered that it is not the nature of the God-intoxicated man alone which is akin to God, but that all human life has its sacredness, its beauty, its divineness. . . . And if there be no great commanding intelligence at the head of the movement, no great authentic prophet, but merely a voice or voices crying in the wilderness, with no well-defined, clear message to deliver, let us remember that these men are leaders, — such leaders as we have now, and that what is said by them today may be said by multitudes tomorrow.'

There is good reason for Maeterlinck's feeling that a spiritual epoch is perhaps upon us. And certain it is that the heart of this great mystic, 'A. E.,' is aglow with the spirit of his time, and that the voice of Ireland's most spiritual singer is one of the greatest voices of the Irish Movement — the new Renaissance, not of learning but of feeling.

ATTAR AND SANAI

After Shams u'Tabriz

BY AMEEN RIHANI

FROM the Mist of Arcana we have risen,
Through the Universe of Secrets we have come,
And as Lovers we enter the Tavern:
As Lovers as pale as the false dawn
And of stature as lean as the new moon.
Like unto a jar is the body,
And our soul,
In the jar,
Takes the place of the water pellucid.

For your sake we have come
In the shape of a jar from the Sea;
For your sake we have come as Disgrace,
But glory incarnate are we.
O! think us not simple, for we
Are like to the fire and the sea.

Indeed we are like to the sun,
And are infinite sources of splendors;
We are one
With the world's riddles and wonders.
We are the Palace, and the Garden, and the Gate,
And all beauty and grace out of us emanate.

We will interpret the Truth,
We will illumine and guide,
We will the Secret unveil;
For naked we come, —
Naked,
We speak and we pass:
Our garments were burned in the fire of the mind,
In the world where the Deaf still dispute with the Blind.
We are the Truth,
And into the skies
From the Mist of Arcana we rise;
Through the Universe of Secrets we are hurled
Into the world.

Attar was the essence divine, —
 He was the soul;
 And Sanai was its two eyes,
 Now we are the whole.
 We come both as Sanai and Attar, —
 Beauty and glory incarnate we are.
 And the men on the Path of the Life
 Of beauty and goodness
 Are one soul and one heart;
 For they all have declared, —
 That we came at one time in the shape of a flame from the fire,
 And through pageantry rare in the shape of a sword did retire.

 Every one is as full of the God,
 As he is void of himself;
 And we come in the shape of a jar from the Sea, —
 We are filled,
 And though sealed, we are free.
 For your sake we have come as Disgrace,
 But incarnate glory are we.
 Oh! think us not simple, for we, —
 We are like to the fire and the sea.

Yet higher than this is our rank;
 But fearing the envious we come
 Veiled from the eyes of the crowd:
 As vigilant warders we come,
 And under the load of our trust,
 We are bowed.

Perchance in our sleep we become unaware
 Of the circumstance strange of our birth, —
 Perchance a hair
 The heaven divides, and the earth.
 Albeit, we have come as the heroes of Him,
 The Mighty, the Dear;
 We have come as the mind and the soul
 Of the turning sphere.
 What place have the foot and the head
 In the regions where we belong,
 But seldom appear?

But when the Sun and the Moon of the Soul,
 As a curtain, impenetrable, dark,
 Stood against the skies,
 Then were kindled the spheres of the Heart,
 And flitting above them we came
 To offer ourselves to all who would rise.
 For your sake we have come as Disgrace from the Sea,
 But glory incarnate are we.

A thornless and blooming rose-bush we have become
 In the garden of Union divine;
 And the habitants rude of the world
 May camel-like thistles devour.
 But we have the nature of the parrot,
 And hither we came sugar-chewing.
 Hither we came for your sake, —
 Like the cypress are we in the grove,
 Or the poplar, silvery, tall,
 On the brink of the river of love.

To the fishes of love we are like
 The Euphrates, —
 We borrow and lend;
 And on lovers like light drops of water
 We gently descend.
 Our bodies the foam had become
 On the waves of the turbulent sea,
 And hither the waves have compelled us.
 And although we come here as Disgrace,
 Yet glory incarnate are we.

Make use of our dust,
 For like water it verily benefits much;
 O take it, make use of it now,
 And say not that we did come last year.
 Sanai and Attar are one, —
 They are the fire-fly and the sun,
 They are the sea and the tear.

Make use of our dust, for we come
 For your sake
 In the shape of a jar from the Sea;
 For your sake

HENRY JAMES, ARTIST

We have come as Disgrace,
 But glory incarnate are we.
 We are the Palace, and the Garden, and the Gate,
 And all beauty and grace out of us emanate.
 The given, the taker, the giver,
 The love, the beloved, the lover, —
 All three,
 Are we.

HENRY JAMES, ARTIST

BY ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL

ONE of the perverse tricks fate seems fond of playing with genius is to endow it with more than one tool to carve out its divine destiny. It would seem a wiser distribution were there an allotment more general, — never two talents to one man, and consequently not so many dull lack-gift mortals left unblest. The only satisfaction dull mortals have, if indeed they are likewise mean-spirited and can take comfort from it, lies in the fact that supererogatory endowments are often a source of much confusion to their possessors, — a band of sirens at each ear is not unalloyed delight. . . . which to follow? . . . which allures to brightest prospects? . . . Nor does trouble end with choice, as a man is frequently unhappy the rest of his days wishing he had set forth on the other way to glory.

Occasionally, — and then indeed may dull mortals be envious, — a man may have the luxury of yielding to both enchantments. Mr. James may be said to do so. In his early years, it has been reported, he was dedicated to art. There has apparently never been the slightest rumor as to whether or not he wishes he had continued to wield the brush. If he suffers regret, he has evidently endured in patience, or at least he has not made the public his confidant. Should he ever grow remorseful on the subject the public need have little sympathy with him, as he is one of those fortunate individuals who can simultaneously practice two arts, — if through only one medium. If he has not had some portrait of a lady 'hung,' some of his books, or parts thereof, ought to have the 'honor of the line' as studies in portraiture or landscape-painting. The character of his work is such as to acquit him of the charge of ambiguity when he is discovered making these two statements: 'There is no greater work of art than a great portrait;' 'I protest, the novel seems to me the most magnificent form of art; the other arts in comparison appear confined and hampered, the various

conditions under which they are exercised are so rigid and definite.'

As every other important 'case,' to filch a term from him, Mr. James offers the temptation to make a formula for him, to find the root of the matter here, there, where-not. No doubt the majority of pious Jacobites would find most definitive some such fine-sounding and comprehensive description as this which declares him the 'psychic analyst, the curious revealer of social and spiritual humanity upon the imaginative plane.' Of his style at its best and other matters most Jamesian, other things might be said in an equally fine way, — the subject seems to sharpen the pencils of some of his commentators. Far be it from one to abate a jot from these excellences; when his style is at its best, modern prose offers no more engaging fitting of symbols to ideas, nor is there any more exhilarating junket than to set out some fine fresh morning (no dozy hours for Mr. James), and track his motives to their inmost lairs. But when all is said, does not the flower of his art, its charm, its prime distinction lie in his power to write, as he said of Daudet, with a brush, to transfer to the canvas of his page some such enchanting landscape as that in the Lambinet chapter of 'The Ambassadors,' or to conjure such figures as Daisy Miller, Pansy Osmond, and Isabel Archer, who some one has foretold will stand for certain types of the nineteenth century as the women of Lely and Reynolds for the courts of Charles the Second and George the Third?

In his essay on De Maupassant, he remarks that 'the friends of the literary creator of living figures may well pray for him when he sallies forth into the dim wilderness of theory, his doctrine is apt to be so much less inspired than his work. . . . None the less it often happens,' he adds, 'that a valid artist utters his mystery, flashes upon us the light by which he works.' Behold Mr. James holding up the torch to his own mystery with illuminating results when he says: 'The analogy between the art of the painter and the art of the novelist is so far as I am able to see complete. Their inspiration is the same, their success is the same. They may learn from each other, they may explain and sustain each other.' In the case of Mr. James, to the analogies indicated may be added an identity of vision. His landscapes are seen and selected with the eye of a painter; the majority of his characters, not to depreciate their 'psychological charms,' seem to have solicited his brush as models arrest the artist's eye, to have given by their aspects to fillip to his imagination in regard to what they might do. More of a modern than Alphonse Daudet, he, too, has observed that 'modern life with its manners, nerves, wealth, and improvements has engendered a new sense. . . . a more analytic consideration of appearances. . . . known by its tendency to resolve its discoveries into pictorial form.' What is 'The Ambassadors' but an epic of aspects, of how the siren city, or the siren, de Vionnet, if you will, gained the soul of Chad Newsome and of Lambert Strether, too, for that matter, though he did heroically leave Maria Gostrey

and her particular Delft-decorated corner of Paris and return to Mrs. Newsome's Woollett, which assuredly must have been an aggregation of solid substantialities, not of glittering beguiling surfaces? What Mr. James fails to say in his appreciation of Daudet he does say in his review of D'Annunzio, contributed to the *London Quarterly*, concerning the psychology and romance of aspects, of the connections and relations between the feelings and external conditions which it is the business and apparently the beguilement of the modern story-teller to paint.

On the other hand, life is so much a matter of character with him, one could fancy if there were put to him the question about what he calls the dull muddled opposition between the novel of character and the novel of plot, he would answer, as he said Trollope would, had Trollope been capable of epigrams, — that he preferred the former class 'inasmuch as character is in itself plot, while plot is by no means character. . . we care to know what happens to people only in proportion as we know who they are.' The best clue we get as to what people are is of course through what they seem to be, and the representation of what people seem to be is of course a matter of portraiture. Mr. James' high value of the outward sign and his close rendition of it, together with his always-granted X-ray analysis of motive, tend to make for a more complete and definite reproduction of his vision than it is often the novelist's luck to be able to give, — he stands almost alone in his subtle use of picture and legend, in his command over the two techniques, consecutive literary narration and immediate pictorial presentation.

A picture by Abbey he commends because it is presented by no roundabout prose, but with the instantaneous projection of the pencil, — might not the same formula be applied to his sketch of Miss Barrace at Chad Newsome's party: 'She became from top to toe a mere long-handled appreciative tortoise-shell'? Or of Miss Susan Frush at the door of the old red house at Marr, 'an unexpecting, unsuspecting old lady in a very old waterproof who held a long-handled eye-glass much as a child does a rattle'? . . . Or Miss Amy who 'brown, brisk, and expressive, in her well-fastened hat, her gauntlets, her stout boots, her camp stool, her sketch-book, her Tauchnitz novel, would have served with peculiar propriety as a frontispiece to the natural history of the English old maid'?

You are not to be let off with merely knowing the inmost soul of the various people in his gallery, you must see them; it is not enough to be told how Mrs. Rummle would fain have kept her pining daughters from going to Europe, you will better understand it if you behold her in her 'sunny parlor behind the elms, a certain austerity of cap and chair, though with a gay new front that looked like rusty brown plush. . . she looked like a centenarian sovereign of uncertain sex brought out to be shown to the people as a disproof of the rumor of extinction.'

He perpetually tosses off with fine esprit these concise results of direct observation, but the finish he puts on his more elaborate portraits is what should finally win *medailles d'honneur* for his pen's rivalry of palette and brush. Marie de Vionnet is, of course, constantly being presented throughout the long, too long, story, but she seems to sit especially for two portraits that particularly reveal her. The first is with Chad's house as a background. She stands forth 'in a gown of silk and crepe of silvery gray, so artfully composed as to give the impression of warm splendor; around her neck a collar of old emeralds, the green note of which was more dimly repeated at other points of her apparel—in embroidery, in enamel, in satin, in substances and textures vaguely rich. Her head extremely fair and exquisitely festal was like a happy fancy, a notion of the antique in an old precious coin of the renaissance.' The other is when Strether discovers her in Notre Dame—which itself is rendered with all the beauty, poetry, dignity, such an interior deserves: 'she had laid aside her holiday garments and had gone out for a morning walk. She had arranged herself for her special object...the way her thicker veil was drawn, a mere touch but everything; the composed gravity of her dress in which here and there a dull wine color seemed to gleam faintly through black; the charming discretion of her small compact head, the quiet note of her folded, gray-gloved hands.....'

With firmness of line and good tones looks also from the canvas the 'not frankly young, nor markedly fine, but expressive' Maria Gostrey; the light from rose-colored shades throwing a glow over her evening gown, and waking the glow in the antique jewel pendant at her neck from a broad red band, concerning which Mr. James says: 'It would have been absurd of him [Strether] to trace into ramifications the effect of the ribbon from which Miss Gostrey's trinket depended. He had been so given over to uncontrolled perceptions of how the band added to the value of every other item—to that of her smile, to the way she carried her head, to that of her complexion, her lips, teeth, eyes, and hair...What certainly had a man conscious of a man's work in the world to do with velvet bands?.....' What, indeed, except that Strether, like Mr. James, must have had some elements of the portrait-painter in him, the sense for, and appreciation of, effective details.

Mr. James has been accused of having only a limited range in characterization, but a glance at his gallery proves the contrary. Nearly all kinds and conditions of men are represented: Nick Dormer, Lord Mellifont, the bill-paying parent in the Pension Beaurepas, Gabriel Nash, Strether, fine old Waymarsh, and 'Jim Pocock.' With what distinction, too, he draws women of a type different from the ones above-mentioned; for instance, Angela Vivian, Isabel Archer, Lady Aurora, Princess Casamassima, Madame Grandoni, and Madame de Mauves. These would

stand out as his most successful portraits were there not a subtler charm in those characters, recondite and pathetic, which a tender reflection seems to have evoked from the canvas. They are not the people of fiction that make the most universal appeal, but they have their place in life's scheme of drama and sentiment, and no one could have painted them as Mr. James has done, — with justice to their exquisite poetic qualities, with sympathy, felicitously this side of mawkish sentimentality, for their sometimes poor sad fates, their gray little romances. Such characters revealing the touch of artist and master are Ralph Touchett, Searle, the passionate pilgrim, poor little Hyacinth Robinson, Miss Pynsent, and Roger Lawrence, fine old Roger in 'Watch and Ward.'

His portraits of young girls have probably been most talked of, — they ought to be talked of; because of their aroma of charming delectable youth, Pansy Osmond, Biddy Dormer, Jeanne de Vionnet belong in a gallery with Rosalind and Jessica; while Daisy Miller and Milly Theale, so lovely and so unhappy, should weave cypress-garlands and sing, 'O Willow' with Juliet and Ophelia.

If there is a temptation for naming Mr. James a portrait-painter, there is almost an equal one for classing him with the landscapists. If, owing to the rush of books into the world, one had to be stinted in space for James on the library shelf, the pages that ought to be retained as most crystal-pure in literary quality are those wherein he memorializes some lovely scene — to use it as a background for his characters or for some such reason as he gives for writing of much-described Venice — not to enlighten, not to write anything new, but 'because it is a great pleasure to write the word... and I hold any writer sufficiently justified who is himself in love with his topic.' In this phase of his work Mr. James' prose attains its greatest excellence, its greatest flexibility, glow, poetry, and distinction; here are most clearly revealed his delicacy and range of perception, and that other final magic power that enables an author to absorb the beautiful subjects of such keen, impassioned observation, and to give them forth again in a music of his own in such felicitous correspondence with the harmonies of nature as alone can justify description in literature and make its charm.

The Lambinet chapter of 'The Ambassadors' is the result of such a happy perception and the power to express it — (what a pity, though, the pink parasol had to loom up at the end of the chapter!) One paragraph in the Sacred Fount is a perfect evocation: 'There was a general shade in all the lower reaches, a fine, clear dusk over garden and grove, a thin suffusion of twilight out of which the greater things, the high tree-tops and pinnacles, the long crests of motionless wood and chimnied roof rose into golden air.' What follows does not exactly render aspects of things, but it is so beguiling the pen irresistibly runs on to the end of the cadence: 'the last calls of birds sounded extraordinarily loud, they were like the timid,

serious splashes in wide still water of divers not expecting to rise again' And once and for all Mr. James takes his place with the painters, the greatest painters of English landscape on a large scale, by the sweep of his brush in this picture which captures the rolling lovely country, the soft tones in field and on hillside, all the consummate charm one knows or can imagine of England — at the right time of the year.

'The whole land in the full warm rains of the last of April had burst into sudden perfect spring. The dark walls of the hedge-rows had turned into blooming screens, the sodden verdure of lawn and meadow was streaked into ranker freshness. Closely beneath us lay the dark, rich flats of hedgy Worcestershire and the copse checkered slopes of rolling Hertfordshire white with apple-blossoms. At widely opposite points of the large expanse, two great cathedral towers rose sharply, taking the light, from the light, from the settled shadow of their circling towns — the light, the ineffable English light! "Out of England," cried Searle, "it's but a garish world" the whole vast sweep of our surrounding prospect lay answering in a myriad fleeting shades, the cloudy process of the tremendous sky . . . over against us from our station on the hills we saw them [the clouds] piled and dissolved, compacted and shifted, blotting the azure with sullen rain-spots, stretching breeze-fretted into dappled fields of gray, bursting into a storm of light, or melting into a drizzle of silver.'

Mr. James has done so much for the beauty of England, it could be fancied that he would echo Searle's cry. But on the other hand, his various enthusiasms lead one astray — his enthusiasms about France, Switzerland, Spain — he could not forgive some one who declined a government post in the land of Cervantes — and above all about Italy. Perhaps he discloses his predilection in his story, 'Europe,' when Jane Rummle asks where one should go; the answer is: 'To the Italian lakes — Como, Bellagio, Lugano — (I liked to say the names of them).' His ardors for the 'mistress at whose feet a myriad singers meet' make one sometimes marvel that he has been content with English atmosphere instead of the wonderful lovely 'golden air' he is so fond of talking about, and into which he has conjured with such rare biographical charm the figures of William Wetmore Story, Lowell, the Brownings, and others of that magic circle of art, wisdom, wit, and good fellowship that used to hob-nob in the old Barberini palace, and to picnic in the Campagna or what other Italian fields turned by their use and eager enjoyment into a pleasure-ground almost paradisaical.

All too seldom Mr. James has captured the beauty of the American picturesque — the landscape loses by not having his interpretation. But the high finish of what he has done gives his work in this field, especially his renditions of some portions of the New England corner of his native land, the quality of those rare, small, precious canvases that are the delight of the collector. Such are the Partial Portraits of Niagara, Newport, and

Saratoga. Such are those charming paragraphs of 'Roderick Hudson' that would be catalogued as 'Night in Northampton'; they speak for one of those perfect happy moments of the creator when expression is adequate for inspiration, and when both are magically blended into an almost flawless art-form. Though indeed the reader almost forgets that the medium of expression is words — so strongly does the vision itself take hold of the imagination, one scarcely reads — one sees: 'The great Northampton elms interarched far above in the darkness; but the moon had risen, and through scattered apertures was hanging the dusky vault with silver lamps. . . . As Rowland looked up and down the long vista and saw the clear white houses glancing here and there in the broken moonshine, he could almost believe that the happiest lot for any man was to make the most of life in some such tranquil spot as that. He looked out into the lucid air of the American night which seemed so doubly vast, somehow, and strange and nocturnal, and he felt like declaring that here was beauty too, beauty sufficient for an artist not to starve upon it.' And yet Mr. James has elected to live in England.

MONHEGAN

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER

A LONELY land, fantastic, sphinxish,
 Full of freshness, full of fire.
 All day long the hot sun woos it,
 Kissing pallid flaunting grasses,
 Thrilling ruddy tiny prickles
 Armoring sun-dew in its marshes, —
 In its still deep-bosomed marshes.
 All night long the witch-moon soothes it,
 With white-handed gentle gestures,
 Lulling it to half awake it
 So it keep its passionate calm.
 All the days long, all the nights long,
 Lovingly the laughing ocean
 Round it flings his happy arms —
 Arms that loosen in contentment —
 Arms that clasp with fresh allurements —
 Arms delirious with pleasure,
 Keeping yet a comrade's touch;
 While the wild glad land refrains not
 From response as free and flowing,
 Daring love, and love withholding,
 Ever his, while still her own!

I PURITANI

BY A. PALACIO VALDÉS

Translated from the Spanish by S. Griswold Morley

HE was a refined and distinguished gentleman, with a frank, attractive face. There was no reason why I should refuse to share my room with him for a few days. The proprietor of my hotel introduced him to me as an old guest to whom he was under obligations; if I did not accept him as room-mate he would be unable to give him accommodation, since, he was sorry to say, the house was full.

'Well, if he is to be in Madrid only a few days, and if he goes to bed and gets up at a Christian hour, I don't mind your arranging a bed for him in my sitting-room. But mind, don't let this set a precedent!'

'You may be sure, sir, that I won't trouble you again with such a request. I am only doing it so that Don Ramón won't have to go to another house. He's a first-rate fellow, and won't cause you any inconvenience.'

So it proved. During the two weeks that Don Ramón remained in Madrid I had no cause to repent of my complaisance. He was a model room-mate. If he returned at night later than I, he entered the room and went to bed so carefully that he never woke me; if he retired before me he read until I came, so that I might undress without fear of making a noise. In the morning he never arose until he heard me cough or stir in bed.

His home was in a country-house outside Valencia, and he came to Madrid only when business required; this time it was to negotiate for the promotion of his son, a tax-assessor. Although this son was of about my own age, Don Ramón was not over fifty, which led one to infer, what was in fact the case, that he had married young. And he must have been handsome then. Even yet, with his tall figure, his curly, well-trimmed gray beard, his quick, bright eyes, and his face free from wrinkles, he might well have appeared more attractive to the fair sex than many a young dandy.

He had, as I have, a habit of singing or humming while washing himself. But I noticed after a few days that though he took up and dropped indifferently various snatches from operas and popular songs, dismembering and pulverizing them between puffs and grunts, the passage which he began most often and with the most feeling was one from *I Puritani*; I think it was part of the baritone aria in the first act. Don Ramón only half knew the words; but he sang with as much enthusiasm as if he had known them all. He always began,

*'Bel sogno beato
Di pace e contento
(97)*

*Ti, ro, ri, ra, ri, ro,
Ti, ro, ri, ra, ri, ro.*

He had to keep up the humming until he came to two lines which ran,

*La dolce memoria
D'un tenero amore;*

which he kept repeating until he finished the *allegro*.

'I say, Don Ramón,' I called one day from bed, 'you seem to be fond of *I Puritani*.'

'I am indeed; it is one of the operas I like best. I would give anything to know some instrument so that I could play it. What passion there is in it! What inspiration! Those are operas, and that is music! I don't see how you nowadays can go wild over this German stuff which is good only to put a man to sleep! I am very fond of all Bellini's operas, *Il Pirata*, *La Sonnambula*, *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*; but especially *I Puritani*. Besides I have special reasons for liking it better than any other,' he added in a lower tone.

'Go on, Don Ramón,' said I, sitting up in bed, and beginning to get dressed, 'let's hear your special reasons.'

'Youthful folly,' he replied, reddening a little, 'a love-affair.'

'Tell me about your youthful folly. I like to hear about such things; I don't know how it is, but they interest me more than the revision of the mortgage laws which you were telling me of yesterday.'

'I see you are a poet!'

'I'm not a poet, Don Ramón, I am a critic.'

'The proprietor told me you were a poet. Well, I will tell you the story since you are interested. You will see that it's not worth telling. But dress yourself, my boy, it's freezing here.'

In '58 I came to Madrid on behalf of the city of Valencia to try to have its excise taxes lowered. I was then, let me see, twenty-nine years old, and I had been married seven years. It is a mistake to marry so young. Although I have had no cause to repent of it myself, I should never advise anyone else to do it. I stayed at this same hotel, that is, with the same landlord; the house was then situated in the Calle del Barquillo. At that time, I must inform you, I took pains to dress very 'sporty,' as you say nowadays, a thing which always aroused suspicion in my poor wife. 'Why do you dress up so, Ramón?' she would say. 'Are you in love with some girl?' 'Quién sabe!' I answered, laughing, and went off leaving her somewhat perturbed. It does no harm to keep one's wife a bit jealous.

One afternoon, one beautiful winter afternoon such as is known only to Madrid, I went out after lunch with the intention of making some calls

and also to stroll about the streets. I was walking slowly down the Calle de las Infantas, considering how I could spend the evening most agreeably, and enjoying a good Havana, when suddenly, bang, I felt a blow on the head which staggered me; my new silk hat flew in one direction and my cigar in another. When I recovered from the shock, the first thing I saw at my feet was an enormous doll, fresh, rosy, and in undress attire.

'This is the wretch that wrought such havoc,' said I to myself, casting at the doll an angry look which it did not seem to understand. But as I could hardly suppose that it had tumbled upon me of its own volition in that abrupt and uncomfortable fashion, since I had never done a doll any injury, I thought it more likely that it had been thrown at me from some house. I looked up quickly.

I was right. The guilty person was standing on a second story balcony, motionless, astonished, frightened. She was a girl thirteen or fourteen years old. When I saw the look of terror and dismay with which she regarded me, my rage diminished, and instead of breaking forth into violent reproof, as I had intended, I gave her my most gallant smile. Perhaps the unusual beauty of the criminal had more or less to do with the cordiality of the smile.

I picked up my hat, put it on my head, looked up again, and despatched another smile, accompanied this time by a slight bow. But my aggressor remained immovable and terrified without noticing or being able to explain the friendly disposition of her victim. During all this the doll remained on the ground, motionless also, but without showing surprise, sorrow, fear, or even shame at its indecorous situation. I hastened to pick it up, catching it by one leg, if I remember rightly, and examined it carefully to see if it had sustained a fracture or other serious injury. It had suffered only minor bruises. I raised it aloft and showed it to its owner, making signs that I would come up and give it to her. And without further delay I entered the house, ascended the stairs, and pulled the bell. The door opened. The pretty culprit displayed her charming brown face, very fresh and full of life, and extended her diminutive hands, in which I respectfully placed the fainting doll. I wished to speak, and assure her that the accident was nothing, that the doll was whole, and myself also, that I was glad of the opportunity to meet so beautiful and agreeable a young lady, etc., etc. It was all impossible. The girl murmured timidly, 'Thank you very much,' and made haste to shut the door, leaving me with my speech *in pectore*.

I came out on the street somewhat disgusted, as any orator would be in like circumstances, and went on my way, not without looking back frequently toward the balcony. I had gone thirty or forty yards when I saw that the girl had reappeared, so I stopped and sent her a smile and a ceremonious bow. This time she responded, very slightly, but she hastened to withdraw. How pretty the girl was! At the end of the street I felt an overpowering

desire to see her again; and walked back, though feeling somewhat ashamed at bottom, since neither my age nor my married state permitted of such frivolity, especially when the girl was so young. She was no longer on the balcony.

'I won't go without seeing her,' said I, and I began to walk very slowly up and down the street, never losing sight of the house, as brazenly as any cadet of the guards. 'After all, nobody knows me here,' I said to myself repeatedly, in order to gain courage to continue my promenade. 'Besides, I've nothing to do now; and I might as well walk here as elsewhere.'

In fact, as I passed for the third or fourth time in front of the balcony my little charmer appeared upon it. At seeing me she gave a start of surprise, made up a bewitching face, began to laugh, and disappeared once more.

How stupid and innocent we men are in such matters! Will you believe it, I didn't even suspect then that the girl had been watching every one of my movements.

Having satisfied my whim, I left the Calle de las Infantas and went to call on a friend. But the next day, either by chance or premeditation, probably the latter, I happened to pass through the same street at the same hour. My attractive assailant, who was leaning on the balcony-rail, blushed deeply as soon as she recognized me, and retired before I reached the house. As you may imagine, this, far from discouraging me, induced me to stand like a statue at the corner of the nearest street, rapt in contemplation. Within five minutes there appeared the tip of a pearly nose, which vanished immediately, appeared again two minutes later, and again vanished, then once more appeared and once more vanished. When she tired of these maneuvers, she stepped out and gazed at me steadily for some time, as if she were anxious to show that she was not afraid of me. There followed on both sides a running fire of glances, accompanied on my part by a multitude of smiles, bows, and other death-dealing projectiles, which must have caused notable havoc in the ranks of the enemy. The latter, after an hour, heard no doubt the command 'cease firing' from within, for she retired, shutting the door to the balcony.

I don't need to tell you that, although I felt ashamed of myself, I returned to the street every day at the same time, and that the cross-fire became more and more lively. After several days I made bold to tear a leaf from my note-book and write these words: *I like you very much*. I wrapped the sheet around two coppers and after signaling to her to go inside, I threw it into the balcony, at a moment when nobody was in the street. The next day, when I went by, I saw a wad of paper fall, which I made haste to pick up and unfold. The words, written in a bold English hand, and traced very carefully on paper ruled to prevent crooks, were the following: *I like you too dont think I play with dolls it was my little sisters*.

Although I smiled as I read this love-letter, it kindled in me a warm

sensation of pleasure, which soon gave way to one of melancholy, when I remembered that such escapades were forever forbidden me. That day the girl did not come to the balcony, no doubt ashamed of her favor; but on the morrow I found her prompt and ready for the warfare of glances, signs, and smiles, which were now uninterrupted on both sides. This pastime lasted an hour or more every afternoon, until she heard herself called and entered hastily. I asked her by signs if she ever went out to walk, and she replied in the affirmative. In fact, I waited one day till four o'clock and saw her come out accompanied by a lady whom I supposed to be her mother, and by two small brothers. I followed them to the Retiro, though at a respectable distance, for I should have been very much ashamed to have her mother discover my presence; the girl, less prudent, turned her head repeatedly to smile at me, which kept me on thorns. We reached home safely at last.

With all this, I didn't yet know her name, and to find out I wrote on another page of my note-book the question: *What is your name?* She answered in the same bold English hand, on the ruled paper: *My name is Teresa please dont think I play with dolls.*

Ten or twelve days passed in this fashion. Teresa seemed to me prettier every day, and she really was, because, as I have observed in the course of my life, no rouge nor silks nor satins can beautify a woman as can love. I asked her repeatedly if I might speak to her, and she always replied that it was out of the question: if her mother should find out what was going on, good-bye to the balcony! I began to suspect that I was falling in love, and that made me uneasy. I could not think of the girl without a feeling of deep melancholy, as if she personified my youth, my golden dreams, all the illusions which were forever closed to me by an impassable barrier. At the same time remorse seized me. Imagine the grief of my poor wife if she should learn that her husband was going about the capital making love to maidens! One day I received a letter from her informing me that my youngest son was unwell, and begging me to settle my business and come home soon. The news was very disagreeable to me, for I have always been very fond of my children; and as if it were a punishment sent by Providence, or at least a salutary warning, after long and serious consideration, during which I reproached myself mercilessly for my despicable and ridiculous behavior, I frankly sang *peccavi* and determined to comply at once with my wife's wishes. To carry this into effect, the first thing I found necessary was to think no more of Teresa, and not even to pass through her street, although it lay in my regular route; and secondly, to despatch my business as soon as possible. I calculated that I could be free in five or six days.

So I no longer walked up the Calle de las Infantas after lunch, as I was wont, not even to go to the Calle de Valverde, where I had friends. At night, after dinner, as there was no danger of seeing Teresa, I shot swiftly

by without looking at the house.

Four days passed; I had forgotten the girl, or if I remembered her it was in a vague way, as one remembers the happy days of youth. I had almost finished my business, and was considering what day I should leave. 'Friday or Saturday at the latest,' said I to myself after dinner, as I left the house, lighting a cigar. The minister had refused to reduce Valencia's taxes, which put me in an ill humor. As I thought over what I should tell my colleagues when I saw them, and how I could best explain the cause of my failure, I crossed the Plaza del Rey and entered the Calle de las Infantas. The night was clear and rather warm; I left my coat unbuttoned and strolled leisurely along, enjoying the fine air, my cigar, and the prospect of being soon with my family. As I passed before Teresa's house I stopped and looked at it a moment almost indifferently. Then I walked on, murmuring, 'What a fascinating girl! It would be a pity for some scamp to get her!' Then I began to reflect how easy it would have been for me to do the mayor a bad turn, and get his position myself; but no, that would have been disloyal. Although he was somewhat headstrong and arrogant, after all he was my friend; there was time enough later for me to be mayor. But when I was most absorbed in my political schemes, and when I was just about to turn the corner of the street, I felt an arm rest on mine, and heard a voice say to me,

'Are you going far?'

'Teresa!'

We both remained silent for some moments; I gazing at her in astonishment, she with eyes bent on the ground, and still clinging to my arm.

'But where are you going at this time of night?'

'I am going with you,' she replied, raising her eyes and smiling as if she had said the most natural thing in the world.

'Where?'

'How do I know? Wherever you please.'

Shivers of mingled pleasure and apprehension ran over me.

'Have you run away from home?'

'Run away! I only played a trick on Manuel, in the funniest way! You'll laugh when I tell you. I made them let me go today to a party that my cousins who live in the Calle de Fuencarral are giving, and papa sent Manuel to go with me. When we got to the door I said to him "Go back, I don't need you now," and I started to go up the stairs, but then I turned round without ringing and came back home behind him. When I saw him go in I laughed so hard I thought he would hear me!'

She laughed again, so heartily and so frankly that I joined her.

'And what did you do that for?' asked I, with the lack of delicacy, or rather with the brutality, of which we men carry such a goodly supply.

'For nothing,' answered she, suddenly letting go of my arm and start-

ing to run.

I pursued and overtook her at once.

'How fiery you are!' said I, passing it off as a joke. 'Is that the way you say good-bye? I beg your pardon if I hurt your feelings.'

The girl took my arm again, without saying a word, and we walked for some time in silence. I was considering anxiously what I should say and what I should do, especially what I should do. At last Teresa broke the ice by asking me resolutely,

'Didn't you write me that you loved me?'

'Of course I love you!'

'Then why did you stop coming to see me and going through the street in the daytime?'

'Because I was afraid your mother —'

'Yes, yes, because men are all ungrateful, and the more one likes them the worse they are. Do you think I don't know it? You have kept me waiting for you at the balcony all these afternoons, and you haven't been near me!'

At night I watched from the window and saw you go by, very, very serious, without even looking toward the house. I thought, "Is he angry with me? Why should he be angry? Can it be because I shut the balcony at quarter of three?" I thought it over and over, but I couldn't guess. Then I said, tonight I'll surprise him.'

'It was a very pleasant surprise.'

'If you hadn't stopped before the house and looked up at the balcony, I shouldn't have left the porch, . . . but that settled it.'

A momentary pause, during which a flood of thoughts rushed through my mind, which make me blush even today. Teresa looked at me steadily again.

'Are you glad of it?'

'Of course!'

'Do you like to walk with me?'

'Better than with anyone else in the world.'

'Don't I bother you?'

'On the contrary, I am more pleased than you can imagine.'

'Haven't you anything to do now?'

'Not a thing.'

'Then let's take a walk; when it comes time, you will take me home and mamma will think my cousins' servant brought me. But if I bother you, or you don't like to walk with me, tell me so, and I will go at once.'

I replied by pressing her arm and drawing it gently through mine. Teresa continued her sprightly chatter.

'It's strange we should be such good friends, isn't it? I thought when I let the doll fall on you that I had killed you. How scared I was! If you had seen me! Tell me, why did you smile at me instead of being cross?'

'Why, because I liked you so much.'

'I thought so; I must have pleased you, for the truth is you had a right to be very angry. I was still frightened when you brought the doll up to me, that's why I shut the door so quick. Horrid doll! I was so mad at her that I threw her on the floor and broke one of her arms.'

'You ought not to maltreat her; you ought to save her to remind you of me.'

'Do you know, I believe you are right. If it hadn't been for the doll we shouldn't have become acquainted,—and you wouldn't be my *novio*; because I have another—'

'What, another?'

'I mean, I haven't now, I did have. He was a cousin of mine who persisted in trying to make me love him. Don't think he is bad-looking; on the contrary, he is handsome; but I can't help it, I don't like him. I told him yes, because I felt sorry for him one day when he began to cry.'

During this conversation we were walking quietly through the street. I avoided the frequented ways in order not to meet any of the girl's relatives or acquaintances. Teresa clung to my arm as if she had known me for years, talking continually, laughing, sometimes giving me a shake and stopping me before a shop-window to point at some trinket. Her words were a sweet, fascinating prattle, which stirred and refreshed my heart; before it the insidious thoughts which had come upon me were gradually scattered. My fears, too, disappeared, I don't know how; I almost thought my companion was related to me, and I did not think our situation so unusual and dangerous as at first. Her innocence was like a thick veil, which prevented us from seeing the risk we ran.

She told me an infinite number of things in a very short time. She came from Jerez; her family had been in Madrid only a year; her father was a high official; she had two younger brothers and one sister. She dwelt at length upon the character and habits of each of them; the little sister was a very good child, lovable and obedient; but the boys were unendurable; all day long yelling, littering the house, and fighting. Her mother had granted her jurisdiction over them even to the power of punishment, but she did not like to use it for fear of losing their affection; her mother might manage them by herself. Then she spoke of her father, who was very serious, but very kind; only she was grieved because he seemed to like the boys better than his daughters. Her mother, on the other hand, preferred the girls. Next she described the cousins of the Calle de Fuencarral; one was very pretty, the other merely entertaining; both had *novios*, but they didn't count, they were only boys still in the high school. Their brother was the cousin who had been her *novio*; he had finished at the high school and was preparing to enter the Artillery College. Now and then she looked up with charming grace, and asked me,

'Do you like to walk with me? Do I bother you?'

And when I protested vigorously against the idea, her expressive face lit up with pleasure and she resumed her chatter. As you may imagine, I was in a state of heavenly bliss, hanging upon her words; and as she related to me all the trifling events of her child-life, she seemed to infuse into my enchanted soul the knowledge of happiness. Yet I could not rid myself of a certain vague uneasiness which tainted my pleasure. As I was considering how we might spend our evening more profitably than in wandering about the streets, we emerged from the Cuesta de Santo Domingo and came upon the Teatro Real. I suggested entering; Teresa accepted at once, and in order to avoid notice we bought admission tickets to the second balcony. *I Puritani* was the opera, and the gallery was packed, so that it was only after much labor that we succeeded in making our way in and gaining a corner. Teresa was well satisfied, and repaid me for my efforts with many smiles and gracious words. Before the curtain rose we continued our conversation, but very low; we began to feel very well acquainted and she allowed me to take one of her hands, which I caressed with rapture. When the opera began she ceased talking and became so absorbed that I smiled to watch her, with her dainty head resting against the wall and her wide-open eyes. She had studied music, but had seldom been to the theatre, so that the inspired melodies of Bellini's opera made a deep impression upon her, which was apparent in a slight tremor of her lips and pupils. When we came to the sublime tenor aria which begins *A te, O cara*, she pressed my hand hard, exclaiming in a whisper,

'Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!'

Then she made me explain to her what was taking place on the stage; she considered the marriage of the tenor and soprano very fitting, but she felt really sorry for the baritone, who was deprived of his betrothed; she was utterly disgusted when at the end of the act the tenor finds it necessary to accompany the queen and to abandon his bride, and she stoutly declared that his conduct was shameful.

'But you see he had to do it because it was his queen who asked him to.'

'I don't care, I don't care; if he really loved her the queen would make no difference. The girl he loves is always first.'

I was unable to drive this strange theory out of her head. After the curtain fell we remained in our seats and she made me relate to her all the events of my life, how many girls I had loved, which one I had liked best, etc., etc. Of course I had to make up a long string of yarns. Then, without any sufficient reason, she asserted roundly that all men were ingrates. I ventured to suggest that there were exceptions, but she refused to admit it.

'You will be like all the rest,' she announced in prophetic tones, looking off into space; 'you will love me a little while, and then forget me completely.'

What mingled delight and torment the girl was causing me to feel! To change the topic of conversation, I asked her,

‘How old are you? You haven’t told me yet.’

‘I am, . . . I am, . . . you see, I always say I am fourteen, but the truth is I am only thirteen and two months. And how old are you?’

‘Something terrible! Don’t ask me, I am ashamed to tell you.’

‘How conceited! I shall like you just as much whether you are old or young!’

Then she proposed that we should address each other with *tu*, but after I had agreed she repented and said I might use *tu* to her, but she would continue with *usted*. I objected.

‘But, you see, I can’t call you *tu*, I don’t dare to. But, anyhow, we will try it.’

The result of our trial was that the poor girl made long detours to avoid the pronoun, and became involved in an endless series of circumlocutions; when she did venture to address me with a *tu*, she almost whispered it and hurried over it as if it burned her tongue.

When the second act began, she listened attentively again. My eyes hardly ever left her face; she looked at me frequently and smiled, pressing my hand. I noticed, however, that her countenance was less animated and that she was losing her former gracious volubility. Her smiling lips acquired a melancholy droop, and over her innocent brow there passed a cloud of anxiety which gave her fair child-face a serious expression it had not had before. It seemed as if, by a mysterious impulse of her soul, the girl was being transformed into a woman before my eyes. She no longer pressed my hand and even withdrew hers; I gently recovered it, but before long she disengaged it again.

The second act was ended. As the curtain went down she asked me to look at my watch, and seeing that it was eleven o’clock, she said that we must go at once, because the servant would call for her at half-past eleven at the latest.

We left the theatre. The night was still warm and starry; at the door there was a long line of waiting carriages, which we had to avoid. There were not now so many people abroad, but nevertheless we chose the most deserted streets. Teresa would not take my arm as before. Then it became my turn to bear the burden of conversation, and I whispered in her ear a thousand compliments and tender words, explaining in detail the love she had inspired in me, and the agonies I had suffered the days I did not pass her house; I recalled to her all the incidents, even the most insignificant, of our visual and epistolary acquaintance, and I described the dresses and ornaments she had worn, in order that she might realize how deeply my heart was affected. She answered not a word to my speeches; she walked distractedly with downcast eyes, seeming a different person from the one who

had traversed the same ground three hours before. When I was silent for a moment to draw breath, she exclaimed without looking at me,

'I did a bad, bad thing! Suppose papa should find it out!'

I tried to prove that her father could not possibly suspect anything, because we should arrive too early.

'But even if papa doesn't learn about it, I did a very bad thing. You know it, but you won't say so. Would any respectable girl do what I have done tonight? Suppose my cousins should know it, who are always eager to catch me doing wrong! But don't think, please don't think I meant anything wrong! I am very thoughtless, everybody says so; but they say I mean well, too.'

At these words her voice broke and she began to cry bitterly. I had hard work to quiet her, but I succeeded finally by praising her simple, sincere nature and her good heart, and by promising always to love and respect her. She made me swear a dozen times that I did not think the worse of her. After drying her tears she recovered her merry spirits and began a ceaseless flow of chatter. In a few moments she broached all sorts of different schemes, each one more absurd than the one before; I was to present myself next day at the house, and ask her father for her hand; her father would say she was too young, but I was to reply at once that that made no difference; he would insist that it was too early for his daughter to think of marriage, but I would cite the example of an aunt, her mother's sister, who was playing with dolls when she was told to dress for her wedding. What answer could he oppose to that powerful argument? None, certainly. We would be married, and would go immediately to Jerez, so that I might meet her friends and relatives. How surprised they would all be when they saw her with a gentleman, and how much more when they learned that this gentleman was her husband!

She was so pretty, so charming, that I could not help begging her to let me kiss her. She would not consent. No man had ever kissed her; only her cousin had once stolen a kiss, but it cost him dear, because she let two glasses of lemonade fall on his head; even in playing forfeits she made them put their hands in front, so that they should not touch her face with their lips. But after we were married, it would be different; then I could have all the kisses I wished, although she suspected I should not be so eager for them then.

We were now near her house. The carriages of folk returning from the ball drowned Teresa's voice as they passed by us, and compelled her to speak louder. The stars winked down at us from the sky, as if they urged us not to lose those happy moments, which would never return. In the distance glimmered like will-o'-the-wisps the lanterns of the night-watch.

At last we reached the house. Before the door, Teresa made me swear again that I thought no evil of her, and that the next day at exactly

two in the afternoon I would appear beneath her balcony.

'Will you be sure to be here?'

'I will be here, darling.'

'At exactly two?'

'At exactly two.'

'Now knock at the door.'

I seized the knocker and gave a loud blow. In a moment the steps of the porter were heard.

'Now,' she said in a tremulous whisper, 'give me a kiss and then run.'

At the same time she offered me her innocent rosy cheek. I took her face in my hands and impressed upon it a kiss, — two, — three, — four, — as many as I could until I heard the key turn. Then I hastened away.

Don Ramón ceased speaking.

'And afterwards, what happened?' asked I, with great interest.

'Nothing; that night I couldn't sleep for remorse, and the next day I took the train for home.'

'Without seeing Teresa?'

'Without seeing Teresa.'

SWINBURNE

BY IRENE MOORE

'I that have love and no more
Give you but love of you.'

YOU, journalists and reviewers and critics and all literary potentates, you don't carol Swinburne, and expound Swinburne, and quote Swinburne to us of the underworld one ninety-ninth part as much as would be virtuous of you and pleasurable to us.

Quite by a sweet chance, in my pinafore days I had to memorize 'A Forsaken Garden.' Years afterward like long-forgotten odors there recurred to me haunting, troublesome, persistent phrases from the poem: 'The low last edge of the long, lone land,' 'The air now soft with a summer to be,' and 'The rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.' It was like nothing else than receiving a few dried and pressed prairie flowers, making one want to be present at the whole long riotous orgy they hold in June along the mighty Saskatchewan. Down came the dog-eared reader, and after re-setting the gems it flashed upon me that when an artist could paint so exquisite a picture from the barrenest landscape, surely his brush could create imperishable beauty working upon a subject rich in at-

tractiveness. And after revelling among Swinburne's poems, the impression is strong that every day of his authorship was passed within that 'resonant radiance where depth is one with height, light heard as music, music seen as light.'

Whether he writes of life or love, poets or children, sun-bows or lily-blooms, *Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs* or *Mater Triumphalis*, he weaves a fabric of ineffable beauty and strength. Through each poem shimmers a miracle of iridescent coloring as changeable as the opaline lights on doves' necks, or the fluctuating shades over a grain field. Now it is a daring thought, now a musical line, again a sensuous, deep-sea pulsation, next a newly-minted compound, then a metaphor which seems so inevitable that you wonder why you never formed it yourself; and all the time there exists the consciousness that Swinburne must have been intoxicated with whatever wine flows through the veins of Nature.

Until reading his own 'Herse,' one might wonder to what to liken his perfect measures. Afterwards they can be nothing but *dew-drops*, 'whose colors are more bright than sun or star,' — magical offspring of fancy, conceived of air, not earth — crystal-clear, dawn-fresh miniatures of life itself. Within whatever minds they nestle, they inspire a fresher vitality, a sweeter healthfulness, and a broader sympathy with love and grief and silent endurance. They are the emanations from a mind which dares think:

'For we that sing and you that love
Know that which man may, only we;
The rest live under us; above
Live the great gods in heaven, and see
What thing shall be.'

In full measure, Swinburne has the poet's power of seeing and interpreting, and creating; and to himself was whispered by the enamoured Spirit of Poesy:

'Because thou hast set thine heart to sing, and sold
Life and life's love for song, God's living gold;
Because thou hast given thy flower and fire of youth
To feed men's hearts with visions truer than truth;
Because thou has kept in those world-wandering eyes
The light that makes me music of the skies;
Because thou hast heard with world-unwearied ears,
The music that puts light into the spheres, —
Have therefore in thine heart and in thy mouth
The sound of song that mingles north and south,
The song of all the winds that sing of me,
And in thy soul the sense of all the sea.'

THE REAL HAMLET AND THE HAMLET OLDEST OF ALL

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON

THE opening of a new century is a fitting time in which to take account of intellectual stock and call for revisions of opinion or a reversal of judgment, above all, to emphasize the rounding off of one phase of criticism and the beginning of another. The Hamlet-Literature is the accretion of commentary during three centuries in three or more languages around that masterpiece of Shakespeare which is grounded upon the greatest and most distinctly original situation in all drama.

This literature it has been the privilege of Shakespeare scholars of the last quarter of a century to reduce to proportions with which an undergraduate may cope without brain-fever. The work has been so well done that we have probably come to the end of raw rhapsody and unrestrained speculation, and are settling down to an era of calm scholarly investigation, of close scrutiny of the original text supplemented by intelligent use of commentary.

Of nine-tenths of the work of commentators on 'Hamlet' it might be said, as of the transcendental L. L.'c at the Pogram 'levee,'—'They got beyond their depth and continued to splash up beautiful words.' The other tenth, however, is so exquisite in quality, so clear in perception, so fruitful in suggestion, that the student-diver emerging from the flood of 'wild and whirling words' with his handful of pearls counts the pains well spent that have secured an inestimable treasure.

The defective state of Hamlet criticism is largely due to a dread of initiative on the part of scholars. It is not enough to know all that has been said about the play, Shakespeare's scholars must further possess the power to sift and to weigh evidence. Too constant leaning on authorities, while it insures safe progress for the student up to a certain point, usually ends by weakening the power of direct perception which is the absolute essential of all sound advance.

The habitual misinterpretation and depreciation of most eighteenth century critics, the sneers of Voltaire, the dogmatizing of actors of the old school, the wholesale cutting and recasting by managers of this play from which hardly a line can be dropped without loss, the vague theoretics of untrained minds;—have interfered with a just conception not alone of the character of Hamlet, but of the unity and dramatic force of the play as a whole.

But, above all, the arbitrary speculations of Goethe and Coleridge—

giants both and mighty names to conjure with, — have operated to arrest for the best part of a century honest individual study at first hand of the text, and to foist upon the world a changeling John-a-Dreams in place of the real Hamlet of 'The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.'

So completely has the overweening influence of a few great names dominated us, so generally has the dictum of the Titans been accepted as the last word to be said upon certain matters, that since 1812 the main difficulty in any examination of the play has been to get behind the critics to the text.

The work of the latest group of Shakespeare scholars has been mainly pioneer work in clearing the underbrush and blazing trails which the reader may follow if he will; the men who have carried forward the work of theory grounded upon the text as a whole, may be counted on the fingers of one hand; yet certain definite things have been accomplished which are distinct gains toward a clear understanding of the situation.

The two volumes of Dr. Furness's Variorum Edition of the play place before us a carefully weeded commentary, fairly representative of all views and vagaries of criticism up to 1877, the date of publication. A work for which future generations shall rise up and call him blessed.

But after fortifying himself with this Liebig's Extract of criticism, the Hamlet explorer must possess further a dogged determination to tackle difficulties for himself, a sturdy belief that Shakespeare knew his own trade better than his commentators, and a calm certainty that what was written to be clearly comprehended by an audience of ordinary Londoners is capable of being grasped by any fair intelligence today.

For nearly two centuries after its production the play was understood by English audiences as it was written. Hamlet's madness was the simulated madness of the 'Historia Danica' and of 'The Hystorie of Hamlet.' His 'antic disposition' and 'idle' behavior were accepted as the comedy element in a sombre play lacking other comic relief-action. Doubts of the Ghost's honesty were doubts quite credible to an audience any one of which recognized the 'parlous state' of a man who should blindly swing off solid earth into futurity at a fiend's bidding; the Mouse-Trap play-test was a thrilling climax to that second act so full of 'conjecture, expectation, and surmise.' Hamlet and Shakespeare were credited with meaning exactly what they said — that death to the criminal repenting on his knees, since it left a possibility of pardon, was a death far too good for him, and the only adequate vengeance for his crime was not death only but death *plus* distinct damnation. The Prince was no 'coward,' no 'dull and muddy-mettled rascal'; his upbraidings of self were the natural outcry of a soul held at bay. The Soliloquies were vents for suppressed excitement, there was an absolute necessity for him to 'unpack his heart with words' if he was to continue sane under

'This something settled matter in his heart
Whereon his brains are beating.'

Expression was the only safety-valve for the active soul whose hands were tied by a most complex knot of circumstance. They did not find it strange that the protagonist should leave Denmark in the middle of the play; the sea-voyage was part of the story—they were mainly interested in seeing how the playwright worked it into his scheme.

But, as generations passed, the clues to meanings obvious to Elizabethans were lost when the play came to be represented before audiences unfamiliar with the old Hamlet-story. With the long closing of the theatres came a break in the history of the English stage only bridged by Davenant's imperfect memory of the original stage-business. With the increase of printing and of readers 'Hamlet' became rather a closet-drama than an acting-play; people *saw* the play less and *read* it more. It fell into the hands of the commentator and the critic. Every point began to be debated. And it lends itself beautifully to debate—so much so that more has been written upon 'Hamlet' than on all the rest of Shakespeare's plays put together.

They began to say that Hamlet was *really* mad. They pounced on poor little Ophelia and tore her character to tatters. They said Gertrude, who had already one well-defined sin to account for, had added murder to adultery. They caught at a slip in the text and turned Hamlet from a college-boy under twenty to a mature philosopher of thirty. They showed Shakespeare how he *ought* to have written his play and assured him that he had 'not made the best of his material.' In brief, there is no whim, no variation, no absurdity of which Hamlet-criticism has not been guilty, from that of Zimmern, who calls the plot 'a throw for a throne,' to that of Vining, who gravely argues that Hamlet is a girl brought up as a boy and in love with Horatio.

But perhaps most curious of all is the widely accepted view of the Prince as a man-sworn craven equally unfit to live and afraid to die; a view which the early years of the nineteenth century grafted upon the play. From the appearance of 'Wilhelm Meister' in 1799 up to the present year of grace the *popular* Hamlet has been Goethe's Hamlet—a thing of 'shreds and patches,' built on certain detached lines and episodes, impossible to put in line with Shakespeare's concept: and the majority of critical theories presented, from Hazlitt to Boas, are mere variants of Goethe or of Coleridge.

For fifty years the Hamlet of criticism, unchallenged, quite o'er-crowed the real Hamlet: no effective protest was voiced against this warping of the play from the original meanings. Half a century, historians assert to be the average time in which 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again.'

In 1845, George Fletcher in his study of 'Romeo and Juliet' entered

protest against the prevalent perversion of the character of Hamlet, as follows:

'Against Hamlet the evil practices of Earth, the suggestions of hell, and the enmity of Fortune are literally and truly combined to perplex and to crush him; but the just harmony of his mental constitution

"Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man,"

bears it out against "the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune," — beaten and shattered indeed, and finally broken, but *unswerving* to the last. Yet cannot the critics of this Shakespearian masterpiece — notwithstanding that its hero is "benetted round with villainies," and has a preternatural embarrassment of the most horrible kind superadded — find any adequate source of his calamities but in what they represent as the "morbid" disproportion of his own character — his "excess" of reflection and imagination — his "deficiency" of passion and will. We may ere long find occasion to show that Hamlet's consciousness of "inauspicious stars" so continually recurring throughout the piece, is as well-grounded as that of Romeo himself, and that under *their* influence alone does he sink, — that with sensibility and imagination, — with judgment and reflection, — with passion and will, with sympathy and self-devotion — and with the "hand to dare" no less than the will to do, — Shakespeare has studiously endowed him, — each in an ideally exalted degree, and all harmoniously combined into a character of perfect ideal strength and beauty.'

Had George Fletcher lived to print his purposed study of the play the course of English commentary might have been changed. We should have had, before the turn of the century, a clear presentment of the case of the Hamlet Shakespeare drew *versus* the Frankenstein of Criticism, a paper convincing by its critical acumen and careful research and written in that spirit of academic calm needful to command respect. Brief as it is this note of Fletcher's, unearthed by Professor Corson, contains the whole gist of the argument presented later.

In 1846, Klein of Berlin, weary of the æstheticising of the German champion of the pigeon-livered Hamlet, Dr. Rötcher, in an audacious but witty attack upon the latter propounded as a new theory what is really a reversion to the original meanings of the character.

He said that Hamlet knew what he was about much better than did his critics: 'The tragic action is the hot conflict of the divining mind with an invisible *fact*,' — that the Prince was a man of action whose hands were tied by circumstance: 'The nature of the crime has as it were paralyzed action,' — that, finally, when one got the right point of view there was neither lack of consistency in his actions nor lack of unity in the play: 'The dogma that "Foul deeds will rise — though all the world o'erwhelm them

— to men's eyes!" is here *proved* with fearful import.'

This essay of Herr Klein is one of the richest bits of reading in the whole range of Hamlet literature. But the ridicule is so intensely wicked, the 'roasting' so undignified and virulent, that Doctors of Philosophy, and Professors of English everywhere rallied to the defense of their caste. Among Shakespeare scholars it was regarded as bad form to countenance a theory so rudely thrust forward: and Herr Klein was promptly put down and, as much as possible, ignored.

Nearly thirty years later Dr. Karl Werder (also of Berlin), took up the theory in a different spirit, weighed and sifted it, and set it forth in calm dispassionate language in a masterly essay in 1875. Since then it has gained ground, slowly indeed—because its acceptance would make waste paper of many finely written pages of commentary by eminent dead and living critics; still its advance though gradual has been steady, until, today, some of the best and sanest heads among Shakespeare scholars endorse the theory, and find in it the only solution to the vexing problems of the play.

In his edition of 'Hamlet,' 1885, Mr. George Macdonald presents this view of what (for lack of a better term) we must call the *new* Hamlet, although the oldest of all, in a series of Notes, which have the buoyancy of an original discoverer rather than a follower of Werder. Professor Minto has ably championed the young and forceful Hamlet against the thirty year old victim of neurasthenia. And it is needless to call the attention of American readers to Professor Corson's clear exposition of the objective situation and refutation of 'essential madness'; or to Professor Wendell's development theory of the play which leads up naturally to Mr. John Corbin's fine study of 'The Elizabethan Hamlet,' 1894. Mr. Corbin's thesis, which restores the comic intention of Hamlet's 'antic disposition' by giving us the Elizabethan point of view of the Prince's feigning and Ophelia's raving, is indeed the strongest engine so far turned against the 'diseased will and conscience' theorists, and bids fair to

'delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon.'

The possibility of misconstruction on two points Shakespeare did not dream of, and therefore could not provide against. It simply could not occur to him that Hamlet's pretended madness could ever be regarded as actual insanity; nor that the 'puzzles of the will' which hold him for a time in check could be thought to be inward and temperamental weaknesses, not outward and actual difficulties.

He wrote for people who *knew the story* and appreciated the obstacles in the way of the keeping of the vow of vengeance, who realized that action is the one thing forbidden the Prince by the curious tangle of circumstances until he can make the king's guilt manifest in the sight of 'the yet unknow-

ing world' and, adequately, punish him. Playwright and Elizabethan spectator alike would have regarded with withering scorn the popular Amiel-type of a Hamlet weakly hesitating upon the brink of action, letting life and opportunity drift by him in a maze of thought, dissipating in 'words, words, words' the force that should nerve to deeds.

In accepting the simple explanation of the outward baffling puzzle set for him to solve, as the sole and natural cause for Hamlet's 'delay,' we have no need to strain the text to fit a theory, no need to regard the Prince as either liar, maniac, or coward. On the contrary the character is greatly ennobled in every way, while at the same time, as Professor Corson shows, we need not surrender any of the grace, the charm, the warm humanity of the subjective Hamlet—the 'sweet Prince' of Ophelia's love, the 'noble heart' of Horatio's devotion.

Scrutiny of the play shows us that it divides itself into two distinct halves; the division line falling exactly in the center (Act III; Scene iii).

The tenor of the two divisions is altogether different. In the first half Hamlet waits; in the second half Hamlet acts.

Up to the middle of Act III the play is what Dr. Edward Miles Brown has aptly called 'an example of a retarded action.' Our keenest enjoyment of this miracle of art—the holding of action in abeyance without loss of interest—will come when we place ourselves in the simply receptive attitude of the Globe spectators and, familiar with the then-accepted rude Hamlet story, watch the playwright's handling of his material. A realist of realists in one respect, he never, in the ground-work of his plots, tampers with accepted *facts*. 'Things being so'—he would seem to say—'*Why* are they thus and *not otherwise?*' and broods over the meanings of apparent contradictions till he hits upon the motive back of action, 'fashions from the most secret depths of human nature a will and a deed.'

In this first half he is shaping given material to his use; in the second half he builds on it his own conclusion.

He takes as the dramatic knot of the action that absolutely 'occulted guilt' of murder unwitnessed by human eyes, which Dr. Moritz Rapp (1846) has called 'the first act to an impossible drama.' Then he proceeds to make that drama possible.

He throws out nothing of the original design of the folk-tale, the 'Hystorie,' or lost play. He leaves the gaping groundling his Ghost, his Prince playing madman, the 'woman planted on the hero to beguile him of his secret,' the scolding mother, the spying courtier,—the whole round in short of time-hallowed characters and incidents.

What does he put in? The soliloquies—possibly, The 'Mouse-Trap' in which he 'catches the conscience of the King'?—even *that* may have been in the plot of an earlier play. The family of Polonius, the fencing bout, the school-fellows, the players, Fortinbras, the pirates?—

Just how much or how little of these might exist in a pre-Shakespearian form we shall never know; nor does it much signify. It is safe to say that not the characters, but the artistic shaping of them was his chief care. Any stick serves the sculptor to hold up the clay he will fashion into a statue.

This shaping, as always in his case, means transformation. He refines buffoonery into comedy, coarseness into the fierce blunt truth of passion, the incongruous into the homogeneous. He builds still upon the old stock lines of a Revenge-play; the Oath of Vengeance executed in the very teeth of Fate is the underlying backbone of the plot. None of the familiar material is taken away; but much is slowly transmuted by the hand of genius 'Into something rich and strange' as is his use.

He elevates the Ghost from the oyster-wife bellow of 'Hamlet, r-r-revenge!' into the most majestic awe-inspiring spectre in literature, and puts in his mouth the revelation of a double crime—of murder and adultery so interlinked that to unmask the murderer is to unmask a mother's shame.

He accepts the incongruous comic side of the hero and works it into his plan. He softens the buffoonery and horseplay of Amlethus and Hamlet into quick flashes of satire, blunt unconventionality, foolish inconsequence—that show of foolishness 'with which David baffled suspicion at the Court of the Philistines,' with which Brutus hid his designs from Tarquin, with which Hamlet disguises from prying eyes his knowledge of the King's secret. It is the one possible device by which he can remain upon the spot a free agent, and gain time to hit upon some plan to test the honesty of the Ghost and unkennel Claudius' guilt.

Polonius is, still, the court-spy—but how much more! He turns him into a neat caricature of some prosing court-official, gives him Euphuus for a text-book of wit, and makes him the prince of proverbial philosophers. Horatio, from the stock stage-confidant, becomes the ideal friend, Osric, like a fly in amber, remains for all the world to marvel that aught so slight should be so lasting.

He changes the temptress Court Lady into the refined and pure Ophelia—trusting and tender, but weak enough to be used as a tool by the 'lawful espials,' too innocent or too pitiful for Hamlet's apparent madness to comprehend or resent the insulting language he hurls at her in the wild hope that by such resentment she may cancel his doubts of woman's chastity. Hamlet's coarse reproaches in the 'espial-scene' and ribald conversation during the enactment of the test-play have been a stumbling block to reader and theorist alike. They have a purpose, as his coarse brutality toward his mother (in Act III, Scene iv) has also a purpose. A Note of Mr. George Macdonald explains his attitude here. 'Hopeless for his mother he would give his life to know Ophelia was not like her. . . . his horrid insinuations are a hungry challenge to indignant rejection. He would sting Ophelia to defense of herself and her sex. . . . As the

present type to him of womankind he assails her (Act III; Scene i) with such charges of lightness as are commonly brought against women. He does not go farther; she is not his mother, and he hopes she is innocent. But he cannot make her speak. . . . He does not want to take back his gifts, and so sever even that weak bond between them.' Under the fierce excitement of the play-scene he yields to the temptation to go a step farther and descends from general to particular insults, which she bears with under her sad conviction that 'not he but his madness speaks.' He never ceases to love her; but no further time is given either to uproot his love or to resolve his doubts; the outburst of agony over her corpse, natural under the sudden shock and Laertes's mouthing, is surety of the depth and endurance of his love.

In Claudius, again, none of the outlines of the earlier folk-tale character are altered, he is, as always, the stock 'heavy villain' type in whom

'One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targes to put off the shame. (Pericles I: i.)

Having furbished up the old puppets, Shakespeare sets the piece in motion along the old familiar lines of the story. The problem of the play is fairly stated in the Introduction: How is an absolutely occult murder to be brought to open justice?

The whole play hinges upon the necessity that the punishment of the criminal shall be at once open and adequate and the Avenger be recognized as no vulgar assassin, but the executor of divine Justice. It will be the aim of the next decade of criticism to analyze the *action*, not to labyrinthinize the *feelings*, of the hero.

The real problem once grasped restores unity to the play and dignity to the character of the protagonist. Before we get into the right focus the fact that no temperamental deficiency, no 'psychic-physical ban,' no subjective complications but an external, almost insurmountable difficulty holds the Prince for a time at bay, the play seems a medley of conflicting disconnected scenes and the action a jumbled succession of episodes. But this fact once seized, each episode falls into its place and the unity of development is intact, — there is a steady and graduated unfolding of the action. The five parts and three crises demanded by Freytag for a perfect drama are all present; everything moves slowly but steadily forward from the Exciting Incident, the Oath of Vengeance, past the Climax, Refusal to take a *partial* revenge, and the Tragic Incident, Polonius's death-blow, which sets in motion the Falling Action, to the grand consummation-scene in the last Act, where Hamlet 'sweeps to a revenge,' which is a commensurate and artistic Nemesis for the crime.

Rightly viewed, it is the one absolutely new and original dramatic situation since the dawn of the Romantic Drama: A strong soul in the grip of fate, yet stronger than fate, trammled by a Gordian knot of complex Circumstance, which if he does not untangle he certainly successfully cuts.

Death comes to the one Hamlet as a cover for ignominious failure of purpose and courage. Death comes to the other Hamlet as to Lear and Othello, as the only fitting close to the woes of a noble heart. He has achieved his full purpose; that he himself falls is altogether beside the matter, he could not win and live in any case. Shakespeare scouts for his hero the crude close and after-reign of 'Hystorie.' There is an artistic fitness in consigning him to that grave where lie his buried hopes and love, and we recognize in the very instant of his death that he is of those of whom Lowell sings:

'There are who triumph in a losing cause,
Who can put on defeat as 'twere a wreath.'

Too much has been made of Hamlet's delay. Enough time must elapse for the embassy to Norway to go and return, and Voltimand tells us their mission was accomplished with all dispatch. There must be time for Polonius's doors to be shut on the Prince and his letters 'repelled.' Less than a week would suffice for all this. — Not an excessive time to allow Hamlet in which to face the situation and prepare his move.

The battle must of necessity in its first stages be a mental one. 'Hamlet's apparent inaction,' says Klein, 'is a prodigious logic.' His quick brain does not so much run forward to meet the difficulties of the situation as solve them as they arise. His first step, even before his comrades join him after the Ghost's disappearance, is to *know his antagonist*; — That one may smile, and smile — and be a villain. . . . So, uncle, there you are.' He who had known villainy only from books must now study it at first hand.

Catching at the idea of whimsical behavior to hide from his friends what he had been going to tell them until, midway in the sentence, the thought flashes on him that his uncle's villainy includes his mother's shame, — he sees, in another flash, the value of this 'antic' disguise under which 'not himself, only his secret, is hidden.'

It leaves his hands free and gains him time to watch the King and devise a trap for him; to sound Ophelia, to test his school-fellows, to warn and rouse his mother. Time he must have, and he gains it; certainty he must have, and this, too, he gets; and both of these through that lucky thought of wandering wits.

He does not reel off, at once, a perfect plan of action. We are nowhere asked to believe such an absurdity, but we are allowed to watch the very processes of his mind. He advances step by step, using each oppor-

tunity as it arises, shaping his plan out of what chance, or Providence, sends to him. He steadily links intuition to suspicion, suspicion to certainty, *moral* certainty to *relative* proof, and that, in turn, to evidence producible in any court of law.

In the first soliloquy we watch his floating suspicions of Gertrude's sinful nature crystallize into sick certainty and poison his soul with doubts of the chastity of all women. We have here a very young man's tone of thought, not alone in the intensity of its horror, but in its disgust with life and its surroundings and in its sweeping generalizations, and its last lines:

'It is not, nor it can not, come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue,'

sum up his intuition of coming evil and the strong resolve which he does not break even under the excitement consequent upon the Ghost's revelation.

The double-horror of that revelation falls on a mind prepared, and the confirmation of the taint in his mother's nature is not less horrible than that of his uncle's awful guilt. This double-thread of thought is never henceforth absent from his consciousness. Yet almost at the instant of his vow he perceives in the path of its fulfilment the difficulties we slowly arrive at in an analysis of the play.

'The horror of this crime,' says Klein, 'is its security; the horror of this murder is that it murders discovery;' and Hamlet realizes (if his critics do not), that 'Vengeance lacks the sure basis, the tangible hilt, it lacks what alone can justify it before God and the world, material proof.' That material proof he must, and will, have: but it is not to be got in a day.

But he advances steadily from comprehension of the true character of his antagonist, to the need for absolute silence and for matching craft against craft. He seizes upon the one disguise which ensures time and freedom of action and under this stalks his game; under its shelter, too, he can force his way to Ophelia and probe her soul with that dumb gaze and despairing gesture which tell us she is no safe confidant for his secret, no helpmate for his soul.

Claudius is confused rather than blinded by this show of madness. But he, too, must be sure before making a move. He sets a trap, and baits it with the Prince's school-fellows; another, and baits it with Ophelia: evading each, Hamlet shows his consciousness of the King's snares and twits him with their failure, in the mocking name he gives the court-play, 'The Mouse-Trap.'

The quick use to which he puts the players whom chance puts in his way marks him as a thoroughly practical man. Shakespeare lets us trace the carrying out of this plan from start to finish. Nothing could be better fitted to Hamlet's purpose; it settles at one stroke the honesty of the Ghost, and the guilt of the blenching King, whose life he has henceforth a moral

right to take.

A moral right, yes.—But, though Horatio and all the court have marked the King's agitation, the blenching is but relative proof, no 'unkenneling,' no confession of crime follows: material proof is more than ever a necessity without which the avenger is not yet free to strike.

He is sorely tempted for an instant to strike blindly, when he finds the King alone upon his knees. Nature would have been too much for him here (as later when he stabs Polonius), but for the fortunate fact that the very attitude of the praying villain suggests a punishment to match the crime, not only a physical but a moral expiation. It is the complete and exquisite vengeance of Browning's 'Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister' which waits for its victim to take him hand and foot in Belial's gripe, to

'—trip him just a-dying. . . .
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to hell.'

This point, in the exact center of the play, is the masterly Climax toward which the crescendo of passion has been steadily rising. Hamlet is never greater than in this supreme instant of self-control when with sword half unsheathed he turns from the kneeling penitent to wait the accepted time which shall deliver him to his hand to be despatched 'even in the blossoms of his sins,—no reckoning made.' Then can he consign his uncle to keener sufferings than those by which his unassailed father expiates *his* sins done in the flesh, hurl him to the lowest circle of that 'prison-house' whose speechless horrors, barely hinted at by the Ghost, are ever present to his mind.—And this he will do with a clear conscience and no twentieth century ethical complications. It is the ideal doom for the preternatural crime. Hamlet's staying-power under temptation is the climax of heroic self-restraint.

It is the determination of critics to blink the fact that the punishment like the offense must be—'O horrible, horrible, most horrible!' that lies at the root of a century's divorce between text and commentary. 'A villainous reason,' 'fiendish sentiments,' 'reasoning which maligns his moral nature,' chorus the critics from Coleridge to Brandes, who unite in seeing in Hamlet's plain statement of fact a mere subterfuge for further delay.

Yet we have no right to ask the Prince to run in advance of his age. He is not of our century, but his own, a semi-pagan age when the duty of revenge for a kinsman's murder was unquestioned and 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth' was unimpeachable Scripture and very good Christian doctrine. It is a Revenge-Play, not a Comedy, which Shakespeare is constructing: the fitting of the vengeance to the crime is the only possible artistic Climax, and without a due sense of its true significance and weight, the unity of the play and the full force of the Catastrophe are lost.

This soliloquy — the final triumph of the 'prodigious logic' of the divining instinct slowly ferreting out the hidden sin and its adequate punishment, is the careful balance-point between the slow Rise and the rapid Fall of the Action. From this point the character of the protagonist rises in dignity and poise. He has at last the true conception of his position; he is no longer the shuttle-cock of Fortune, but the agent of the High Justice of the Eternal Powers, '*Their* scourge and instrument.'

Shakespeare's audience wisely accepted the soliloquy at its face-value, yet thrilled with a delightful consciousness that a nice complication of difficulties would prevent Hamlet's making a *too* speedy end of the King and of the play.

Not only was the Court-play a double-test, but it has double consequences. It has unveiled the King's guilt to Hamlet; it has also unmasked Hamlet to the King. The Prince knows that his *ruse* of madness can no longer serve him — though Claudius must seem to believe in it for his own ends. He knows, too, the King's next move — the English voyage, and is keenly conscious that the dissembled rage of Claudius is none the less deadly because it 'seems not to strike, but smoothe'

'When Signior Sooth doth here proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.' (Pericles I: ii.)

Hamlet, like Pericles, is on his guard; knowing his enemy, he is ready to meet craft with craft. We cannot know whether his plan is the traditional scheme of going to England, beheading his treacherous school-fellows, and securing English aid to wrest from the murderer both life and kingdom; or some coalition with the Norse pirates and Fortinbras, whose troops return so prompt upon the occasion. What we do know is Hamlet's certainty that once the King suspects his knowledge of the secret crime the court is no place for him, and that before leaving he must perform a duty to his living mother, which is no less imperative than that to his dead father.

He passes directly from the praying King to the waiting Queen, — and in another instant the Tragic Incident, the slaying of Polonius, has changed the whole course of events.

Yet, for the moment, the death of the spying courtier is a very secondary matter to the Prince. So strong is his sense of the necessity laid upon him to force Gertrude to repent and be saved from that perdition which awaits her paramour, that he turns from the body, with a brief expression of scornful pity, to the task of waking her conscience.

Every weapon in the armory of eloquence is brought to bear, — cold irony, stinging vituperation, loathsome invective, and withering scorn. He literally 'speaks daggers' until the Queen stunned, convicted, quivering with horror, shrieks

'O speak to me no more!

THE REAL HAMLET

These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

His conduct is brutal, unpardonable, until we realize its meaning from Hamlet's own point of view, — the absolute and instant necessity for forcing her to repent and be saved. Then we see there is no way but this. It is her only chance for salvation. He is battling for the soul of his mother — and wins.

His dread of her complicity in the murder is quieted instantly by the blank amazement of her reply 'As kill a king?' He holds up to her a mirror where she must see the 'black and grained spot' upon her soul which can only be cleansed by 'heart's sorrow and a clear life ensuing.' He had prayed 'Let me be cruel, not unnatural,' and at the point where cruelty is merging into barbarity the Ghost glides upon the scene to shelter her by his presence from the fury of too harsh words and recall Hamlet to a full sense of his main purpose. Note the change of Hamlet's tone from scornful rage to persuasion and solemn adjuration:

'Confess yourself to heaven.
Repent what's past; *avoid* what is to come.' —

He even asks pardon for the rude language of his righteous indignation.

That his efforts have had their intended effect we see in the wretched Queen's rejoinder: 'O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!' and in his reply, John Philip Kemble gave it kneeling:

'O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half!
Good night. . . . Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd (holy),
I'll blessing *beg* of you.'

A new pity for her is apparent after the Ghost's exit, and there is 'reconciliation, hope for pardon, and returning tenderness' in the whole of this speech, of which Dr. Moberley writes: 'Manly compassion of a pure heart to the weak and fallen could not express itself in more happy persuasiveness than in this reply which takes the unhappy Queen's mere wail of sorrow and transmutes it into a soul-strengthening resolve.' Notice that Gertrude faithfully keeps *both* secrets entrusted to her, that of the murder, and that of her son's sham madness.

Only after his appeal to his mother's conscience is ended does Hamlet take in the significance of the slaughter of Polonius. It is not upon his conscience, for, king or courtier, the spy has justly forfeited his life by being secreted in such a place at such a time; but none the less it is a grave error.

Striking in blind fury at the King (as he hoped) behind the arras, he has killed the harmless, 'unseen good old man.' This is the irreparable

blunder in his plans, of which his opponent will be quick to avail himself: this, Hamlet sees the instant he has time to reflect:—

‘This man shall *set me* packing.’

And the abrupt speech beginning:

‘I must to England, you know that,’

unfolds to us his knowledge of the King’s plan, and his perception that he must of necessity fall in with Claudius’s scheme to the extent of setting sail at once. ‘For this same lord,’ he says to Gertrude, ‘I do repent.’ I ‘will answer well the death I gave him.’

But the matter is not so simple. Polonius’s body is henceforth the stumbling block in his path. The counter-play from this point is motivated by Hamlet’s error. The old man’s death is the Tragic Force which sets in motion the Falling Action in one headlong rush to the Catastrophe of which it is the prime cause.

Ophelia’s madness and Laertes’ demand for vengeance on his father’s murderer; the plotting of Hamlet’s own death by Laertes and the King—in which Laertes is the King’s catspaw, without perceiving it till the last moment; the pitiful death of Ophelia with its ‘maimed burial rites’;—these three stages of the Falling Action all spring from the unintentional killing of Polonius.

During all these stages the Counter-Players are thrust so violently upon our notice that it requires an actual effort on our part to remember that Hamlet himself during the interim is no mere lay-figure.

Shakespeare adopts the old device of embarking Hamlet for England. But from this point he cuts loose altogether from the prose ‘Hystorie of Hamlet,’ and probably from the old play.

For the new phase of Action, pure Shakespeare so far as yet known, he prepares us by the last of the soliloquies, that upon the eve of embarkation (IV: iv) in which is shown the spring of all subsequent action. Hamlet is no prisoner, he is being ‘tempted,’ not forced, ‘with speed aboard’; yet he knows he has by his own blunder brought things to such a pass that he must go. He is revolving in his mind the struggle between free-will and fate, not yet perceiving that free-will is destiny. Tired of the fierce strife so long maintained between reason and passion, his wrath boils up at this new check; he tells himself he might have ended Claudius as briefly as he ended Polonius.

The sight of Fortinbras’s forces hurled against Poland for ‘an egg-shell, a straw’—the paltriest of excuses, chafes him to fury that he has (though for the best of reasons) let Claudius get beyond rapier-reach, he exclaims:

‘O, from this time forth

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

No more hunting the trail of policy, no more carefully laid plans; rashly, 'and praised be rashness for it,' snatch the instant's opportunity. The whole monologue connects naturally and logically with his sober statement (V: ii) to Horatio when he reviews the entire situation:—

'Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall.'

Let us see what he does in this second half of the play, which is our only key to the puzzling first half:

1) He kills Polonius. Humanly speaking his first move is in the wrong direction; in reality it leads directly to the accomplishment of his purpose, is 'divinely shaped' to that end which he could not otherwise have reached.

2) He rouses his mother to a conviction of sin, so giving her time for repentance and that prayer in whose efficacy Shakespeare believed, if we may judge from Prospero's words in the epilogue of 'The Tempest':

'And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.'

In other words, he has snatched his mother's soul from perdition: this is the meaning of the frenzied pleading in Act III: Scene iv.

3) His manner toward the King becomes at once aggressive rather than defensive. Simulated madness is no longer a veil for his designs, but a cover for launching shafts of irony at 'your fat king': though it will serve him a little longer with those dullards, his school-fellows.

4) He embarks for England, presumably to carry out the scheme employed in the 'Hystorie.' But 'that capability and godlike reason' does not 'rust in him unused.' He changes the courtier's commission and consigns his guards to his own intended fate.

5) By forging a new commission he retains in his possession the original document, proof positive of perfidy of the King, the needed 'material proof' of the 'royal knavery': and he had to go to sea to get it.

6) The documentary evidence of the King's villainy secured, he need not wait (as in the old story) for allies from England. He boards the pirate vessel in the grapple, seeing and seizing his first opportunity to reach home.

7) By the promise to do them 'a good turn' he induces the pirates to land him in Denmark. He notifies Claudius, and summons Horatio to him: 'I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter'—for the weighty facts

from which they proceed. Hamlet's letter to his friend can only be construed to mean that he has full perception of the fact that heaven has at last delivered his enemy into his hand. His fingers have closed at last upon that 'tangible hilt.' In this commission the wretch has himself 'unkenned' a portion of his 'occulted guilt.'

That the evidence deals with perfidy toward Hamlet's self rather than toward his father is immaterial. He can never unveil that absolutely unwitnessed and most 'occulted' deed, but he can so unveil the character of the double-murderer as to justify his taking-off.

'And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out.'

8) He meets Horatio in the graveyard, the spot most suited to a secret conference, when suddenly it is invaded by the grave-diggers and the funeral-train. The interrupted conversation is continued later in the Castle (V: ii.)

In his outburst at the grave he reveals his love for Ophelia; the sudden shock of the knowledge of her death, together with Laertes's *pose* as chief-mourner, proving too much for self-control. Literally he 'forgot' himself, as he tells Horatio,—quite as he forgot himself, or rather, let himself go, in the rapier-thrust through the arras.

9) He confides (V: ii) the whole story of the King's villainy to Horatio, that he may have a witness in full to his honesty of purpose should he perish. Up to this point he has sacredly kept the secret of his mother's dishonor.

10) He will (and does) kill the King before news can arrive from England.

11) He accepts the challenge to the fencing bout indifferently yet with some forebodings of evil.

12) He wounds Laertes and is himself wounded. The dying confession of Laertes and Gertrude's accusation of poisoning, in the moment of Last Suspense further unmask the villain-King, whereupon instantly

13) Hamlet kills the King in the blackest moment of iniquity, 'not shriving-time allowed,'—keeping his oath to the full.

14) He forgives his murderer, and has a word of pitying farewell for the wretched mother, for whose soul he has obtained the privilege of expiation. We must believe that her doom is but 'for a certain time,' since the Ghost has come—not from 'that bourne from whence *no* traveler returns,' but from the intermediary *remedial* fires of Purgatory.

15) He prevents Horatio from drinking the poison and commands him to live to

'—report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.'

16) He confides the kingdom to the brave and honest Fortinbras, and dies. 'The rest — is silence.'

Here then is action enough, in all conscience, to satisfy those who clamor for 'deeds not words,' and to prove that Hamlet's mood is not, like Timon's (IV: iii):

'A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune,' —

but the enforced pause of a soul at bay, held for a time in the grip of circumstance, and chafing at its bonds. He waits only long enough to get the astounding problem squarely stated before he proceeds to solve it. And the action once under way occupies but a few days.

It has been remarked that there are no soliloquies after IV: iv. The soliloquies have a two-fold purpose, they enable us to study Hamlet's train of thought exactly, and they serve as safety-valve to a mind strained to the highest point of tension in the exercise of that prodigious logic which is grappling with an almost insoluble problem.

When he embarks he has solved all except one, but that one the most important, of those *practical* difficulties of his task:— How is he to obtain the needed tangible proof of the King's villainy?— How? None of his 'rough-hewn' plans promise certainty. He is apparently in worse case than ever. His thrust at old Polonius has exiled him; in any case the *ruse* of madness can no longer be-fool the King and he must get beyond reach of steel and poison till he can return with that material proof which still eludes his grasp. His feet bear him shipward; but his soul rages at quitting the court where (he fancies) lies the clue which might unriddle the mystery.

It is natural that the final soliloquy should be a fierce self-arraignment because he has not thrown caution to the winds and stabbed the traitor on his knees in the oratory, since for the time there seems absolutely no other way of getting at the villain, and an imperfect revenge seems better than none.

In the retarded action of the first half of the play the objective difficulties of the case which have forced his will to hold his heart in leash are (with the exception above noted) one by one removed. This last soliloquy marks the point where for the last time judgment must overrule passion; henceforth reason and natural impulse are at one.

Fortinbras's rash example which presents itself so close upon the settled question of the King's guilt, chimes with the tingling of his blood. He must embark because the scheme for obtaining English aid seems now the only feasible plan: Yet to simply kill Claudius, as Amlethus and Hamlet do, will not furnish actual proof of his blood-guiltiness! No wonder Hamlet tosses 'worse than the mutines in the bilboes' until he evolves the

thought that the *mandate borne by his guards will bear inspection*. From the first glance at that murderous commission he knows he has his enemy upon the hip, the *path* to duty is as clear as that duty has always been. It is no 'airy dagger' like Macbeth's, but a trusty weapon on which his fingers close.

Four days must elapse from Hamlet's embarkation to his landing from the pirate-vessel; within a few hours he has joined Horatio in the graveyard at Elsinore. The Action moves with breathless celerity from the hour of his return. No more soliloquies—their need is past: the tension of retarded action is ended and the workings of Hamlet's mind appear in deeds. Hamlet is now more ready than the King 'to put the matter to the present push.' They cannot, to be sure, close with each other in the church-yard. Ophelia's death for the moment absorbs Hamlet's mind; but his conversation with Horatio immediately thereafter opens to us the situation.

He has come back equipped, and eager, to kill the King on *any* excuse; ready, now,

'—greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake.'

With Claudius once fully awake to his purpose, he must do his work quickly or the King will be beforehand with him. He very nearly is, as it happens.

In this very talk with his bosom-friend he has cleared the decks for action. How? By shifting half his burden on Horatio, that friend as staunch to him as Will Shakespeare's self to Southampton in the Tower. He has entrusted Horatio at last with the whole secret and by so doing has left himself free to strike and, if need be, perish—since that loyal friend and witness to his honesty will survive 'to keep his name ungored.'

He not only confides his Cause to Horatio's keeping, but provides him with tangible proof of the King's villainy in the shape of that Commission for his own death borne by the King's creatures Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Such a document is 'ground more relative' than any Ghost-story, even one shored up by the affidavits of Horatio and Marcellus.

He has gone into details before we hear the close of the interview. His summing up of the facts must be looked upon as his brief to the lawyer who is to conduct his case before the bar of Denmark and posterity. It is tersely drawn up, yet every point in the indictment is exactly stated:

'Does it not, think thee, stand me *now* upon?
He that hath killed my king, and whored my mother,
Popped in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damned

To let this canker of our nature come
 In further evil?'
 He has placed in safe hands the full knowledge
 'Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,'
 committed by Claudius and Gertrude;
 'Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,'
 such as Polonius's death and Ophelia's subsequent madness and death;
 'Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,'
 as were those of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. All these facts are in the
 possession of the just and upright Horatio, who will survive to tell his
 story and testify that the blow is no cowardly stab of treason, but the stroke
 of justice.
 Hamlet has solved his problem; all that remains is a little mechanical
 working out. To have struck before would have been to defeat the ends of
 justice: now—in the first act 'that hath no relish of salvation in it' he can
 kill the King with the ease of 'perfect conscience.' His hands are untied,
 and he is calm with the certainty of resolve; for he is ready, and 'the readi-
 ness is all.' He has proved that

'Our wills and fate do so contrary run
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our *thoughts* are ours, their ends none of our own.'

Plots pall: no waiting now for England's aid or Fortinbras's return. He
 is free to act promptly, or even 'rashly'—which is now the most com-
 mendable plan. The cautious Horatio suggests it will be but a short time
 before the King has news from England, and the Prince replies grimly:

'It *will* be short. The interim is *mine!*'

The interim is all that is needed. Miles says on this point:
 'You never suspect the errand Hamlet is on till you happen to hear
 that little word "the interim is mine." It means more mischief than all the
 monologues! No more threats, no imprecations, no more "damned vil-
 lain," no more self-accusal: but solely and briefly: "It will be short. The
 interim is mine." Then for the first time we recognize the change that has
 been wrought in Hamlet; then for the first time we comprehend his quiet
 jesting with the clown, his tranquil musings with Horatio. The man is
 transformed by a great resolve, his mind is made up. . . . At the
 very moment he encounters the clown in the church-yard he is on his death-
 march to Elsinore.'

His mind was 'made up' long ago, but now it is at rest; his purpose
 has never for a moment been lost sight of, there is no change in the Prince,
 but, at long last, his plan is ripe, the way is open. This makes intelligible,
 too, his patient and amused trifling with Osric, his half-contemptuous ac-

ceptance of the challenge to the fencing bout, and his light waiving aside of the presentiments which beset him. From the first he has set his life upon the cast, but at no time has he held his life 'at a pin's fee'; life is not now so sweet that he should greatly prize it, and the sense of an overruling power by whom the issues of life and death are ordered is strong upon him. The mood of the Prince in the curious speech — which is the supplement to the 'To be or not to be' soliloquy — the reply to Horatio's plea to postpone the contest, beginning 'Not a whit, we defy augury,' is the mood of Egmont:

'No more! The coursers of Time, lashed by invisible spirits, hurry on the light car of our destiny, and all that we can do is in cool self-possession to hold the reins with a firm hand, and to guide the wheels, now to the right, now to the left, avoiding a stone here or a precipice there. Whither it is hurrying, who can tell?'

And like the courtly gentleman he is, Hamlet tenders his earnest apology to Laertes for the wrong unintentionally done him, that accidental murder, casual slaughter of his father. His own wrongs and griefs have deepened his sympathy with others. His generous soul is seen in his acceptance of this 'brother's wager,' in his lack of suspicion as to the rapiers, in his kindly compliment to Laertes's skill to which he is the 'foil,' and his quick repudiation of all mockery.

There is an artistic fitness, too, and a further hint of expiation in making the Queen drink of the poisoned cup. One danger for the Prince is escaped; and only by death is Gertrude's repentance to prove final.

Hamlet wounds Laertes, and is wounded, and *we* know that both wounds are mortal. The plot 'rough-hewn' by the King is so far successful that he has killed the son by as occult a method as he killed the father. It is the Moment of last Suspense.

Is vice to triumph, then? No. Shakespeare holds in reserve the greatest surprise of all. In the moment of last suspense the end is 'shaped' in an undreamed of manner. Laertes, the death-agent of the counter-play, overcome by the Prince's magnanimity, realizing his position of cat's-paw, deserts the King's party and unmasks the whole of this last vile plot. Laertes serves Hamlet's cause as chief-witness and jury.

'Hamlet, thou art slain;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenomed. . . . Thy mother's *poisoned*,

I can no more, the *king*, the *king's* to blame!'

From the instant of the Queen's fall, to the death of Hamlet, the Catastrophe presents a succession of the most tremendous effects to be found in the whole range of the Romantic Drama.

The entire success of the Counter-plot; apparent failure of the Righteous Cause; the instant Change of the whole face of affairs by the desertion

of the agent of the Counter-plots to the side of Righteous Vengeance; the swift and entire *fulfilment* of the Oath of Vengeance, and our sense of the beautiful completeness of the revenge; the *human* touch in the interchange of forgiveness between the dying men, and in Hamlet's pitying adieu to his mother; the pathetic struggle for the poisoned cup between the friends and the full certainty that Horatio, living, will report the Prince and his cause 'aright'; the gleam of noble patriotism which sends a prophetic glance down the future and sees the sceptre in the honest hand of Fortinbras; and that strong yet exquisitely simple close 'The rest—is silence';—these things make a rise, climax, and fall of emotion, whose intensity leaves reader and spectator alike exhausted.

In most stage-presentations the play ends with Hamlet's last words; and indeed most readers have not heart to read farther. More fortunate is the spectator privileged to see Mr. E. H. Sothorn's recent staging of the play, for he has the wisdom to leave Shakespeare's ending unaltered. The Fortinbras scenes are an integral part of Shakespeare's plan; we cannot afford to throw aside any of those touches which he has added to the original story.

When Mr. Forbes Robertson a few years back restored to the stage the funeral march in which the four captains bear off the body of the Prince upon their shields, with loyalty and chivalry, in the persons of Horatio and Fortinbras, as chief mourners, 'this scene,' wrote a *Tribune* correspondent, 'was groaned at by the critics as an anti-climax,—but the great author may have known his business, too, in bringing as a deep contrast to this tragedy of dreams and blighted hopes, a picture of a young and vigorous life upon a corpse-strewn stage, instead of dropping the curtain on a scene from the shambles.'

When shall we learn that nothing Shakespeare does is to be 'groaned at'? The aim of the honest critic is to get Shakespeare's point of view; and that is to be sought always not in the commentary but in the text. The man who was at once the most successful playwright and the greatest dramatic artist of the English language, knew both his business and his art. 'Read him, therefore, and again and again,' as Hemminge and Condell advised, 'and if you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him.'

To omit Fortinbras and his testimony is to maim the play, and to miss, altogether, the heroic note with which it fitly closes

'To the sound of the mourning of a mighty nation.'

For this is no tale of a brainsick craven, but the stern history of a strong soul who conquers fate, to whom is due the laurel and

'The *soldier's* music and the rites of war'

in that last hour

'When his Victor-soul he flingeth
Over Pain to Victory.'

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN

THE VETERAN GERMAN NOVELIST

By A. B. FAUST

‘**W**HOM the Gods love, they take away young,’ is an adage nowhere more applicable than in literary history. The long-lived writer finds in his later days, that the fascination of his art has vanished. His pen may be wielded with the same skill, yet something has gone from it. It has lost the magic power to please. The generation for which the author wrote so successfully has given place to another, of different tastes, interests, perhaps ideals. Such has been the lot of Friedrich Spielhagen. Born in 1829, his first literary triumphs date back in the sixties of the century lately closed. Not satisfied with laurels won, he became the most productive of German novelists. His decline in popularity was not due to a failure of his poetic powers, nor did he lack adaptability, or fail to understand the new-born age. His recent novel, ‘Frei Geboren’ (1901), though not of the most fashionable cut, devoid of naturalistic mannerisms and symbolistic vaguenesses, was nevertheless correct enough in dress to be admitted as a modern novel, and indeed when measured by absolute standards, must be accounted one of the best books of the year.

There were, however, principally two causes that preyed upon the reputation of Friedrich Spielhagen. The first was the literary revolution begun about 1885 by men unknown to fame, who promised to create German literature anew. Their watchword was *Die Moderne*, and they, the young, at once put themselves in opposition to the old guard in letters, whose authority they were determined to undermine. Spielhagen was among those that bore the brunt of the attack of the brothers Hart in their *Critical Campaigns* (Kritische Waffengänge, 1882). The ‘Storm and Stress’ movement succeeded in attracting and holding public attention, many of the privileged class in letters were led to execution, but the promise of constructing a literary edifice commensurate with the magnificence of the Modern German Empire, was left unfulfilled.

A second cause operated against Spielhagen’s receiving his merited share of appreciation in his later days. He was above all a satirist, a critic of the society and conduct of the modern age. While he felt a degree of patriotic pride in the industrial progress of his native land, still he would not shut his eyes against the evil that came with it, the advent of materialism, threatening to obscure the old idealism. The glitter of unprecedented material success could not obscure his vision; he showed, in his later works, as little love for the *noblesse dorée* of the Empire’s capital city, as in years

gone by for the landed aristocracy of Pommerania. In either case they appeared to him a menace to the fatherland. Spielhagen remained true to himself, to his old ideals. For he belonged in early manhood to the revolutionary period of 1848. He was himself an ardent 'Forty-eighter,' and he dreamed the dream of republican freedom for his native land. He was not one of the turbulent spirits, who took their leave of home, or received it gratuitously. He was not 'lost to the fatherland.' No matter whether they staid at home or sought freedom in a foreign land, that generation remained idealists, rarely did they become the hoarders of material wealth, or the captains of industry, but in civil life were more commonly scholars or professional men, — as a class, men of integrity, of principle, lovers of liberty, thinkers upon the deepest problems of human life. It is this type which appears prominently in Spielhagen's works, and which is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. A national liberal, Spielhagen was not pleased with the rising greatness of Bismarck, whom he hated as a representative of the Prussian *Junkertum*, the staunch support of autocracy. Time, however, forced him to realize that the nobility of Prussia were neither a public danger, nor the other alternative, 'dead wood,' for they made good timber in the building of United Germany. Yet the dream of a freer constitutional government had been a sweet one, and the duty remained of emphasizing to a younger generation the dangers of bigness and the absurdities of spread-eagleism.

Maintaining this critical attitude, Spielhagen has incurred the rebuke of being old-fashioned, of viewing the present through the spectacles of the past. An age well satisfied with its own accomplishment, is not willing to be rebuked. A later day, however, will recognize in Spielhagen, — as generously as the hundred eminent admirers who have contributed to the Spielhagen album* at his seventieth birthday, — the author's high aims, his keen insight and extraordinary literary achievement. Extending over a period of more than forty years, and being closely linked with contemporary events, Spielhagen's vast literary product becomes a history of social Germany during the last half of the nineteenth century. Spielhagen unites the characteristics of half-a-dozen German novelists of good standing and for the study of German prose fiction becomes a convenient center of interest, marking the point of completest development in the German contemporary novel as it was written in the nineteenth century. Many of the features of Spielhagen's novels may be named as typical throughout the history of the German novel, whether for better or for worse. Such are: (1) his high-seriousness, (2) his scholarship, (3) his theorized art, (4) the presence of purpose (*Tendenz*) in his novels, (5) his treatment of the 'problematic

* Friedrich Spielhagen. Dem Meister des deutschen Romans. Zu seinem 70. Geburtstage von Freunden und Jüngern gewidmet. Leipzig, 1899.

character.' (6) his criticism of life (*Weltanschauung*).

The quality of high seriousness is apparent in his high conception of his calling. He seeks deliberately to give visible form to the spirit of the times, by means of carefully chosen characters and incidents. He aims to draw the features of the *Zeitgeist*, and from period to period as the decades roll on with new problems to solve, to give to each its epochal individuality. He broke with the traditions of the 'Wilhelm Meister' type of novel, which led its hero through an apprenticeship of association with artists and actors, and like Gustav Freytag he sought the people at their work. Unlike the professional photographer of the naturalistic type, but rather with the free hand of the artist, he sketched the strong individuals prominent in the surging work of the world. The name contemporary social novel, *socialer Zeitroman*, would best describe the most ambitious products of Spielhagen's pen.

The first work of this kind was his *Problematische Naturen* (1861) with its sequel *Durch Nacht zum Licht* (1862), portraying the period before 1848. Problematic characters, reasoning pessimists, elegant misfits were the type so prevalent in the reactionary period, an age surfeited with culture, teeming with ideas, yet incapable of liberating action. The death of the problematic characters, Professor Berger and his favorite pupil, Oswald Stein, on the street barricades of Berlin in the March revolution, is symbolical of the old and the dawn of the new era. Since Goethe's *Sorrows of the Young Werther* no work of fiction had been greeted with such enthusiasm in Germany. As in the age of sentimentalism Goethe had made known the disease from which the age was suffering, so Spielhagen gave voice to the emotions, aspirations, and disappointments of a later period of *Weltschmerz*, that between 1830-48.

The next two novels: *Die von Hohenstein* (1863), and *In Reih und Glied* (1864), pass on to the succeeding parliamentary period, that of conflict between modern *Reichstag* and ancient dynasty, democratic selfishness on the one hand and autocratic paternalism on the other. The schemes of the demagogue and social agitator, the monstrous crimes of degenerate noblemen, cast lurid lights upon the highly-colored picture the author sees fit to put upon his canvas. The first named of the novels was justly charged with sensationalism, while the second appears more genuine, and its striking revolutionary scenes were portrayed by a contemporary whose heart was in the struggle.

In both romances the hero was modeled after the socialist leader Ferdinand Lasalle, in the former he appears as the journalist Münzer, in the latter more true to life as socialist and politician, bearing the name of Leo Gutmann. The meteoric figure of Lasalle interested the author very deeply, as we hear him tell in his autobiography (*Finder und Erfinder*), and as it is seen again in the story *Frei Geboren*, where Lasalle's brilliant con-

versational gifts and fascinating personality make him the irresistible hero of the *salon*. The fortunes of Leo Gutmann resemble somewhat those of Lasalle, his oratorical powers and personal magnetism gain for him a great following among the laboring classes, a humane ruler is won over to his cause of subsidizing industrial enterprises, but the laborers themselves bring ruin upon the enterprise. State-help is doomed to failure and the hero is killed in a duel caused by an accidental entanglement which has nothing to do with the burning social question. We are taught that the individual counts for nothing in his effort to help others. He is but a soldier of the rank and file. A bullet may stretch him low, the column closes over him and marches resistlessly on.

The key-note of the solidarity of all human interests is again sounded in the next novel: *Hammer und Amboss* (1869). We are told by the venerable prison warden, who has taken a fatherly interest in our convict hero: 'Everywhere we observe the struggle whether we are to be the hammer or the anvil, and the only correct solution is that we are to be both, the hammer capable of striking and the anvil willing to be struck.' This novel is probably the most faultless in construction, and yields to none in interest. 'Its horoscope was cast under the sign of transportation,' to borrow a phrase of the author. The period is that of industrial expansion. We see smoking chimneys and blazing furnaces, the din of the boiler-makers deafens our ears. The hero, a youth of good core, who has got into bad ways on his friend's account, the gentleman smuggler's, serves a sentence in the disciplinary workshop, but thereby learns the trade of machinist under excellent guidance. After his dismissal he enters a private shop and works his way up from the lowest rung of the ladder. Energy and ability finally make him manager and owner of a large plant for building locomotives, the proudest industry of the age. He is a humanitarian boss, and institutes the plan of profit-sharing and mutual insurance, which in his factory is easy of accomplishment owing to the faith of the workmen in a master who was once of their own number.

Spielhagen did not depict the war-times of 1870-71. No German novelist ventured upon that high theme. Freytag, who was expected to close his *Ahnen* cycle with a vivid picture of the battle-scenes he had witnessed, declared, when obliged to defend himself, that the great prose epic of that period was the report of the *Generalstab* (by Moltke), which contained the record of the deeds of the war's heroes, whose glory fiction could not enhance.

The epoch of German history which Spielhagen chose for his next work was that following shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, when the pouring in of the French milliards caused too sudden an expansion of industrial enterprises. This period of inflation and overspeculation, known as the *Gründerzeit*, came to an end in the financial crash of 1873. The

scene of the romance was laid partly in the capital city of Berlin, and partly on the shores of the Baltic. The great storm on the Baltic in 1873 gave the author the suggestion for the climax of the story, for his destructive flood, which wrecks the plans of the big Northern land and sea company. The deluge by water and finance carries away in its mighty punitive sweep all the vain hopes and ill-gotten fortunes of a sinful generation. In this work, *Sturmflut*, as frequently in our author's novels, two families are pitted against one another, one aristocratic, and the other *bourgeoise*. The heads of the families are respectively General von Werben, staunch Prussian soldier of the old school, and the elder Schmidt, sturdy manufacturer and respected burger. Both suffer disappointments in regard to their sons. The former has a son, a dashing young lieutenant of the *Garde*, who has acquired the extravagant habits of his set. He plunges into debt and in a moment of despair is prevailed upon to forge the name of his father. The latter, accustomed to the stern habits of the older régime, sees no way of saving his son's and the family honor but by the son's death. The Spartan father sends his degenerate offspring the family pistols with the silent suggestion to commit suicide. However, a more heroic death is invented by fate. The stone-cutter Schmidt has a son whom he has disowned, because of his crooked business methods. This younger Schmidt is one of the leading promoters (*Gründer*) of the capital city, immensely rich, generous to the charitable organizations, a patron of artists, yet his father knew, though he could not prove, that those ever-increasing millions were won at the expense of a gullible public. Gamblers he would not tolerate in his family, and he is satisfied to learn that ruin and suicide ended such a career. The *Garde* lieutenant Von Werben might have been saved by a marriage with Schmidt's daughter, their love was mutual, and the old general, to rescue his son, favored the better of two evils, but strangely enough the democrat Schmidt proved the more bigoted and looked calmly upon the wrecked lives of his children. The surviving fittest are another of the family of Schmidt, the sea-captain *sans peur et sans reproche*, and the daughter of General von Werben, a thoroughbred, who prefers the sturdy middle-class captain to a rival of the noble class by no means his inferior. This union symbolizes the overcoming of class prejudice. The old Capulets and Montagues, or more strictly speaking, the patrician and the plebeian, stretch forth the hand of reconciliation over the dead bodies of beloved children. The *Sturmflut* represents the author at his best, and has frequently been acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating and impressive contemporary novels written anywhere within the last thirty years.

For a decade the author did not again attempt a picture of contemporary life on a large scale. He rested his powers, writing less ambitious works, such as *Platt Land* (1879) a romance of the flat lands of Pomerania, *Angela* (1881), another problematic character, *Uhlenhans*

(1884), a tale of the island of Rügen, notable for its landscape painting.

In 1887 Spielhagen was ready with another *Zeitbild*, entitled *Was will das werden?* The book is more than ever noteworthy for satirical tendencies. The story is told by the hero, and the treatment is very subjective. The varied elements that make up the modern progressive German nation are passed in review. The idealist of 1848, shocked by the preponderance of materialism in private enterprise and public life (epitomized in the word (*Strebertum*)), exclaims 'What will come of this?'

In the earlier days of novel-writing Gutzkow had produced romances nine volumes in length. Auerbach cut them down to three volumes, insisting that *Alle guten Dinge sind drei*. When Spielhagen claimed that the proper length was four volumes, Auerbach called that *unbändig*. Since then the size of Spielhagen's novels has decreased to suit the latter-day taste, and since the two-volume novel *Was will das werden*, his works have no longer been *unbändig*, but *einbändig*.

Among the latter, two are particularly noteworthy, since again they treat of contemporary life, viz.: *Der neue Pharao* (1889), and *Freigeboren* (1901). In the first a German nobleman who had left his native land a refugee in 1848, returns to visit the fatherland. It was at the time of the attempt at assassination of the old emperor William by Hödel and Nobeling in 1878. As a result of that event Bismarck forced through the *Reichstag* the severe 'exceptional laws,' directed against the socialists, which muzzled the press, restricted freedom of speech, and permitted the searching of private houses. Naturally such high-handed ruling could but inflame the spirit of the old liberal. 'A new Pharao has come into the land, who knew not Joseph,' is the motto of the book, a veiled thrust at the man of blood and iron. *Freigeboren* is a charming story told by a woman whose youth and reign in the salons of Berlin occurred just before the period of Germany's greatest material prosperity. Her own children belong to the gilded youth of the metropolitan city, but in spite of their ability and respectability she cannot love them. Their early maturity and practical bent, the absence of every trace of youthful enthusiasm, folly or sentiment utterly repels her. The author we know has the same feeling toward the younger generation.

The seriousness with which Spielhagen views his calling appears also in his autobiographical work *Finder und Erfinder* (1890), which like Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, describes the author's youth and early manhood, i.e. his formative period. Spielhagen there insists on a scholarly preparation for the novelist. 'For I adhered to the doctrine, which to be sure is now considered entirely out of date, but which is derived from our classic poets, that an author cannot in his business do without a knowledge of classical and modern languages and their literatures, a familiarity with philosophical systems, with the history of the world and its countries.' In

equipment Spielhagen towers head and shoulders above the unscholarly naturalists, whose poverty of ideas is often painfully evident. According to Spielhagen an author must master the culture of his age.

Before going to the university our novelist's own early environment was not favorable to cultural influences. In the society of the Baltic provinces, cards took the place of conversation. He had no compass to guide him in his reading. The stars that he sailed by were the classics. His earliest inspiration came from Homer, and a favorite picture that Spielhagen's biographers draw, is that of the young novelist reading the *Odysee* on the wave-washed shores of the Baltic. The influence of the Greek epic is noticeable in Spielhagen's theory of the novel, and is evident likewise in his portraiture. His characters are generally of heroic proportions, above the ordinary men and women we meet every day. They are mighty in physical as well as intellectual or moral stature, their personal force is magnified, their passions are accelerated.

The influence second in importance is that of Walter Scott: 'When I pronounce his precious name, I recall what was for my early period if not the best, at least the kindest nutriment of my soul.' But our author adds: 'It is difficult for me to read him now,' and states that his own ideal of novel-writing shaped itself more after the model of Bulwer, Dickens, Eugene Sue, and Alexander Dumas *père*. Sometimes a direct influence can be traced, such as that of *David Copperfield* upon *Hammer und Amboss*. But in general he did not look for suggestions in foreign models for characters, but he learned from them methods of construction, the necessity of plot and action, the art of keeping the reader spell-bound by the narrative. It was fortunate that he did not go for this to his German predecessors. It was fortunate that he did not imitate the eccentricities of Jean Paul, the discursiveness of Auerbach, the immoderation of Gutzkow.

Spielhagen declares he had not read Gutzkow at all during his formative period. That appears strange, for in the history of the German novel we should consider Spielhagen the continuator of Gutzkow, whose grand conception of the contemporary novel as embodying a complete view of contemporary life in all its phases, which he calls *Röman des Nebeneinander* Spielhagen carried out to a successful conclusion. Yet Spielhagen's statement is no doubt correct. Similar parallel developments are seen in literary history. For instance, in German literature, the recent epoch of naturalism would seem to be the culmination of the realistic movement of the fifth and sixth decades of the nineteenth century, the drama of Gerhart Hauptmann the crown of the drama of Hebbel. But there is so far no evidence of any influence, German naturalism seeming to have had its roots entirely in the foreign naturalism of Ibsen and Tolstoi and Zola.

Spielhagen did not know his Goethe until comparatively late, but then the relation became intimate. Zealously did the novelist labor to acquire

the learning of his cultivated age and nation, until his style became charged with ideas and fittingly representative.

We come to the third consideration, Spielhagen's theory of his art. Not the nature of his theory but the fact that he has a theory is typically German. Did not Lessing advance to the production of great dramas on the staff of criticism, were not Goethe and Schiller engaged in earnest discussions of the theory of the ballad, the epic and the drama? Freytag wrote *The Technique of the Drama*, a most thorough work in constructive criticism, and examples might be multiplied. Theory precedes artistic production in German far more frequently than in English or Romance literatures. The German studies how a thing is to be done before setting out to do it, while another type of mind will set out at once and let experience teach him. It is similar in other departments of activity. Wagner announced his theories concerning the musical drama before composing the *Nibelungenring* and *Parsifal*. Military science records the triumph of the German method, for France had been conquered in the Generalstabsgebäude of Berlin before the order had been given for the mobilization of the German troops.

We learn in his autobiography that Spielhagen early occupied himself with the theory of his art, long before the appearance of his theoretical work on the *Technique of the Novel* (1883), which was followed by *Neue Beiträge zur Theorie und Technik der Epik und Dramatik* (1898). Spielhagen's theory in brief is this: The novel is a form of the epic. It is the successor in modern times of the ancient epic of Homer or Virgil. The same principles of action and heroic portraiture, pointed out by Lessing, apply to the modern epic. Verse was more adapted to the younger civilization, while the prose form belongs to the more mature modern age. The novelist must hold the mirror up to nature, yet not photograph her creations. The real world about him is not always a fit subject for poetic depiction, but he must with the aid of the imagination construct a third something which is poetry. The writer of the modern epic must be a finder and an inventor (*Finder und Erfinder*). Spielhagen is therefore in accord with the traditions of the German classic poets Goethe and Schiller. Art is nature improved.

A fourth prominent characteristic of Spielhagen's works is the presence of 'purpose' (*Tendenz*), which to be sure frequently lowers them as works of art. His most ambitious novels bear the stamp of purpose in their titles: *Problematic Characters*, *Rank and File*, *Hammer and Anvil*, *The Deluge*, *What Shall Come of It?* In his own defense the author questions whether it be possible to write a good contemporary novel without a purpose. The author must finally, in the fate of his heroes, show his hand. But Spielhagen does more than this. In dialogues much resembling monologues, in which an old man speaks to a younger, or in the favored method of a funeral

oration, the reader is given instruction, in a manner precluding debate. Occasionally we are reminded of Gellert's fables of the eighteenth century, which so naïvely print the poet's edifying Q. E. D. at the close. Nowhere perhaps has the error of the novel with a purpose been demonstrated more plainly than in the case of our author, many of whose theses have been disproved by the later courses of social events. Or is it not true that profit-sharing by the laboring class is a scheme, which though acceptable in theory, has proved practicable only in exceptional cases? Has the question of paternalism, of state-help, been settled with the doom of Ferdinand Lasalle? Did not Bismarck institute successfully accident insurance, the government ownership of railroads, insurance against invalidism and old age, and did not his successor at the helm, the Emperor William, continue with beneficent socialistic institutions?

Just as Spielhagen has thought over and illustrated for us the great social question of the nineteenth century, so has he also given decided opinions on prevailing philosophical currents, as for instance in his short story *Faustulus* (1899), where his warfare is directed against the prophetic doctrines of *Nietzsche*, or in the *Problematic Heroes*, where he parodies the pessimism of Schopenhauer by means of Professor Berger's frenzied researches in the realm of Nirvana. Even in many of the shorter stories, a moral principle receives elucidation, as in the powerful story *Selbstgerecht*, where the nice question is put, whether a man may honorably conceal the crime of murder committed in defense of his own life and the happiness of his family. The author's answer is affirmative: 'Be-just-to-yourself.' His hero is the normal sound man of strong nerves, who does not give himself up to the law with a morbidly sentimental pose, proving the world's laws at fault. In the story *The Village Coquette*, the thesis is defended, that the peasant class have a different code of moral action than the upper classes. A peasant girl, raised in the home of a noble family, is courted by the faithful servant Konrad, nicknamed 'the silent.' The little minx encourages him, but also receives the attentions of the overseer, a nobleman. Konrad, to revenge himself upon her, spoils her beauty by cutting off her ears, and to escape punishment, enlists as a soldier in the campaign against Denmark. Curiously enough the girl feels the wrong she has done more than that which she has suffered, and will marry no one but Konrad. He is reported killed, but she remains faithful, and is rewarded long after when the soldier returns home safely. The author wishes to say, that their love affair remained entirely peasant-like, though both parties had been in daily contact with their betters. Incidentally the story is a broadside against Auerbach's *Dorfgeschichten*, just as *Selbstgerecht* satirized prevailing types of morbid fiction heroes.

While the presence of purpose in Spielhagen's works is often a fault, viewed artistically, it is as frequently an element of strength, and renders

them all the more representative of the German novel. Was not Gutzkow's *Die Ritter vom Geist* composed for a purpose, and similarly the works of the writers of 'young Germany'? Did not Auerbach begin by attempting to popularize the philosophy of Spinoza, and then humanize the peasants of the Black Forest, so that they failed to recognize their own likenesses, and exclaimed: '*Das ist alles erstunke und erloge.*' Gustav Freytag in *Debit and Credit*, and *The Lost Manuscript* placed caste in opposition to caste, in order to emphasize the superiority of the working over the leisure class. Throughout German literature Ethics and Æsthetics stand in very close relation. It is the nation's pleasure, the criterion of great literature. The German wishes to be impressed with the deeper import of a work of art, and is prepared for it from youth up. What, for instance, is the fundamental difference between Grimm's *Märchen* and *Alice in Wonderland* or Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies*? The latter please and stimulate the child's imagination, but the fairy-tales of Grimm do more, they appeal to the child's soul, its sense of right and wrong; they open its perception of good and evil. The ethical element in the works of Goethe and Schiller is that which gives the two greatest German poets their enduring influence upon the culture of their nation.

Spielhagen has been criticized for the abundance of problematic characters in his works. This feature is likewise as much a virtue as a fault, for while it must be admitted, that the problematic hero does not always please, nevertheless he presupposes a deeper study of human character and can be portrayed successfully only by the hand of a master. Goethe was the first to devote careful study to the type, and he painted the prominent problematic heroes, *Tasso*, *Werther*, *Wilhelm Meister*. In English literature the grandest example is Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. More recent literature presents a long gallery of them, including Hugo's *Hernani*, the French romantic hero, Ibsen's *Brand*, *Nora* and others, George Eliot's *Lydgate* and *Tito Melema*, Tolstoi's *Anna Kareñina*, Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. To describe them in a word, they are the people who were not successful in life's battle. Yet all failures are not problematic heroes. They are individuals endowed with brilliant gifts, who because of some peculiarities of character, or of some moral weakness, become mastered by the situation where life has put them, and as a result their lives are wasted. Goethe has furnished the following definition for the type: 'There are problematic characters who are never equal to the situation into which they are placed, and whom no situation ever satisfies. Therefrom arises the terrible conflict which without allowing them enjoyment consumes their lives.' The problematic character is fully conscious of his superior endowments, which are above his fortunes. Yet his peculiar position demands of him what he is incapable of fulfilling. Historical examples would be Byron, a peer of England, lacking the means of living according to his social position; the poet Lenau, petted

child of European culture, attempting to cultivate a barren stretch of prairie-land in America. The situation being unsatisfactory, they begin to despise it, but they lack the energy to act, the will to do, the moral force to extricate themselves or improve the problematic situation. Sometimes their position is so difficult, that it seems as if a cruel fate were lying in wait to thwart their every effort. They lose hope, become pessimists, cynics, self-destroyers.

A master hand will not paint the picture as repulsive, he will be judicial and enlist the reader's sympathy, he will prove that problematic elements of character are common to all human beings, difficult to overcome, and he will make the study of failure more impressive than one of success. Spielhagen was to the manor born, for he himself had the germs of the disease in his system. In his autobiography he tells us sadly what a disappointment he was to the kindest of fathers, who had great hope of him. How at the university he wavered between the study of law and classical philology, and after drifting about from Berlin to Bonn, was with difficulty prevailed upon by his father to complete his course at Greifswald. After leaving the university he could not find a profession to suit him, and changed from that of tutor to actor, thence to soldier and teacher, with the outlook of only moderate success in each. He was unhappy in every position until he became editor of the *feuilleton* of the *Zeitung für Norddeutschland*. Even then he had not found himself. Not until the success of *Problematische Naturen* (in 1861) was the problematic element in his character overcome; not until then did he feel assured of his vocation as novelist.

In contrast with the problematic hero, there appears prominently in German fiction what Auerbach has called the *Heroische Natur*, what Nietzsche would call *Herrennatur*. The king in Auerbach's *Auf der Höhe* is an example. It is the forceful character of the despot, for which Spielhagen also feels a thrill of admiration. The heroic character is not an opportunist who accepts the situation as it is, makes the best of it, or watches for an opportunity to improve it, — quite the contrary; he, like the problematic hero, scorns what he sees about him. He carries within his soul a picture of how the world or a particular phase of it ought to be, and is dissatisfied with the less beautiful real world. But he owns two characteristics the lack of which cause the ruin of the problematic hero; he possesses energy and a despotic will which becomes the more strong when opposed. Such a character may be defeated by superior forces gathering in opposition, but it will always die in a heroic manner. Such are the great reformers of the world, political, religious, or social.

Finally, a feature wherein Spielhagen is typical of a large number of German novelists is the appearance in his works of his philosophy, his criticism of life. Auerbach, for instance, argues for pantheism, or at times a philosophical or ethical thesis will appear as the very purpose of his book.

In the peasant story *Brigitta* we find for instance an argument against Christian doctrine. The humanitarian peasant woman *Brigitta* conquers self enough to forgive her enemies; she goes even so far as to nurse the man who wronged her. But though she will help, she cannot and will not love her enemy.

At the close of Spielhagen's very recent novel *Freiegeboren* (1901) occurs the passage: 'There are those who struggle to freedom through a thousand hardships. Morally they ought to be classed highest. But more fortunate are those, who are not fettered at the start by traditions derived from earlier generations; who do not feel the restraint of any dogma; who see among mankind no one above them and none below them; and to whom the fear of God, if it be sincere, is a sorry confession of weakness; if not, is a hollow phrase.' The heroine who writes these words in her journal at the conclusion of the story includes herself not among the class who won their freedom through struggle, but among those who were born without fettering traditions, born free, the race of *Freiegeboren*.

To the class of the free, by struggle we may add, we must also count the author. In the *Furcht vor Gott, ein trauriges Armutszeugnis*, we hear Schleiermacher. In the somewhat veiled rebellion against all imposed traditions, there exists a species of the *Germanentrotz* which the Christian missionaries encountered on German soil a thousand years ago. Noteworthy it is and unfortunate that in the works of Spielhagen the German minister receives but scant justice; his part is small and unenviable. The author belongs to that large class in Germany who have become estranged from the church and see in it rigid dogmas to the exclusion of beneficent influences. The ethics of our author are derived from Spinoza and Goethe. To quote him once more: '*Suum esse conservare: Sich selbst behaupten.*' This is what it means: To develop your *being*, i.e. your strength, i.e. all your powers, including every individual ability, to expand them to your attainable limit.' In the home of the humane Jewish banker we spend evenings with the ethics of Spinoza and the practical philosophy of Goethe. Goethe seems to have done for Spielhagen what he did for Carlyle, and what he is doing for many young men * of the present generation; he built up for him a shattered world, gave him clear vision to see that life was worth living, made real to him the necessity of self-culture, the duty to grow, and proved to him the blessings of the gospel of work.

To recapitulate, the features that Spielhagen has in common with what may be considered composite traits of German fiction, are: his high seriousness and scholarship, his theorized art, the presence of purpose in his novels, his treatment of the problematic hero, the criticism of life. Comparing our author with his German predecessors in the field of the contemporary novel

* Cf. Filtsch, Goethe's Religiöse Entwicklung.

(*Zeitroman*), he has made an advance in the art of story-telling, and in the construction of his narratives. This applies in a comparison with Immermann, Gutzkow, and Auerbach, even more so with the fragmentary productions of the Romanticists. The older novel, even that of Goethe, lacks plot and incident. Spielhagen's contemporaries, Freytag, Raabe, Ludwig, Heyse, Keller, have each written one or two works that may be classed under the head of *Zeitroman*. Freytag's *Soll und Haben* and *Die Verlorene Handschrift* are equal to the best from the pen of Spielhagen; the former is the greater master in realistic depiction, the latter exhibits more poetic temperament. The others all portray a single phase of German life hardly touched by the current of contemporary events and ambitions. Thus Raabe (*Horacker, Hungerpastor, Schüdderump*) narrowed himself down to the still-life (*Kleinleben*) of village communities, alas, with much of the tediousness and sentimentality of Jean Paul; Ludwig in his masterful *Zwischen Himmel und Erde* depicts the respectable middle-class; Heyse's *Kinder der Welt* and *Im Paradies* the bohemian life of artists and genial spirits; Keller contributed another problematic hero in *Der grüne Heinrich*, a romance which would appear to greater advantage if its prototype *Wilhelm Meister* were not infinitely better; and he wrote *Martin Salander*, a didactic mirror for his Swiss countrymen. Spielhagen's range is wider; the life of town and country, *salon* and peasant hut, leisure and laboring classes, are all within his sphere. He has attempted to individualize the prominent types of society in the age preceding the March revolution of 1848, in the succeeding parliamentary epoch, in the period of the rise of industrialism, in the critical time of inflation after 1870, and finally in the present age of materialism. He has raised the standard of achievement and excellence in the department of the German contemporary novel.

Spielhagen never attempted the historical novel. He had little faith in its permanent value, and he was too much occupied with the present. In another branch of prose fiction, however, the short story, that which described some phase of contemporary life, he frequently strove for laurels. In that department there was keener rivalry, and a far greater degree of perfection had already been reached than in the more ambitious *Zeitroman*. In the beginning of the century the Romanticists had already furnished masterpieces like Fouque's *Undine*, Chamisso's *Peter Schlemihl*, Eichendorf's *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts*, Kleist's *Michael Kohlhaas*. The *Dorfgeschichte* began with a high standard in Immermann's *Oberhof*, though we should not omit Brentano's earlier *Geschichte vom braven Kasperl und dem schönen Annerl*, passed on through Auerbach and Gotthelf, and culminated more recently in the inimitable tales of Austrian peasant life by Rosegger.

Spielhagen's short stories are very numerous and can be divided into several periods. To the earliest belong *Clara Vere* and *Auf der Düne*, *Die schönen Amerikanerinnen*, *Hans und Grete*. The odor of Thuringian

pinces and the fresh breezes of the Baltic pervade them. The landscape painting is excellent, but Theodor Storm has done as well. Of the later period some not already mentioned are: *Deutsche Pioniere*, *Allzeit voran*, *Was die Schwalbe sang*, *Ultimo*, *Quisisana*, *Angela*, *Platt Land*, *Noblesse Oblige*, *Stumme des Himmels*. They are not all of equal merit, but some of them are equal to the best by the masters of the short story, masters so abundant in German literature, — Theodor Storm, both sentimental and realistic, Paul Heyse, favorite of the graces, the genial story-teller, Gottfried Keller, the humanitarian Ebner-Eschenbach. Fontane is the rival of Spielhagen in the depiction of high life in the capital city, and has furnished masculine counterparts to Spielhagen's *Salon-schlange*, the magnetic maker of mischief (*cf. Zum Zeitvertreib*), Max Kretzer, in works which are on the border-line between short-story and contemporary novel, has perhaps best of all younger aspiring novelists continued Spielhagen's methods, *i.e.*, reflecting contemporary social movements in the experiences of typical characters, as for instance in *Meister Timpe*, where the master of the old school goes to ruin in the struggle against the new factory system.

The short story reached its climax without the aid of Spielhagen, it was in the development of the contemporary novel that his work was epoch-making. The continuator of Gutzkow, though not his disciple, he sketched the *Zeitgeist* of five great moments in the social history of the nineteenth century. He learned the art of weaving a plot and telling a story from foreign models, but his artistic theories were derived from the classical period of German literature. The duty of self-culture, the philosophy of idealism he upheld with an untiring pen even through the stormy decades that closed the nineteenth century, and his constancy was no mean service.

HAUPTMANN'S 'DER ARME HEINRICH'

BY PAUL H. GRUMANN

UNFORTUNATELY *Faust* is remembered by the majority and presented on the stage on account of the elements which Morrison's stage version places in bold relief; the greatest passages of the first part, as for instance, *Wald und Höhle*, and the entire second part being approached and cherished whether *Faust* would not have shared the fate of *Torquato Tasso* had the author not endowed the poem with the magic and fire-works of his storm and stress period. For a century most critics have deplored the lack of dramatic force in the latter poem, and have grudgingly paid it the tribute of poetic depth; the penalty which the poet must pay for appealing to severe taste and insight in his audience. Not totally unlike this has been the appreciation of Hauptmann's *Der arme Heinrich*. Critics have devoted pages upon pages to the interpretation of the *Sunken Bell*, attracted by its picturesque setting and its supposed 'romantic' element, and have dismissed the maturer drama of the poet by stating that it closely follows a medieval model and lacks action.

It is very probable that this estimate arises from indifferent presentations of the play, for the critic of current dramas too often bases his strictures upon the interpretation of actors who, after all, cannot be relied upon for the final word upon great literature. Hauptmann has clearly suffered in a marked degree from this method of procedure, for again and again interpretations have been foisted upon his plays which are not justified by the text itself. It would seem that the critic, who concerns himself with higher standards, should be a trifle more careful, especially when the comparison of the poem with its source is so convenient, and the deductions are so obvious. To state, as has been done repeatedly, that in this poem we have the same legendary and miraculous story which Hartmann von Aue had told, is equal to the statement that Goethe's *Iphigenie* is Greek in character or that Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* is a translation of the Eddas. With as little reason *Schluck und Jau* has been referred to Shakespeare, and flippantly dismissed as an imitation. He who reads Hauptmann's work thoughtfully, and compares it with the medieval masterpiece, will be impressed by the rare power of both poets, and will not deny originality to the modern writer.

The medieval poem has long been recognized as one of the most remarkable works of its times. The hero Heinrich, stricken with leprosy, seeks refuge in the hut of one of his dependents. The daughter of this

swain, stirred by religious frenzy, longs to make a blood sacrifice of herself in order to cleanse Heinrich, who accepts the sacrifice because he feels that sacrifices and miracles are divine institutions. When the sacrifice is to be carried out, however, he interferes because the beauty of the girl appeals to him. The spirit of sacrifice in Heinrich is taken as an equivalent of the girl's real sacrifice, the divine will performs a miracle, Heinrich is relieved of his suffering, and makes the peasant girl his wife. The whole story was invented, as is quite generally believed, in order to motivate the marriage of Count Heinrich to a woman far below his caste. To the person who does not keep the medieval point of view in mind, the poem is redolent with cruelty and brutality, and hence the criticisms of some of the earlier modern critics will not cause much surprise.

Hauptmann therefore had a difficult task before him when he undertook to make this plot and these characters plausible from the modern point of view. This he tried to do with a minimum of change in the general character of the story, which may account for the misinterpretation of his play. He confined himself to a deepened motivation of the characters, and a more vivid presentation of the environment.

The character that lends itself most readily to analysis is that of the girl who is no longer a mere instrument in the hands of God, a cog in the machinery of the miracle, but has acquired an individuality and the name Ottegebe. The student of Hannele will readily see in this girl a half-sister of the abused village girl. A certain mystery hovers about her birth, she is more than the daughter of this peasant who is supposed to be her father, and her caprices have startled her parents, who cannot understand why she abhors the thought of a peasant husband. Like Hannele she is frail, nervous, and highly organized, which makes the early assertion of sexual promptings natural. The fact that Heinrich had, in her early childhood, called her his little spouse, has lodged in her mind and asserts itself with intensity when the knight returns to the peasant's hut. The air of mystery which Heinrich's presence brings, and the realization of his suffering cause these promptings of her nature to pass into a religious frenzy for his relief and a desire to sacrifice herself for him. Both the original and reconstructed character are essentially true to life; the one manifesting boundless faith in miracles and blood sacrifice, the other acting in response to her own motives.

The chief interest in the play must ever centre about Heinrich. The poet has made of this medieval knight a character who resembles the Heinrich of the *Sunken Bell* in that he is of the Faust type. No longer do we find a man who, looking down from the heights of his caste, accepts sacrifice and miracles without question and only doubts and fears that the peasant girl will not have the courage to carry out her sacrifice with a willing heart. Much importance is placed upon the fact that Heinrich had gone to the

Orient on a crusade. His religious zeal is repaid by the dreadful curse of leprosy, and he begins to doubt in divine providence. The conflict between pope and emperor and Heinrich's loyalty to the latter make this attitude natural and plausible. It is not only his fear of persecution and detection that drives him to the peasant's hut, but a desire to search himself in solitude, to seek wisdom in his books, especially the Koran, and to decipher if possible the meaning of this awful curse. To throw this attitude into bold relief, it is placed in contrast with the childlike devotion of Ottegebe and the devotion of priest Benedict.

Unlike most heroes of his type, Heinrich does not continue to reflect merely, but acts in accordance with what he realizes as his duty. He sees that he endangers all with whom he comes into contact and retreats to the forest to dig his grave. The peasant, priest, and Ottegebe make every possible effort to bring him back to the hut, but he exhausts his ingenuity in driving them away. It is his fixed purpose to die here, a resolution which he can carry out more easily, because he has come to accept the attitude of resignation preached so profoundly in his beloved Koran. He believes that he is in perfect accord with this philosophy, but in spite of it all the western spirit of affirmation is not quite dead in him, and is fanned into new life by the appearance of one of his old vassals who comes to announce that his cousin Konrad is trying to usurp his place, and that a number of Heinrich's friends have determined to defend the claims of their outlawed master. He cannot return to the scene of conflict, for he is a marked man, but he is curious to get back into life and view, even if only from afar, the world which, after all, is not totally a matter of indifference to him. Now he learns all the horrors of the leper's fate. Spurned, hounded, dreaded, he flees from place to place until he is on the verge of madness. By chance he receives the news that Ottegebe, torn by restlessness and despair at his disappearance, has died. It flashes upon him that he is responsible for her death, and yet he feels intuitively that she is not dead. He hastens to her home and finds her on the verge of madness in the neighboring hermit priest's cell, still hoping for his return. It is not Heinrich who takes Ottegebe to the place of sacrifice. She appears to him as a sainted one, and under the spell of this influence he follows her. The first step in his regeneration is accomplished. No miracle is under way, but the new insight and his faith in human nature are responsible for the change in him. The new life brings renewed vigor to both; to him because the disquieting doubts in human nature are relieved; to her because, in addition to the presence of Heinrich, she is buoyed up by the belief that she is carrying out the divine purpose. Without realizing it fully Heinrich is led to the abode of the priest of Salerno, where the girl insists upon the sacrifice. The external features of this sacrifice follow closely the description of Hartmann von Aue, but viewed more closely it becomes entirely different. The new spirit which be-

gan to assert itself when Heinrich returned to Ottegebe, has steadily grown and now asserts itself in its elemental force, and the interference with the priest is as violent as it is natural. He is cleansed from within, on account of his inner regeneration and not by the formal interference of God. Ottegebe, whose love for Heinrich has so far been subconscious and who has only remotely felt that her actions did not entirely spring from religious zeal, becomes conscious that it is earthly love that has tempted her. There is a strangeness and restraint in her attitude toward Heinrich which she does not overcome until after her marriage to him. The awaking of this consciousness in her is one of the masterpieces of Hauptmann's art, not treated in detail as in Hannele, but sketched in brief and pregnant strokes.

With Heinrich's cure comes the realization of the vanity of Oriental resignation and the adoption of a life of cheerful self-assertion. He is a 'Herrenseele' in the best sense of the term, transcending all with which he comes into contact. His influence is apparent everywhere in the castle before he returns, and he fills the hall with his presence when he enters.

It is difficult to rid oneself of the feeling that Hauptmann found a suggestion for the priest Benedict in the 'Klausener' (Hermit) of Walther von der Vogelweide. The drama contains unmistakable evidence of the poet's reverence for Walther, and the coincidence is rather striking. The Klausner had been a man of high standing in the realm and had taken the cowl on account of an indiscretion in his youth. With Hauptmann's Benedict similarly the love of a high-born lady and reminiscences of guilt lead to the hermit's cell. A man of these experiences was needed, one who could understand the guilt of Ottegebe's mother and the nature of this daughter. No ordinary beggar monk could properly take so strange an interest in the problem. The air of mystery that surrounds these characters is given in a most striking manner.

While in the medieval poem only types are sketched and Heinrich is the only character of sufficient individuality to deserve a distinct name, all the characters in the modern play have a well-defined and interesting personality. In introducing Hartmann von Aue as a character of the play, Hauptmann again violates the demand of Bulthaupt that an artist type should not appear in the drama. Hauptmann persists in erring with Goethe, who dared to present an artist who reveals to us his inner nature without a stipulated amount of strutting. The motivation of this play shows clearly that Hauptmann has been a discerning student of Goethe, and his keen insight into human nature and human motives makes him a worthy disciple of the great master who practised in his poetry much that Hauptmann and the German naturalists have defended.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF 'DAS VERLORENE PARADIES'

BY ELLERY LOTHROP DAVIS

THE subject of this paper has been styled an 'Americanization' because Fulda's German has not been translated into English, but the drama bodily transplanted into America. The book in question is entitled 'The lost Paradise,'* and is attributed to Ludwig Fulda. Then comes the interesting subscription 'Adapted from the original German for the American stage, by Henry C. De Mille.' The fate of German realism cannot fail to be interesting, in view of the embryonic stage in which our own drama, — indeed, our dramatic appreciation, which is more important, — now rests.

Admitting, then — for the sake of argument — the *general* feasibility of such a rendition, and discussing only the merits of the adaptation as such, a number of problems arise directly incident to this play. In the first place, the plausibility of the plot depends largely on social conditions which exist in the United States only in a modified way. The adapter, then, is left an alternative: either to fit his play to the modified social conditions, therein weakening it; or to intensify these conditions beyond reality, and so make a caricature of the whole. Unfortunately Mr. De Mille has chosen the latter.

More specifically, the exact prototype of such a character as Richard von Ottendorf becomes grotesque in America. The adapter has shrewdly intensified this; '*Ralph Standish*, the last leaf of a Family Tree,' he facetiously styles him in his *Dramatis Personæ*. Indeed, this intensification has been carried so far that he is become an unconscious buffoon — pathetic if its unreality were not so apparent. And the gallery laughs — just as it would laugh at the pitiful mistakes of an idiot, or the helpless flounderings of a cripple.

Other instances of this type of motivation — the production of abnormal 'comedy' parts — are of frequent occurrence; but they are inseparably linked with a type even more repulsive. This is a sickly sentimentalism with which the whole play is replete. And in face of the fact that no play ever was freer from it than Fulda's original! Relations have been shifted, characters motivated, and even new characters introduced — all with this end in view. The finished product gives us no less than five distinct

* *The Lost Paradise*, by Ludwig Fulda. (Adapted by Samuel French, Henry C. De Mille, New York, 1897).

love-affairs, ranging from high tragedy to dialect comedy in their presentation. Some extracts from the text will best serve to illustrate this:

....WARNER [*taking Margaret in his arms*]. My love — my wife!
 [*Outside the snow has stopped, and the moonlight, breaking thro' the clouds, discloses the figure of NELL, her hands clasped and trembling, her eyes fixed upon WARNER and MARGARET. As she half shrinks back from the window, with a look of pain and tender longing, she stretches out her arms toward them.*]....

....CINDERS. Billy, dis is paradise.

BILLY. Pair o' dice. I should say so. Double sixes ev'y th'ow.*

In pursuance of this idea the noble self-sacrifice of Arndt is ascribed not to his sense of duty to his work and to the working-men from whom he came, but to his love for Margaret. And 'Margaret' is not *Edith Bernardi* in any sense of the word, — not half so admirable a type. For in America such a dense ignorance of life could never be coupled with enough willingness to learn to bring about a conversion. Not for a moment that this love was introduced in order to motivate the improbability of the conversion, rather for its own sake. For the love is represented as being a *result* rather than a *cause* of the conversion.

Of course such changes as these can but destroy the legitimate function of a character. *Walter Heideck*, invented by Fulda as the anti-type of *Hans Arndt*, is transformed into the genial parasite 'Bob Appleton,' hero of a series of 'comic' love-affairs with 'Polly Fletcher.' Which is unexpectedly consistent and quite permissible, for Arndt has no longer need of an anti-type. Indeed, such an antithesis would no longer redound to his credit. And yet, in spite of the manner in which the central idea of the play has been ruined, it is still called *The Lost Paradise!*

One more alteration, and the transformation of *Das Verlorene Paradies* will be complete. It must become a melodrama. Here the adapter has almost failed; in all consistency the villain — of course there is a villain — should attempt to pass the heroine through the machinery. But we are looking for consistency in the wrong place; and besides, there is ample compensation for the omission.

The German original portrays Bernardi as merely an over-indulgent father; in the adaptation this filial love has been intensified till he is willing to go to any extremes to give his daughter the slightest pleasures. At the outset of the play he is represented as mortgaging his factory to buy

* 'Warner' and 'Margaret' correspond to *Hans Arndt* and *Edith Bernardi*. 'Nell,' 'Billy,' and 'Cinders,' unnecessary to say, are not in the original at all.

her a diamond necklace; and later it evolves that, in order that she might lack nothing, he had stolen an invention from Arndt and passed it off as his own. Arndt, with proof of the theft in his pocket, refrains from using it on account of his love for Edith. This is an ingenious attempt to intensify the self-sacrifice of Arndt, forgetting that the nobility of it was lost when a selfish motive was supplied.

Throughout the play the detailed stage directions of the realistic school have been imitated. But they are not planned with any view to realism, — rather for dramatic effect. Through the windows of the Bernardi mansion are visible not the scenes we should expect from the windows of so elegant a home, but the chimneys of the factory. This that the flames may issue brightly from them as Arndt quotes to Edith this grotesque bit of doggerel:

‘ All day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the workmen’s souls, which God is calling sunward
Spin on blindly — in the dark.’

And that the audience may watch the fires relighted in the factory when the strike is over and the men have returned to work.

In short, no chance has been spared for the cheapening the play through the introduction of the cheapest kind of comedy. No chance has been spared for destroying the central theme by supplying selfish motives in the case of the principal characters, and by the insertion of irrelevant minor characters. And no chance has been spared for intensifying the dramatic effect through improbable conditions and impossible stage settings. Just two things have been preserved from the original: the title, and the detailed stage directions. To the former the adapter had no right, and for the latter no legitimate use. (Detailed stage directions are intended to prevent mis-conceptions!)

The conclusions to be drawn from such a state of affairs are self-evident. The excuse for it, let us hope, lies in the embryonic stage of our dramatic appreciation.

RECENT AMERICAN VERSE

WE heard the other day of an American poet who has made a fortune from his poetry in the last ten years, and we hear of many who sell several editions of their volumes of verse, all of which indicates that a taste for reading poetry is growing in America. We could wish that the American verse writers might find some means of expressing the complex life, the great scenery, the chaotic aspiration of this country, instead of 'trundling back into the Past,' or trundling into their own meagre experiences for subjects. In the Cross-country Magazine *Out West* have been published from time to time verses by Charlotte Hall, which breathe from them the spirit of the land as much as any other American verse does. May she continue to write and fulfil all that she gives promise of.

In the meantime it is not to be denied that there is much genuine pleasure to be derived from our poets, as they are most of them finished in workmanship and thoughtful in content.

Take, for example, the work of Mrs. Florence Earle Coates, which has gained a steady popularity, proven by encouraging demands for new editions. A thoroughly happy evening may be spent acquainting oneself with her last volume 'Mine and Thine.' One finds on every page touches of imagination and felicities of phrase that mark her as a lyrist of a very high order. There is an exquisite grace in the opening poem, a 'Song of Life':

'Maiden of the laughing eyes,
Primrose-kirtled, wingèd, free,
Virgin daughter of the skies —
Joy — whom gods and mortals prize,
Share thy smiles with me!

'Yet — lest I, unheeding borrow
Pleasure that today endears

Mine and Thine, by Florence Earle Coates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Cassia, by Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Pipes and Timbrels, by W. J. Henderson. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
As Thought is Led, by Alicia K. Van Buren. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
The Harem, by Aloysius Coll. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

And benumbs the heart tomorrow —
Turn not wholly from me, Sorrow!
Let me share thy tears!

'Give me of thy fullness, Life!
Pulse and passion, power, breath,
Vision pure, heroic strife, —
Give me of thy fullness, Life! —
Nor deny me death!'

Mrs. Coates is in one of her happiest veins in her poems of appreciation. It is a difficult thing to write this sort of a poem without indulging in hackneyed phrases and commonplace sentiment. She, however, shows a refined sense of what is appropriate to be said, and says it with restrained feeling and delicacy as in this sonnet, 'To William Butler Yeats':

'Tell us of beauty! Touch thy silver lyre
And bid thy Muse unfold her shining wings!
Tell us of joy — of those unaging things
Which wither not, nor are consumed of fire,
Things unto which the Souls of all aspire!
Sing us the mystic song thine Erin sings,
Her poignant dreams, her weird imaginings,
With magic of thy "Land of Heart's Desire."

'Let others hate! — from lips not thine be hurled
Reproaches; since all hate at last must prove
Abortive, though it triumph for awhile.
The gospels that indeed have won the world
Laid their foundations in the strength of love.
Sing thou, a lover, of thy wave-washed Isle!'

In 'Unbidden' Mrs. Coates has successfully coped with the dramatic monologue form, while for lyricism of the dramatic order what could be more charming than 'Demeter,' which must be the last taste we can give our readers of the hauntingly lovely quality of her best poems:

'Thou, thou hast seen the child I seek!
The vale is thine and the cloudy peak,
Divine Apollo
Whose eye doth follow
Each secret course! Ah, speak!

' I have sued to the other gods in vain :
 Thou wilt not disregard my pain ;
 But by thy power
 Win back my flower
 To gladden earth again !

' Fair as the poppy amid the wheat, —
 Her breath as the breath of the wild grape, sweet ;
 In the twilight tender, —
 She loved thy splendor
 Of perfect day to greet.

' And it is thou — of gods most dear ! —
 Thou, sun-god ! who has led me here :
 Whose smile caressing,
 My wrong redressing,
 Tells me the maid is near !

' Blessèd, O blessèd, be thy light !
 She comes from the shadows — blissful sight !
 To the breast that bore her,
 To the yearning for her,
 That fills me, day and night !'

Among recent verse we also note several volumes from the Gorham Press, which continues its devotion to the cause of American poetry. Each volume contains some mark of distinction that raises it above the level of ordinary verse. There is an always welcome installment from Edith Thomas that wins its way into one's heart at once by its little prefatory verse 'Ad Mundum':

' Into a world of loveliness,
 Into a world of wonder sent
 (Which one by loving shall possess)
 No loveless moment have I spent
 If Life but failed when Love went by,
 Then never, never, would I die !'

She calls her book 'Cassia,' from the name of the first poem, — a versification of a story from Zola's 'Rome.' It is the old story, typical of Italian romance, of two lovers whose houses harbor an ancient feud. There are evening meetings by stealth, a boat gliding along the Tiber, an avenging brother with a dagger, Cassia in a frenzy at the stabbing of her

lover overturning the boat, and the end of all for the three. Nothing new in this as far as the story is concerned, but the poet has imbedded it in a lovely mosaic of words which enthrall one with haunting pictures:

'Close by, among some laurels, one might hear
A slender stream descend, yet scarce might see.
Its crystal laughters parted lips austere,
And mocked its stony-browed Melpomene.
Its every drop might well have been a tear,
Yet from those lips it fell in truant glee,
To play at Lethe in a pagan tomb,
Carved with relief of Iphianassa's doom.'

Or this:

'Moreover, down a terrace garden-stair,
Amid the selfsame shadows, one may glide
With such wise stealth that none shall be aware,
The very flowers, that something might have sighed,
To secrecy did their young mistress swear,
And now, upon the sleepy Tiber tide,
They drift along, they two alone, alone
As in a little planet of their own.'

The second poem in the volume sets in graceful dramatic verse the story of the painting of Beatrice Cenci's portrait, the original upon which it is based being Whiteside's translation from the *Storia del Secolo*. The remainder of the volume is made up of lyrics, charming in workmanship, and rich in uplifting thought. We choose one embodying a bit of social criticism that all might well take to heart, entitled, 'A Talking Race':

'I sent my Ariel round the world in quest,
To find by what main virtues man is swayed.
The sprite returned and fluttering answer made:
"I find that Truth by falsehood is confessed;
Valor falls back, by blustering Cowardice pressed;
The Strong Ones yield where Weakness stands arrayed;
And Love between a beggar's hands has laid
His tribute — who receives it with a jest."

"And wherefore is this so?" I grieving asked.
"The Virtues silent are; much words they shun,
While those who, in their places, deftly masked,

Lead men along, use plenteous words and fair.
 Man's is a talking race, by talking won,"
 My Ariel said — and with his wings beat air!

'Pipes and Timbrels' is the name of a volume of verse by W. J. Henderson, well known as a writer of unusual perception upon musical topics. The first poem, 'Tantalus,' is in many respects a remarkable poem. 'Tantalus' symbolizes the soul of a man who has lost the ideals of his youth, and in the midst of his agony is approached by Venus, but the sense of pain so predominates over every other feeling that instead of accepting Venus's gifts of love he asks her to give him water. Venus finally accedes to this request, and in the moment of relief from pain thus experienced, he sees the beauty of love and is now ready to accept it, but it is too late. Venus tells him that he should have trusted love, that nothing less than love can live with love, and that through love would have come his complete redemption. Venus leaves him and he is again given over to his agonies of soul. It is an original development of the myth, and might stand as a symbol of many life experiences in which the immediate material good is taken rather than the farther ideal good.

Another happy quality in Mr. Henderson is an optimism about love. We have had such a chorus of minor poets threnodizing the death of love at an early age that it is quite refreshing to come across a poem with the title 'Old Love':

'What is young love worth
 That burns and trembles
 With the pangs of birth?

'How is young love dear
 When it dissembles
 In its new born fear?

'How is young love rare,
 If only blushes
 Make its brow more fair?

'How is young love strong,
 If doubting hushes
 Oft its burst of song?

'Is not old love better,
 Girt with years
 As with an iron fetter?

' Is not old love stronger,
Wet with tears
As all the days grow longer?

' Love and I have grown
With days of sorrow
Have we not, my own?

' Love and I shall live
So each tomorrow
Has the more to give.

' Young love grown old
Still richer waxes,
Old love is not cold.

' Nay, it is so great
That life it taxes
To bear the gifts of fate.'

Another poem full of peace and beauty, and with some fine imagery, is
' Silences ':

' The silences of night are less divine
Than are perfect silences of love,
When thou and I sit wordless in the gloom
And gaze, not at each other, but away
Into the plumbless depths between the stars.
There dwells a silence not so rich as ours,
And yet not poor. For there the waves of light
Flow tremulous across infinity,
In synchronous vibration star to star,
And make of God's unbounded universe
A finished arc of lucent harmony.
But where we sit and look into the night
There is a nobler harmony than this:
A perfect concord of two human hearts,
To which the assonance of yonder spheres
Is but the deep, primordial counterpoint,
The organ bass, perpetual, profound,
Beneath a two-voiced canticle of peace,
Which sings as do the stars, in toneless song,
Not heard, but felt through all the heart of space.'

So shall he come again — and Sipsu hopes.
I know his eyes — they were as blue with faith
As any violet; how could he cast
Love's bright aurora on another, while
I wait and nurse his first-born at my breast?
I know his word — he never said: "I go
To fetch the sweetest flavors of the wood,"
But what the noblest moose of all the pines,
Tracked to a standstill, tumbled to his aim!
I know the touch of his strong hand — the hand
That bound me close so many, many times
With trembling touch; is that the hand to lead
Into his cabin other loves than mine?
Nay; chief and Shaman lie! I'll keep the logs
Still burning at his camp-fire, while I search
The black-cheeked faces stumbling down the hills —
Down from the frozen everglades of snow.
I'll bullet-split the sapling day by day,
Training my hand and eye the faithful slave
To serve his hungry mouth, and keep the meat
Abundant in his cabin of the pines!

'So Sipsu lives, the fungus of her tribe,
Clinging unto the Past, as lichens cling
Unto the fallen birches — till he comes
Happy to hold her word, her hand, her heart
Out of the councils of her kin, the tent
And hide-bed of the wooing Nokiyomo;
And if he come not, Sipsu shall depart
Into the deathly distance, seeking him;
When she has found his bones along the trail,
In melting spring, she'll lay her warm young throat
Upon the wondering grass beside him there,
Slip from his arms the saddle-bags of gold,
And winding them about her bosom, melt
Into his ashes, and the woodland flowers!'

H. A. C.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

APOLOGIES though distasteful are sometimes necessary, and we feel that one is due for the delay in the publication of this number of POET LORE. As a matter of fact the cause for the delay is entirely beyond our control, being the printers' strike now in progress in most of the large cities. Unfortunately for us the printers of POET LORE were one of the first houses affected. The first active trouble dates back to last September, causing some slight delay in the publication of the *Autumn Number* as well as the very tardy appearance of this present issue. We are hoping, however, that it may be possible to send forth the *Spring Number* promptly on time in March. In the meantime we must ask you to be as lenient as possible with us in a most annoying situation, and one in which we have absolutely no voice.

* * *

We hope the unusually attractive contents of this number may compensate for the delay. We are again running sixteen extra pages as we did in the *Autumn Number*, and as it is difficult to crowd into any smaller number the many good things ahead, we shall probably retain these pages as a permanent addition.

* * *

With this number we also adopt a slightly different type page, which is more attractive than the old from a typographical standpoint, and has the added advantage of giving a material increase in the amount of matter. It may interest you to know that we have enlarged the contents of POET LORE so greatly within the past two years that the text of this issue would fill 250 of

the old pages, — or almost double the number then printed. As the contents is also more interesting and timely, the literary quality as good (it could not be better), and the format infinitely more attractive, we cannot help feeling considerable satisfaction at the progress of the magazine which, we hope, our readers share with us.

* * *

In spite of this increased amount of space placed at the disposal of the Editors, it has been found necessary to omit the department of *Life and Letters* from this number; it will appear as usual in the *Spring Number*.

* * *

Another department omitted from this issue, as well as from the *Autumn Number*, is the *Study Programme*. As there has been some question with us as to the interest in this feature we should be glad to have our readers decide the matter for us. If *you* are at all interested let us hear from you.

* * *

We wish to call your attention to the Prize Competition on the next page. This cannot fail to interest many readers, and nothing would be more encouraging than to see all our subscribers enter the contest. If you know of any one who might care to submit a poem — and who otherwise might not see our announcement — he would doubtless be grateful for having his attention called to it. Competitors may submit as many poems as they desire provided the rules of the contest are strictly followed.

* * *

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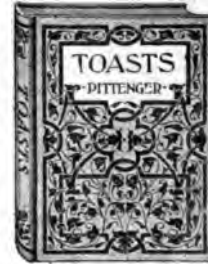
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